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THE GENERATION GAP/TOWNSHEND MEETS PISTOLS

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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

JOAN ARMATRADING

The weirdest interview she's ever done

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

News Desk

TOUR NEWS SPECIAL

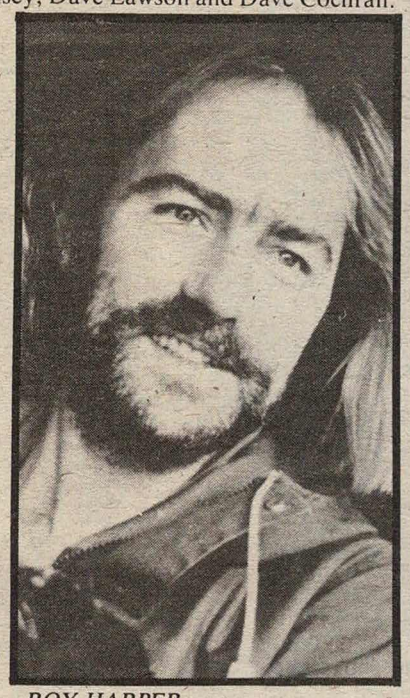
Edited: Derek Johnson

Roy Harper's comeback gigs

ROY HARPER embarks on a 25-venue nationwide tour next month — his first British dates since he returned home, following a lengthy sojourn in the States. He will be backed by his new all-star band comprising Henry McCullough, Andy Roberts, John Halsey, Dave Lawson and Dave Cochran.

Harper's new album "Bull In A Ming Vase" will be issued by Harvest on February 11, and a single will be extracted from it for release the same day — this will probably be an edited version of "One Of Those Days In England". Tour dates are:

Oxford Polytechnic (February 10), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (11), **York** University (12), **Norwich** East Anglia University (16), **Colchester** Essex University (17), **Bath** University (18), **Bromsgrove** North Worcs. College (19), **Plymouth** Guildhall (20), **Leicester** University (22), **Birmingham** Town Hall (23), **Cardiff** University (25), **Sheffield** University (26), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (27), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (March 2), **Leeds** Polytechnic (3), **Salford** University (4), **Manchester** Polytechnic (5), **Bradford** St George's Hall (6), **Dublin** Stadium (7), **Belfast** Queen's University (8), **Derby** King's Hall (9), **London** New Victoria Theatre (10), **Guildford** Surrey University (11), **Uxbridge** Brunel University (12) and **Canterbury** Kent University (15).



ROY HARPER

Stranglers

THE STRANGLERS, whose single "Grip" is issued by United Artists this weekend, have been lined up for an extensive six-week tour. Their schedule includes a major London concert on March 20, though the venue has still to be announced. Confirmed gigs are:

Aberdeen Robert Gordon Institute (February 11), **Glasgow** University (12), **Crawley** Tech. College (18), **Scunthorpe** Priory Hotel (19), **Canterbury** Kent University (21), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (23), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (24), **Scarborough** Penthouse (25), **Liverpool** Eric's (26), **Doncaster** Outlook (28), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (March 1), **Huddersfield** Poly (3), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (4), **Manchester** Electric Circus (5), **Egremont** Tow Bar Inn (6), **Hawick** Town Hall (7), **Wakefield** Unity Hall (9), **York** University (10), **Ulverston** Penny Farthing (11), **Liverpool** C.F. Mott College (12), **Swindon** Affair (16), **Ipswich** Manor (17), **Brighton** Sussex University (18), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (23) and **Penzance** The Garden (24).

Roy Orbison

ROY ORBISON flies into Britain late next month for an extensive six-week tour, consisting mainly of concerts, though he also has a few cabaret engagements. Support act in all his concerts — except Bristol and the two Scottish dates — is Sidney Devine. Promoted by Derek Block, Orbison's itinerary is:

Bristol Hippodrome (February 27), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (28), **Brighton** Dome (March 1), **Liverpool** Empire (2), **Cleethorpes** Bunny's Place (3-4), **Oxford** New Theatre (5), **Nottingham** Commodore Suite (6), **Stoke** Jollees (7 week), **Bridlington** Royal Spa Hall (13), **Newcastle** City Hall (14), **Sheffield** City Hall (15), **Aberdeen** Capitol (17), **Glasgow** Apollo (18), **Birmingham** Odeon (19), **London** venue to be announced (20), **Watford** Bailey's (21 week), **Manchester** Opera House (27), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (29), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (30), **Chatham** Central Hall (31), **Belfast** ABC Theatre (April 1), **Dublin** Stadium (2), **Batley** Variety Club (3 week), and **Sunderland** Empire (10).

Vibrators

THE VIBRATORS are now back in busisness, following their pre-Christmas lack of work, allegedly caused by the Sex Pistols controversy. This weekend they begin a lengthy tour split into two legs because of a week-long visit to Germany at the end of February. Many more gigs are still being finalised, but those confirmed are:

London Covent Garden Roxy (tonight, Thursday), **Kingston** Polytechnic (Friday), **London Putney** Railway Hotel (February 1), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (3), **Dudley** J.B's Club (4), **Brighton** Polytechnic (5), **Croydon** Red Deer (10), **London Kensington** Nashville (11), **Tolworth** Toby Jug (14), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (16), **London Southbank** Poly (18), **Portsmouth** College of Ed. (19), **Wakefield** Unity Hall (March 2), **Huddersfield** Poly (3), **Liverpool** Eric's (4), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (9), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (11) and **Reading** Berkshire College (12).

New Seekers

NEW SEEKERS are to headline their first concert tour since they re-formed almost a year ago, climaxing in a major London show. Derek Block promotes them at:

Southport New Theatre (April 8), **Irvine** Magnum Leisure Centre (9), **Aberdeen** Capitol (10), **Inverness** Eden Court Theatre (11 and 12), **Dunoon** Queen's Hall (13), **St. Helen's** Theatre Royal (14), **St. Alban's** City Hall (16), **Ashton-under-Lyne** Tamside Theatre (17), **Bristol** Colston Hall (19), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (20), **St. Austell** Classic Theatre (21), **Swindon** Wyvern (22), **Ipswich** Corn Exchange (23), **Oxford** New Theatre (24), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (26), **Eastbourne** Congress (27), **Margate** Winter Gardens (28), **Bradford** St. George's Hall (29), **Birmingham** Town Hall (30) and **London** Victoria Palace (May 1).

Greenslade: seven dates

GREENSLADE — who, as reported by NME two weeks ago, are being reformed by Dave Greenslade for a short British tour next month — are to present a special show at London New Victoria Theatre on Friday, February 11 (tickets priced £2.25, £2, £1.50 and £1).

This will be the highlight of their itinerary, for which the band's line-up will comprise Dave Greenslade, Jon Hiseman, Tony Reeves and Mick Rodgers — which is significant in that it marks a reunion of the original Colosseum rhythm section (Greenslade, Hiseman and Reeves). A.F.T. are the guest act in the New Victoria gig.

Remainder of Greenslade's winter dates are Uxbridge Brunel University (February 4), Maidenhead Skindles (6), Exeter University (7), Newark Palace Theatre (8), Aylesbury Friars at Vale Hall (12) and Guildford Civic Hall (13)

Supercharge

SUPERCHARGE are on the road to promote their upcoming album "Get Up And Dance", to be released by Virgin on February 18. It includes eight self-penned tracks by the band, including their stage favourite "The Purple Avenger", plus an extended version of Allen Toussaint's "Last Train". Keyboards man Pete Wingfield guests on the album, and the six-piece band are augmented by Andy Parker (sax and vocals) on all tour dates, which include a major London concert on February 27. Gigs are:

Southampton University (tomorrow, Friday), **Hitchin** College of Education (this Saturday), **Birmingham** Aston University (February 4), **Nottingham** University (5), **Plymouth** Top Rank (7), **Tunbridge Wells** Assembly Hall (8), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (10), **Sheffield** University (11), **Newcastle** University (12), **Bangor** University (14), **St. Alban's** City Hall (19), **Ipswich** Corn Exchange (24), **Brighton** Sussex University (25), **London Hampstead** Westfield College (26), **London** Victoria Palace with the Surprise Sisters (27) and **Colchester** Polytechnic (March 4).

Charlie

CHARLIE, now expanded into a five-piece unit with the addition of guitarist and vocalist Eugene Organ, begin their first headlining tour this weekend. It is timed to aid promotion of their new Polydor album "No Second Chance", released last Friday. Their schedule comprises:

Manchester Electric Circus (tomorrow, Friday), **Nottingham** Boat Club (Saturday), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (February 1), **Worcester** Bankhouse (3), **London Strand** King's College (4), **Watford** College (5), London Marquee Club (8), **Wigan** Casino (12), **Sheffield** City Polytechnic (16), **Glasgow** University (18), **Doncaster** Outlook (21), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (24), **Oxford** Westminster College (25), **Chester** Quaintways (28), **Clacton** Colchester Institute (March 4), **Cardiff** Top Rank (8), **Newport** Stowaway Club (9), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (11), **Brighton** Top Rank (15), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (18) and **Wakefield** Technical College (26).

Cale in three London dates

J. J. CALE is returning to Britain to headline three consecutive nights at London New Victoria Theatre on March 3, 4 and 5. Tickets go on sale at the box-office at noon today (Thursday) priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. Promoters Straight Music have booked John Hartford as support act.

This will be Cale's first visit since his debut in this country last year, when he sold out three nights at the Hammersmith Odeon. He is expected to bring the same three-piece band as on that occasion.

After playing London, Cale travels on to Europe, but it is likely that he will be returning here in early April to do three provincial gigs — in Glasgow, Manchester and Birmingham. Confirmation of these extra dates is expected shortly.

J. J. CALE

Bob Story

LITTLE BOB STORY return to Britain early next month for their longest tour yet in this country. Many more gigs have still to be confirmed for the French band, but those set so far are:

London Camden Dingwalls (February 3), **London** North Polytechnic (4), **Crawley** Technical College (5), **London Finchley** Torrington (6), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (8), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (9), **Derby** Cleopatra's (10), **Liverpool** Eric's Club (11), **Manchester** Polytechnic (12), **Wrexham** Cartrefle College (13), **Doncaster** Outlook (14), **London Oxford St.** 1000 Club (15), **Bath** University (18), **Bolton** Instituite of Technology (19), **London Fulham** Golden Lion (20), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (23), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (24), **Cheltenham** Pavilion (25), **London** Marquee Club (March 3), **London Kensington** Nashville (5) and **Bracknell** Arts Centre (6).

Alan Price

ALAN PRICE is going out in concert again, and the highlight of his itinerary is an appearance at the new Wembley Conference Centre. The venue, recently completed at a cost of £14 million, will host this year's Eurovision Song Contest. Price's gig there is on Saturday, March 5, and tickets are now on sale priced £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1. After playing a cabaret week at Luton Cesar's opening January 30, his provisional one-nighters are at:

Plymouth Fiesta Suite (February 9), **Cambridge** Homerton College (11), **Hornchurch** Queen's Theatre (13), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (19), **Sunderland** Empire (20), **Liverpool** University (25), **Dorking** Halls (March 3), **Loughborough** Town Hall (10) and **Cardiff** New Theatre (11). Further dates are being finalised.

Burlesque

BURLESQUE are to undertake a massive tour to coincide with the release of their first album "Acupuncture" which, surprisingly for a debut LP, is a live set. Issued by Arista on February 4, it was recorded at St. Alban's City Hall and London Nashville Rooms.

Croydon Red Deer (tonight, Thursday), **London Southbank** Poly (Friday), **Oxford** Poly (Saturday), **London** Royal College of Art (February 2), **London Enfield** Middlesex Poly (3), **Bromley** Stockwell College (4), **Kingston** Poly (5), **London Kensington** Nashville (6), **Torrington** Plough (9), **Torquay** South Devon College (10), **Plymouth** College of St. Mark (11), **Bristol** Poly (12), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (13), **Abertillery** Six Bells (14), **Cardiff** Top Rank (15), **Newport** Stowaway (16), **Swansea** Circles (17), **London** University Union (18), **Egham** Royal Holloway College (19), **Portsmouth** Poly (23), **London City** University (24), **London** Queen Elizabeth College (25), **London Chelsea** College (26), **King's Lynn** Tech. College (March 2), **Middlesborough** Rock Garden (4), **Darlington** College of Ed. (5), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (7), **Aberdeen** Fusion Ballroom (8), **Hamilton** College of Ed. (11), **Glasgow** St. Mary's College (12), **Lincoln** College of Ed. (18), **Welwyn Garden City** Mid-Herts College (19), **Doncaster** Outlook (21), **Leeds** Poly (22), **Harrogate** Royal Baths (24), **Manchester** Electric Circus (25), **Liverpool** C.F Mott College (26), **Chalfont St. Giles** Newlands Park College (29) and **Ipswich** Manor Ballroom (31).

Harding

MIKE HARDING and friend

MIKE HARDING, currently completing a new album for April release, takes his one man show on a 12-date tour of Northern venues starting this weekend. **Stockport** Davenport Theatre (this Sunday, **Manchester Middleton** Civic Hall (February 3), **Barrow** Civic Hall (5), **Todmorden** Town Hall (6), **Nottingham** Trent Polytechnic (11), **Batley** Variety Club (13), **St Helen's** Theatre Royal (19), **Horwich** Rivington Barn (23), **Rochdale** ABC Theatre (25), **Wigan** ABC Theatre (26), **Bradford** Alhambra (27) and **Ashton-under-Lyne** Tameside (March 13).

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CHICKEN SKIN BAND

WITH GUESTS

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Horslips

HORSLIPS go on tour to promote their new album "The Book Of Invasions", set for February 25 release by DJM, with whom the Irish folk-rock group have just signed. A single titled "Warm Sweet Breath Of Love" follows on March 11. The tour schedule is:

Newcastle University (March 3), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (5), **Sheffield** Top Rank (6), **Derby** College of Technology (11), **Hitchin** North Herts College (12), **Maidenhead** Skindles (13), **Liverpool** University (17), **Salford** University (18), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (19), **Swansea** Patti's (22), **Aberystwyth** University (23), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (24), **Northampton** County Ground (26) and **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse (27).

Max Boyce

EXETER University (March 28), **Redruth** Regal (29), **Bristol** Colston Hall (31), **Slough** Fulcrum Hall (April 1), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (4 and 5), **Llandudno** venue to be announced (8), **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (9), **York** Theatre Royal (10), **Sheffield** City Hall (14), **Leeds** Town Hall (15), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (16), **Southampton** Gaumont (21), **Brighton** Dome (22), **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion (23), **Birmingham** Hippodrome (24) and **Aberystwyth** Arts Centre (29 and 30).

John Martyn

JOHN MARTYN has had another nine dates confirmed for his winter concert tour, for which his first four gigs — including London New Victoria Theatre on February 20 were reported by NME last month. Martyn's compilation LP "So Far, So Good", featuring material from his previous four albums, is released by Island on February 25. His additional dates are:

York University (February 4), **Sheffield** University (5), **Coleraine** New Ulster University (8), **Colchester** Essex University (12), **Uxbridge** Brunel University (18), **Nottingham** University (19), **Coventry** Warwick University (21), **Liverpool** Eric's Club (25) and **Manchester** University (26).

Procol, Rory add

PROCOL HARUM have added another five dates to their British concert tour itinerary, exclusively reported by NME three weeks ago. They are Oxford New Theatre (February 16), Bath Forum (22), Guildford Surrey University (March 4), Leicester Polytechnic (5) and Preston Guildhall (6). The band's new album "Something Magic" is released by Chrysalis on February 11.

RORY GALLAGHER is extending his current tour by a week, and has added the following dates to his shedule: Leicester De Montfort Hall (February 7), Sheffield City Hall (8), Newcastle City Hall (9), Aberdeen Music Centre (10), Ipswich Gaumont (12) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (13).

Sergio Mendes

SERGIO MENDES and Brasil '77 headline five British concerts, starting at the end of next month and promoted by Derek Block. After a major London appearance at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, February 27, the outfit move into the provinces for gigs at Bournemouth Winter Gardens (28), Leicester De Montefort Hall (March 3), Liverpool Empire (4) and Eastbourne Congress Theatre (5).

Henry Cow

HENRY COW make five rare British appearances next month. They are Cambridge Lady Mitchell Hall (February 1), Leeds University (3), Nottingham Victoria Leisure Centre (4), Coventry Warwick University (5) and London Battersea Town Hall (13).

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

Pistols pocket £30,000 as EMI settle

THE SEX PISTOLS are still waiting to hear if another record company is prepared to sign them, but in the meantime they can console themselves on three different counts:

● Manager Malcolm McLaren has been attending the Midem Festival in Cannes during the past few days, and has had discussions with various recording executives, which could well lead to a new contract in the near future.

● They resume live work next week, by way of a 24-day European tour starting on February 1 and visiting Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland.

● They are £30,000 better off, as the result of compensation paid to them by EMI in an out-of-court settlement, following their sacking by that company.

They were originally signed by EMI on a £40,000 guarantee, half of which was paid to them immediately. This first half has already been spent in setting up their ill-fated autumn tour, but they have now been paid the other half of the guaranteed sum, plus a further £10,000 from their publishing contract with EMI.

JOE WALSH, now a full-time Eagles member

Eagles dates still not set

PROMOTER Harvey Goldsmith said this week that no dates have yet been finalised for the Eagles' spring tour of Britain. He told NME: "Dates reported elsewhere are both inaccurate and unconfirmed." The band's upcoming U.S. tour schedule has been altered substantially, and Goldsmith is now having to rearrange their gigs over here. "I expect that we will do about eight shows in Britain, but I shan't be finalising them for another week or two," he added.

Berry for May gigs

CHUCK BERRY is confirmed for a short British tour at the beginning of May, promoter Derek Block revealed to NME this week. He opens with a major London concert on Sunday, May 1, but the venue is still being finalised and details will be announced in a week or two. The following night he plays a concert which Radio Trent will broadcast; here again, the venue is still undecided, but it will be in the Nottingham area. His other dates are at Batley Variety Club (May 3), Birmingham Odeon (5), Manchester Ardwick Apollo, formerly the ABC Theatre (6), Sunderland Empire (7) and Liverpool Empire (8).

● JERRY LEE LEWIS is also due over here shortly, but original plans for him to headline two concerts at London Rainbow Theatre on February 26 have had to be postponed, because he is suffering from gall stones. Promoter Bob England is hoping to re-arrange Lewis' visit for early March. But if Jerry Lee decides he needs a longer rest, it will have to be put back until April because of U.S. commitments during the interim period.

BARRY WHITE COMING

BARRY WHITE has at last officially been confirmed for a British visit. He arrives in mid-March and makes four concert appearances — at London New Victoria Theatre, Birmingham Odeon, Manchester Apollo (formerly the ABC Theatre in Ardwick) and Eastbourne Congress Theatre. He will be supported as usual by Love Unlimited and the Love Unlimited Orchestra.

The precise dates have not yet been finalised, but he is expected to headline at the New Victoria on March 16, with White's other three gigs built around this London concert. Exact details and booking arrangements are expected to be announced in a week or two.

Prior to coming to Britain, White is playing a series of shows in Italy, and his dates in this country cannot be finally settled until his Italian gigs have been slotted in. He is being brought in by Jeffrey Kruger of the Ember Concert Division in association with the William Morris Agency.

FRANKIE MILLER: LONG TOUR SET

FRANKIE MILLER's Full House are back in action. They have completed work on a new album for early March release, and at the end of next month they begin an extensive British tour, culminating in a major London concert.

Their itinerary includes several venues postponed from the autumn, when their last tour was curtailed by illness. About six more dates have still to be finalised, but those set so far are:

Colchester Essex University (February 26), Oxford Polytechnic (March 2), Norwich East Anglia University (4), Nottingham University (5), Canterbury Kent University (6), Cardiff Top Rank (8), Brighton Top Rank (9), Bath University (11), Bristol Polytechnic (12), Sheffield Top Rank (13), Leeds Polytechnic (17), Liverpool Eric's Club (19), Carlisle Market Hall (20), Huddersfield Polytechnic (23), Redcar Coatham Bowl (24), Newcastle Polytechnic (25), Glasgow Apollo Centre (26), Aberdeen Music Hall (31) and London New Victoria Theatre (April 2).

Zep travels open in U.S.

LED ZEPPELIN are now officially scheduled to begin their previously-reported world tour in the United States during the second half of February. The period during which they will play British concerts has not yet been determined, except that it will be during the summer. Commented a spokesman: "Manager Peter Grant hasn't yet decided which venues they will play in this country".

Pete Brown's new band

PETE BROWN has formed a new band called Back To The Front. They go out on a nationwide tour in March, to coincide with the release of their debut album, currently being recorded. The seven-strong line-up includes co-leader Ian Lynn, formerly with the 'O' Band, but the others — including two girl singers — are relatively unknown. The tour will mark Brown's first gigs since the demise of his Flying Tigers band 18 months ago. More recently, he has been writing most of the songs for Jack Bruce's album "How's Tricks?"

Doctors of Madness — with Pat Travers

DOCTORS OF MADNESS and the Pat Travers Band are to co-headline a Polydor Records package tour, starting in mid-February and visiting over 20 venues. Titled "Route '77", the show will also feature films of other Polydor Group artists including the Who, Jimi Hendrix and Cream. A new Pat Travers album "Makin' Magic" is released in early March to coincide with the tour, for which dates are:

Salisbury City Hall (February 16), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (17), Bridlington Spa Hall (18), Leicester Polytechnic (19), Redcar Coatham Bowl (20), Stafford Top Of The World (21), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms (23), Newcastle Polytechnic (25), Loughborough University (26), Canterbury Kent University (27), Penzance The Garden (March 1), Plymouth Fiesta Suite (2), Eastbourne Winter Gardens (3), Bath University (4), Reading University (5), St. Alban's City Hall (7), London Marquee Club, Doctors only (8), Southampton University (12), Sheffield Top Rank (13), Doncaster Outlook (14), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (15), Bournemouth Town Hall (17) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (18).

Rock revival package

ANOTHER rock revival package show tours Britain next month. Billed as the "Rock'n'Roll Road Show", it is again topped by Marty Wilde, as in similar tours during the previous two winters. Co-headlining is Bert Weedon, who recently staged a major comeback in NME's album chart. Rest of the bill is the New Tornados, Carl Simmonds and the Wildcats. Dates are:

Chatham Central Hall (Februarty 13), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (14), Bridgend Leisure Centre (15), Leeds Grand Theatre (16), Oxford New Theatre (17), Andover Country Bumpkin (18), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (19), Birmingham Repertory Theatre (20), Ashton-under-Lyne Thameside Theatre (21), Sheffield Top Rank (22), Southport Floral Hall (23), Dunoon Queen's Hall (24), Edinburgh venue to be announced (25), Sunderland Empire (26) and Hull New Theatre (27).

Degrees gigs

THREE DEGREES are to headline in concert at the London Palladium on Sunday, April 17. This will be the high spot of their British spring tour, plans for which were reported by NME two weeks ago. Other dates so far confirmed for the trio are Luton Cesar's (March 13 for two weeks), Batley Variety Club (27 week), Birmingham Nite Out (April 11 week), Manchester Golden Garter (18 week), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (25) and Preston Guildhall (26). More dates are still being finalised.

CAN DUE

CAN spend virtually the whole of March touring Britain, as compensation for the cancellation of their projected autumn tour, when keyboards player Irmin Schmidt sustained an injury. The German band play:

Canterbury Kent University (March 1), Keele University (2), Doncaster Outlook (3), Birmingham Aston University (4), Aylesbury Friars (5), Croydon Greyhound (6), Huddersfield Polytechnic (10), Edinburgh University (11), Glasgow Strathclyde University (12), Redcar Coatham Bowl (13), Plymouth Woods Leisure Centre (15), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (16), Bristol University (17), Norwich East Anglia University (18), Nottingham University (19), Maidenhead Skindles (20), Stafford Top Of The World (21), London Strand Lyceum (23), Cambridge Corn Exchange (25). Southend Kursaal (26) and Wolverhampton Civic Hall (27).

RECORDING NEWS

● Singles rushed out tomorrow (Friday) include "This Is Tomorrow" (Polydor) by **Bryan Ferry,** "Crazy On You" (Arista) by **Heart** and "The Great Divide" (Chrysalis) by **Split Enz.** "Children Of The World" (RSO) by the **Bee Gees** follows on February 4.

● **The 'O' Band,** formerly known as A Band Called 'O', recorded a live EP last week at Middlesbrough Town Hall, for March release by United Artists.

● **Sweet** have signed a long-term contract with Polydor, though their first album and single for the label are not due until the autumn.

● **Linda Ronstadt's** next single is "I'm Crazy" from her album "Hasten Down The Wind". It is due shortly, but Asylum have not yet fixed the precise date.

● Former Argent member **Russ Ballard's** first single with his own band is "Some Kinda Hurricane", for February 4 release. He and the band will tour Britain shortly.

● Out on February 18 is the Capitol mid-price album "Best Of **Leo Kottke** 1971-76", retailing at £2.20.

● On February 4, Vertigo reissue the album "666" by **Aphrodite's Child,** recorded four years ago when the band included Demis Roussos and Vangelis. Out the same day is the single "Break" taken from the album.

● The new **Marquee** label will be launched shortly with an album series entitled "Live At The Marquee Club." It will feature up-and-coming bands without a recording contract who perform at the venue.

● Release of **Wings'** new single "Maybe I'm Amazed" has been put back one week by Parlophone until February 4.

And still more tours

● STEVE HARLEY and Cockney Rebel's charity concert at London Rainbow Theatre on February 12 has now sold out.

● McGARRIGLES have cancelled their gig at Leeds University on February 17, which was to have been part of their upcoming tour. Another venue is now being set for this date in the same area.

● KEVIN COYNE has added a last-minute gig to his mini-tour, reported last week. It is at Norwich East Anglia University this Saturday (29).

● RACING CARS have February gigs at Sheffield Top Rank (6), London Marquee (7), Plymouth Woods Centre (10), Bath University (11), Hertford Balls Park College (12), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (18) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (19).

● THE 'O' BAND have gigs at Sunderland Polytechnic (this Saturday), Leeds Polytechnic (February 10), St. Alban's City Hall (12), Nottingham University (26), Plymouth Polytechnic (March 7) and Weymouth Technical College (11).

Mac at Rainbow

FLEETWOOD MAC are to headline a string of London concerts in early April, as part of their first British tour for several years. They have been tentatively booked for the newly re-opened Rainbow Theatre on April 8, 9 and 10, although these dates are still subjuect to confirmation and tickets are not yet on sale. It is expected that their full British itinerary will be announced in a week or two. This will be their first British tour since their personnel upheaval brought in new members Stevie Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham to join Mick Fleetwood and John and Christine McVie.

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FIVE YEARS AGO

5 YEARS AGO
Week ending January 26, 1972.

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING. New Seekers (Polydor)
4	2	MOTHER OF MINE ..... Neil Reid (Decca)
2	3	HORSE WITH NO NAME ..... America (Warner Bros.)
3	4	BRAND NEW KEY ..... Melanie (Buddah)
9	5	STAY WITH ME ..... Faces (Warner Bros.)
7	6	I JUST CAN'T HELP BELIEVING ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
14	7	WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO ..... Donnie Elbert (London)
10	8	MORNING HAS BROKEN ..... Cat Stevens (Island)
20	9	LET'S STAY TOGETHER ..... Al Green (London)
8	10	SLEEPY SHORES ..... Johnny Pearson (Penny Farthing)

TEN YEARS AGO

10 YEARS AGO
Week ending January 28, 1967

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	I'M A BELIEVER ..... Monkees (RCA)
7	2	MATTHEW & SON ..... Cat Stevens (Deram)
2	3	GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME ..... Tom Jones (Decca)
8	4	NIGHT OF FEAR ..... Move (Deram)
17	5	LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
5	6	STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF LOVE ..... Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
3	7	HAPPY JACK ..... Who (Reaction)
11	8	HEY JOE ..... Jimi Hendrix (Polydor)
20	9	I'VE BEEN A BAD BAD BOY ..... Paul Jones (HMV)
4	10	MORNINGTOWN RIDE ..... Seekers (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

15 YEARS AGO
Week ending January 26, 1962

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	THE YOUNG ONES ..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	2	LET'S TWIST AGAIN ..... Chubby Checker (Columbia)
3	3	I'D NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU ..... Billy Fury (Decca)
7	3	HAPPY BIRTHDAY SWEET SIXTEEN ..... Neil Sedaka (RCA)
2	5	STRANGER ON THE SHORE ..... Acker Bilk (Columbia)
5	6	MULTIPLICATION ..... Bobby Darin (London)
18	7	FORGET ME NOT ..... Eden Kane (Decca)
8	8	RUN TO HIM ..... Bobby Vee (London)
14	9	WALK ON BY ..... Leroy Van Dyke (Mercury)
6	10	LET THERE BE DRUMS ..... Sandy Nelson (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending January 29, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(2)	DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA	Julie Covington (MCA)	5	1
2	(1)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US	David Soul (Private Stock)	5	1
3	(3)	SIDE SHOW	Barry Biggs (Dynamic)	5	3
4	(13)	YOU'RE MORE THAN A NUMBER	Drifters (Arista)	4	4
5	(4)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	5	4
6	(14)	ISN'T SHE LOVELY	David Parton (Pye)	3	6
7	(7)	THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE	10c.c. (Mercury)	6	7
8	(8)	WILD SIDE OF LIFE	Status Quo (Vertigo)	6	8
9	(11)	DADDY COOL	Boney M. (Atlantic)	4	9
10	(5)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce (MCA)	4	5
11	(12)	DOCTOR LOVE	Tina Charles (CBS)	7	6
12	(22)	DON'T BELIEVE A WORD	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	12
13	(6)	MONEY MONEY MONEY	Abba (Epic)	9	2
14	(15)	LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE	Smokie (Rak)	7	7
15	(18)	SUSPICION	Elvis Presley (RCA)	2	15
16	(19)	NEW KID IN TOWN	Eagles (Asylum)	2	16
17	(17)	PORTSMOUTH	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	8	5
18	(9)	UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE	Showaddywaddy (Bell)	11	1
19	(24)	HAITIAN DIVORCE	Steely Dan (ABC)	6	19
20	(—)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes (CBS)	1	20
21	(—)	WHEN I NEED YOU	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	1	21
22	(16)	GRANDMA'S PARTY (E.P.)	Paul Nicholas (RSO)	7	8
23	(23)	SMILE	Pussycat (Sonet)	2	23
24	(25)	EVERYMAN MUST HAVE A DREAM	Liverpool Express (Warner Bros)	2	24
25	(28)	FAIRY TALE	Dana (GTO)	9	16
26	(20)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Bread (Elektra)	2	20
27	(—)	IT TAKES ALL NIGHT LONG	Gary Glitter (Arista)	1	27
28	(10)	WHEN A CHILD IS BORN	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	9	1
29	(30)	FLIP	Jesse Green (EMI)	3	28
30	(—)	SING ME	The Brothers (Bus Stop)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

JACK IN THE BOX — Moments (All Platinum); BOOGIE NIGHTS — Heatwave (GTO); PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS — Rose Royce (MCA); YOU + ME = LOVE — Undisputed Truth (Warner Bros.); MORE THAN A FEELING — Boston (Epic).

ALBUMS

Week ending January 29, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	RED RIVER VALLEY	Slim Whitman (United Artists)	3	1
2	(5)	DAVID SOUL	(Private Stock)	8	2
3	(2)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	10	1
4	(4)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	5	4
5	(3)	A DAY AT THE RACES	Queen (EMI)	6	2
6	(7)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	43	1
7	(6)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder (EMI)	15	1
8	(10)	WIND AND WUTHERING	Genesis (Charisma)	3	8
9	(9)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	(EMI)	4	9
10	(8)	SHOWADDYWADDY GREATEST HITS	(Arista)	6	4
11	(17)	EVITA	Various Artists (MCA)	3	11
12	(12)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	8	8
13	(15)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Glen Campbell (Capitol)	11	1
14	(13)	DISCO ROCKET	(K-Tel)	8	7
15	(24)	LOW	David Bowie (RCA)	2	15
16	(11)	THE GREATEST HITS	Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons (K-Tel)	11	4
17	(16)	HOT CHOCOLATE GREATEST HITS	(Rak)	10	8
18	(—)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	3	18
19	(—)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	27	1
20	(14)	100 GOLDEN GREATS	Max Bygraves (Ronco)	12	4
21	(18)	GREATEST HITS	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)	5	17
22	(—)	THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME	Led Zeppelin (Swansong)	12	5
23	(19)	BLUE MOVES	Elton John (Rocket)	13	4
24	(—)	I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	2	20
25	(29)	ATLANTIC CROSSING	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	45	1
26	(25)	THE WHO STORY	(Polydor)	16	1
27	(—)	THOUGHTS OF LOVE	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	6	15
28	(21)	FOREVER AND EVER	Demis Roussos (Philips)	30	2
29	(—)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Bread (Elektra)	1	29
30	(27)	SOUL MOTION	(K-Tel)	13	2

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

LOVE ON THE AIRWAYS — Gallagher & Lyle (A&M); HIT SCENE '76 — (Warwick); DREAMBOAT ANNIE — Heart (Arista); BOSTON — (Epic); DOWN TOWN TONIGHT — Racing Cars (Chrysalis).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending January 29, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder
2	(7)	BLINDED BY THE LIGHT	Manfred Mann
3	(6)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS	Mary MacGregor
4	(4)	HOT LINE	Sylvers
5	(5)	DAZZ	Brick
6	(1)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce
7	(8)	WALK THIS WAY	Aerosmith
8	(10)	NEW KID IN TOWN	Eagles
9	(12)	ENJOY YOURSELF	Jacksons
10	(13)	I LIKE DREAMING	Kenny Nolan
11	(3)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR	Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis
12	(16)	WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND	Barry Manilow
13	(15)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Bread
14	(19)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller
15	(18)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
16	(14)	JEANS ON	David Dundas
17	(22)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
18	(9)	SOMEBODY TO LOVE	Queen
19	(11)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING	Leo Sayer
20	(24)	DANCING QUEEN	Abba
21	(29)	LOVE THEME FROM "A STAR IS BORN"	Barbra Streisand
22	(28)	GO YOUR OWN WAY	Fleetwood Mac
23	(27)	HARD LUCK WOMAN	Kiss
24	(21)	SATURDAY NIGHT	Earth, Wind & Fire
25	(20)	TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT	Rod Stewart
26	(23)	WHISPERING/CHERCHEZ LA FEMME/C'EST SI BON	Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah
27	(—)	CARRY ON WAYWARD SON	Kansas
28	(17)	AFTER THE LOVIN'	Engelbert Humperdinck
29	(—)	SAVE IT FOR A RAINY DAY	Stephen Bishop
30	(—)	AIN'T NOTHING LIKE THE REAL THING	Donny & Marie Osmond

Courtesy "Cash Box"

U.S. ALBUMS

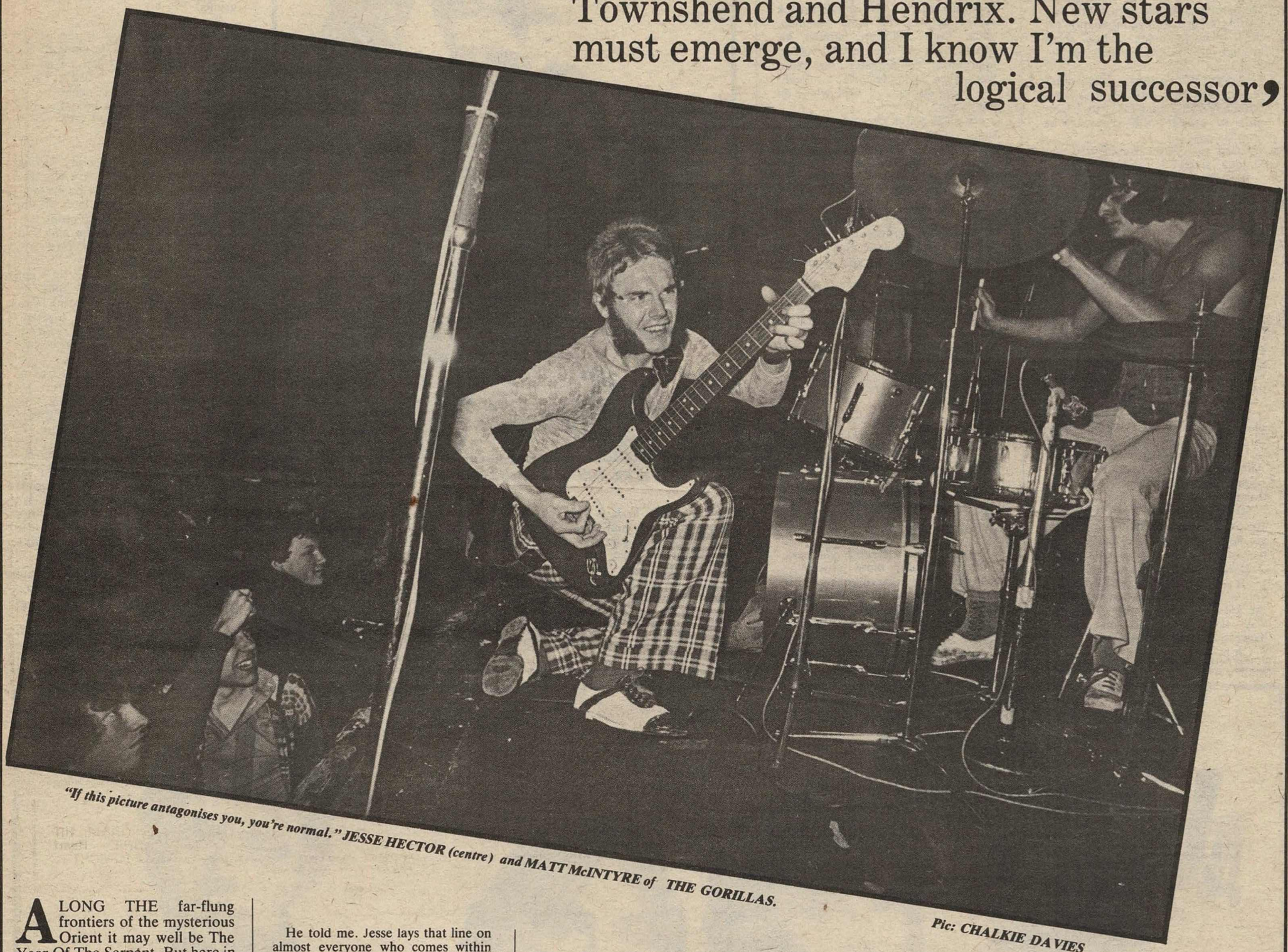
Week ending January 29, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
2	(3)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
3	(2)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	Wings
4	(9)	A STAR IS BORN	Streisand, Kristofferson
5	(4)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE	Peter Frampton
6	(6)	GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt
7	(5)	BOSTON	
8	(7)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES	Doobie Brothers
9	(10)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band
10	(8)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart
11	(11)	ROCK AND ROLL OVER	Kiss
12	(13)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
13	(14)	GREATEST HITS	James Taylor
14	(21)	A DAY AT THE RACES	Queen
15	(12)	THE PRETENDER	Jackson Browne
16	(17)	CAR WASH	Original Soundtrack
17	(15)	HEJIRA	Joni Mitchell
18	(16)	THIRTY-THREE & ⅓	George Harrison
19	(22)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
20	(18)	THEIR GREATEST HITS	Eagles
21	(19)	SONG OF JOY	Captain & Tennille
22	(20)	BLUE MOVES	Elton John
23	(—)	TEJAS	Z Z Top
24	(25)	SPIRIT	Earth, Wind & Fire
25	(—)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
26	(23)	CHILDREN OF THE WORLD	Bee Gees
27	(28)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
28	(—)	GOOD HIGH	Brick
29	(24)	CHICAGO X	
30	(—)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU	Barry Manilow

Courtesy "Cash Box"

By ROY CARR

'It's quite simple. I'm very special. Very soon the kids are going to rely on me the way they once did on Jagger, Townshend and Hendrix. New stars must emerge, and I know I'm the logical successor'



"If this picture antagonises you, you're normal." JESSE HECTOR (centre) and MATT McINTYRE of THE GORILLAS.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

ALONG THE far-flung frontiers of the mysterious Orient it may well be The Year Of The Serpent. But here in the West it's definitely The Year Of The Big Ape.

The Mighty Kong may have already totalled almost as many box office records as his dorsal-finned rival — but no way is that seen as being too much monkey business. And now, despite threats by irate neighbours, three more Gorillas are preparing to wreak further havoc as they rehearse what they claim will be The Greatest Rock 'N' Roll Show In The World in a freezing Greek-Cypriot Church Hall in Camden Town.

The Greatest Rock 'N' Roll Show In The World . . . . . ummmm, that *must* be worth a few lines . . .

First, the facts: The Gorillas in question are a three-handed rock band who, at first glance, appear totally out of sync with the rest of the 70s. Like, if you've ever wondered exactly who buys all the scoop-neck T-shirts and cotton-drill loon pants advertised in the back of most rock papers, look no further.

When worn by The Gorillas, the ensemble is off-set with hand-painted tennis shoes and a spikey, circa '65 Mod-Gorilla skull crop.

Got the picture?

It's not pretty, but it sure as hell makes you do a second take!

But then it's meant to. For it transpires that aside from an almost religious allegiance to The Small Faces, the driving force behind The Gorillas is 25-year-old Jesse Hector who insists he has somehow been ordained to gather together society's frustrated street urchins and lead them in a 70s rock Crusade.

You see, Jesse Hector is a Star!

How do I know?

He told me. Jesse lays that line on almost everyone who comes within earshot.

Yeah . . . I know . . . you've heard it all before. Me too, but before you jump to the wrong conclusion, hang about for just a minute of two.

The Gospel According To Jesse Hector doesn't come across as the mindless ramblings of some narcissus auditioning for The Laughing Academy; neither is it the kind of terminal verbal over-kill which backfired on Steve Harley.

Jesse Hector is fired with the kind of enthusiasm and self-confidence one is seldom confronted with these days. Sure, he goes over the top, so what! It's refreshing to stumble across someone with such a positive approach to his future. Not only is he ambitious, but he's determined to do something constructive about it.

As you can gather, Hector believes in himself and isn't afraid to admit it. Whether he ever becomes a celebrity is almost irrelevant. Jesse *believes* he's a Star, and that's sufficient for him. Should the public ever share the same sentiments then truly he'll have attained Nirvana.

It's Hector's theory that inside every Real Star — he cites himself in such esteemed company as Elvis, Cochran, Hendrix, the Fabs, the Stones, The Who and his alter-ego Steve Marriott, there's a Special Magic. Certain genes that separates *them* from us mere mortals.

"*They* would walk down the street and people would just stop and stare in utter amazement," Hector raps on at a speed that means he crams a one-hour interview into just under 15 minutes. "There was something about *them* that was different. Something that made them stand out from the rest of the crowd."

Come to think of it, the same thing happens when Hector and the other two rock 'n' roll primates go walkies. Indeed, trouble seems to stalk Hector whenever he sets foot outside his front door.

Ever since the day when, aged six, he was sent home from school for attending class dressed up as a pirate, he's been convinced he's different from the rest of the bunch.

Things didn't get much better in his teens. Wherever he went his sheer presence seemed to disturb and antagonise people, often triggering off a violent reaction. Many was the time that Hector staggered home bloodied and dishevelled.

And people *still* stare in disbelief at Hector as though he's just arrived from another galaxy, It may be hard to believe that someone in T-shirt, tennis shoes, loon pants and a Kong cut can upset members of a society in which the unacceptabe has become acceptable and also fashionable, but it still happens.

"If you don't believe me," says Hector, "then just come out with me one evening and I'll take you round a few pubs."

The look of concern on the faces of Gorillas' bassist Al Butler and drummer Matt McIntyre suggests I should give the invitation some consideration before accepting.

"The first time anyone meets Jesse they hate him," Butler reveals, peering at me though the lank strands of his coiffeur.

Hector nods and giggles nervously.

■ *Continues over*

*Convinced? The band by the way, is **THE GORILLAS,** and the views are those of the principal primate. Read on for a sample of . . .*

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JESSE HECTOR

THE GORILLAS

■ *From previous page*

McIntyre also nods, with world-weary resignment,

"But once they get to know him," Butler continues, "they quickly become his friends. It's the bit before they get to know him that's the worst!"

People often attack things they don't instinctively understand and at the moment it would appear that The Gorillas hold a strange fascination for those who've come across them around the London clubs or in France.

Maybe it's because they don't believe what they saw the first time, but many of the same faces are beginning to appear with regularity at Gorillas gigs.

I first saw them around 4.30 one Sunday afternoon at The Roundhouse, Chalk Farm. They were the first of four scheduled bands, and I quite expected them to be greeted with the usual apathy that's bestowed on warm-up acts.

Hector, however, was having none of that.

He strode on stage, plugged in and defied the audience not to take notice of him. No way could he be ignored and he let them know it. And as it turned out, not only did he grab almost everyone's attention but also scored an encore — the first time a warm-up band has ever been called back by a Roundhouse audience.

When, four days later, The Gorillas played London's Nashville the landlord complained that they'd attracted far *too many* spectators for comfort. And at least a third of the crowd had been at The Roundhouse the previous Sunday.

So why should this Chiswick Records outfit be building such a strong following before they've even had time to grab some regular gigs?

Jesse Hector has the answer.

"It's quite simple," says he, "I'm very special. I believe that very soon the kids are going to rely on me the way they once did on Jagger, Townshend and Hendrix."

Oh really.

"Yeah. The cycle has to continue. New stars must emerge and I know I'm the logical successor. I've got something that nobody else has. Something that the kids want."

So what's so special about a Gorillas gig — the show Hector insists will in time become The Greatest Rock 'N' Roll Show In The World?

Well, to begin with, Al Butler adopts the archetypal aggressive left-foot-forward / right-shoulder-back stance beloved by most bassmen, while Matt McIntyre attacks his drums with all the fervour of an apprentice panel-beater on piece work. And Jesse Hector!! . . . yeah! . . . Jesse Hector . . . well, where do you begin?

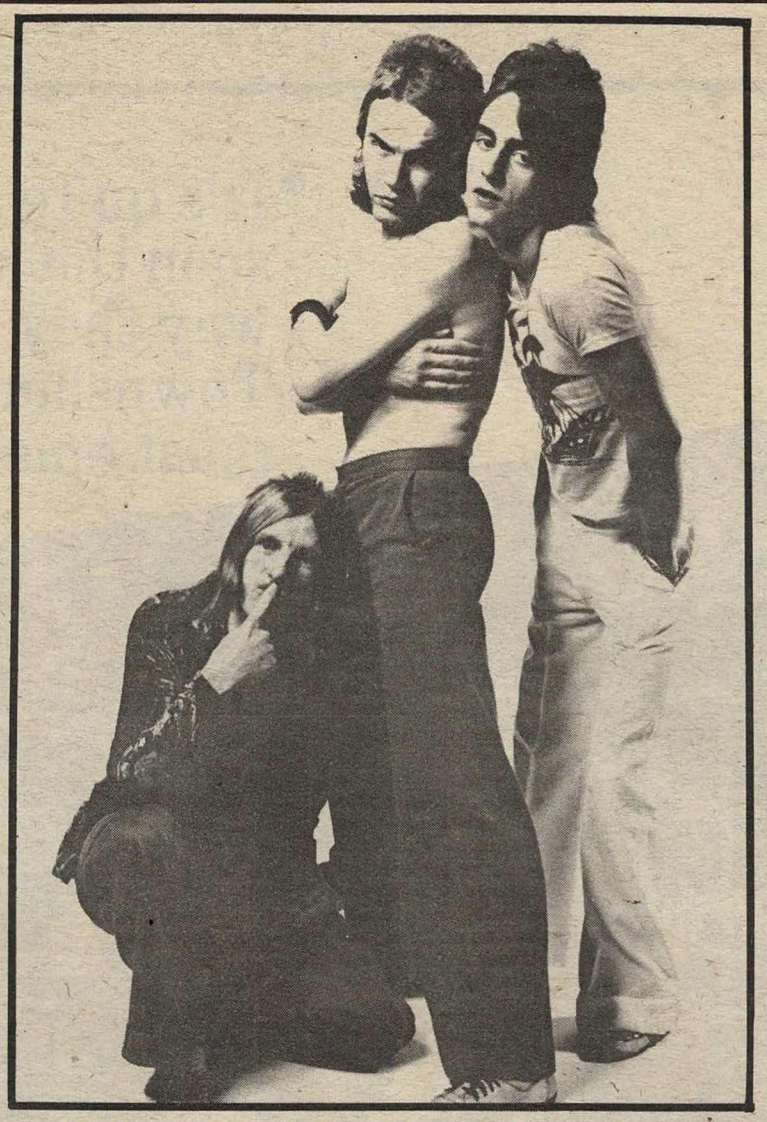
He plays guitar after a fashion . . . sings, yells, even squawks after a fashion . . . while still thrashing the life out of his guitar, does a weird one-legged hop across the front of the stage climaxed by a couple of high kicks, falls down . . . rolls over on his back . . . jumps up . . . stops playing to cajole the crowd to react . . . continues playing and wriggles about like some dementoid trying to get free of his skin.

Not for one moment do The Gorillas rate themselves as a virtuoso power-trio. But as Butler accurately points out, when did you need to be proficient to make it as a bona fide rock 'n' roll star!

"There are musicians," says Butler, "and there are entertainers. We are entertainers."

"Go on," Hector interjects, "be honest Al, we're not very good at this kind of thing, but what the hell, that doesn't mean we ain't stars! Here right inside of me" — he thumps his chest to emphsise the point — "I've got the greatest rock show anybody has seen. Something that nobody has ever really seen before."

"Many times," Hector continues, "Hendrix would blow everyone's head off and he'd be out of tune, but it didn't matter. Same thing happens with Chuck Berry, Elvis, Cochran, Little Richard and Jagger. They're natural born stars. When *they* walked into a room or stepped into the spotlight you just looked . . . it was impossible to take your eyes off them.



From left: BUTLER, HECTOR, McINTYRE

"It really didn't matter if they could sing or not; in some ways it wasn't really all that important. They could have just got up and danced around a bit — because they had charisma and there was no way you could possibly ignore them. And there ain't no way any body is gonna ignore either me or The Gorillas!"

However, Hector's quest for everlasting fame isn't without its drawbacks. His seven-year-long rock 'n' roll odyssey has already been beset with problems. Though not too many people are aware of the fact, his last band, Helter Skelter, gained a reputation not only for blowing billtoppers off stage but also right out the back door — and he claims this didn't work to his advantage. According to him, other acts used to go along to Helter Skelter's gigs and cop all his best licks.

Once bitten, twice bloody shy — or, to be more precise, careful. Hector insists that for the time being he's holding back. In fear of plagarism, we won't be witnessing The Greatest Rock 'N' Roll Show In The World for some time to come. Indeed, there was a time when all three refused to travel by public transport in case someone ripped-off their sartorial elegance.

"First I wanna make sure I'm on a ledge where no one can come along to our gigs and copy what I'm doing," he grunts.

Paranoid so early?

"No, not really, but in the past a lotta people have come along to my gigs, taped the shows and nicked my act and I . . . don't . . . like . . . it."

Are you into naming names?

"It may take a lotta believing, but Slade copied the way I work up a crowd."

Really!

If, according to Hector, having one's act plundered wasn't enough, the most frustrating thing he encountered was that in the face of the success of bands like Slade promoters then turned round to him and told him that his own rabble-rousing routines were passe.

Things got worse before they got better. For a time Hector quit the game and worked for a tailoring firm. There he met Butler and together they formed The Hammersmith Gorillas — as they were first known — to cut a cover of The Kinks' "You Really Got Me" for Penny Farthing and watch it sink without trace.

In one last desperate attempt to conquer the world, Hector and Butler replaced their old drummer with 17-year-old McIntyre, convinced Ted Carroll and Roger Armstrong of the Chiswick-Rock On consortium to invest in their future, and began to put their money where their mouth is.

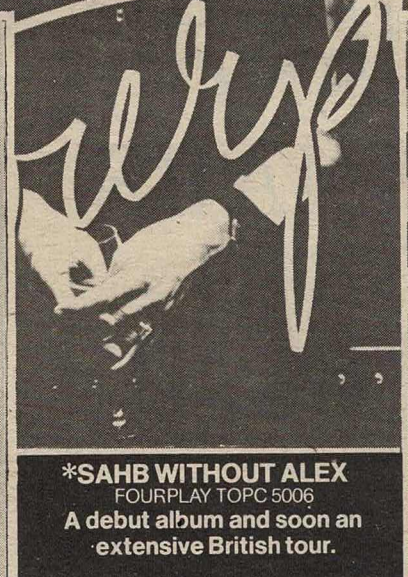
With two Chiswick singles "She's My Gal" and "Gatecrasher" to their credit, The Gorillas are at last starting to make waves, albeit small ones.

The Gorillas may not make it, but by the same token there's no reason why they shouln't. Stranger things have happened.

Just so long as Jesse Hector keeps on believing that he is a Star, The Gorillas are in with a chance.

MOUNTAIN ROCKS INTO '77

***GINGER BAKER AND FRIENDS**
ELEVEN SIDES OF BAKER TOPC 5005
The master percussionist back with help from his friends including Chris Spedding, Rick Grech, Herbie Flowers and Mr. Snips.



***SAHB WITHOUT ALEX**
FOURPLAY TOPC 5006
A debut album and soon an extensive British tour.

KRAZY KAT
CHINA SEAS TOPC 5004
An album from exceptional musicians, whose songs and tight vocal harmonies are breathtakingly unique.
ON TOUR WITH JOHN MILES

***NAZARETH**
PLAY 'N' THE GAME TOPS 113

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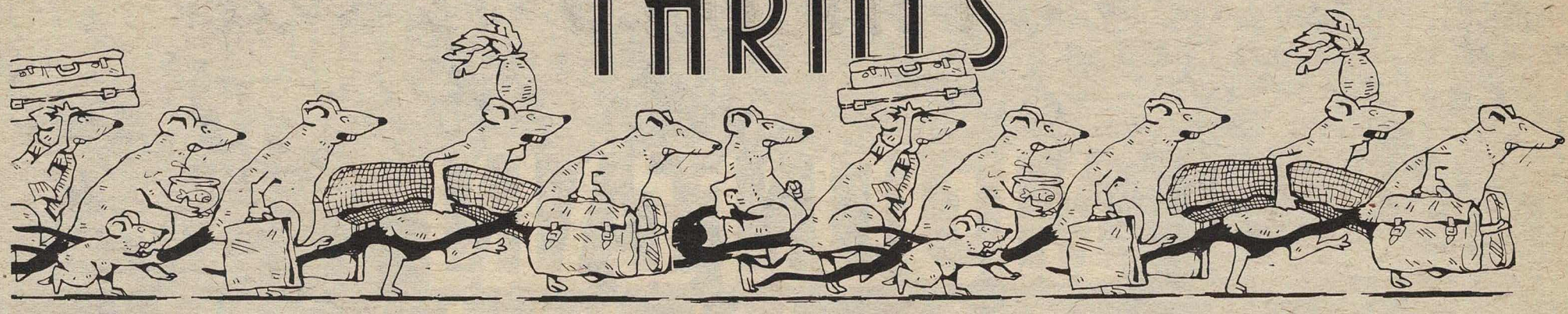


WORLD CLASS AXE IN PISTOLS NITERIE FRACAS

PETE TOWNSHEND was involved in what one witness described as "a scuffle" at London's Speakeasy Club last week, when Townshend apparently attempted to physically prevent a photographer taking a picture of him in conversation with two of the Sex Pistols. The incident was quickly resolved.

Townshend — who's rather a stay at home chap these days — was evidently at the Speak to see Aylesbury Superstar and fellow Track recording artist John Otway, for whom he has long expressed admiration.

A couple of The Sex Pistols, who seem to be combating their enforced inactivity by combing the capital's rock spots in search of action, chanced by the Speak and fell into conversation with Mr Townshend, who had apparently been drinking quite freely.

The Pistols found Mr T in melancholic mood. He had apparently been reflecting on the passage of time, and waxing nostalgic on the glories of a fiery youth. Maybe he'd been mulling over exactly what he meant twelve years ago, when, at the age of nineteen he wrote, "Hope I die before I get old".

"He thinks he's past it," said Pistols drummer Paul Cook later, "but he ain't really. He's still great." Guitarist Steve Jones agreed: "He was a really great geezer," he said, "even though he was, like, paralytic."

The hallowed veteran and the young red guards of rock continued their conversation about the problems of ageing rock stars, and the contradictions of playing "My Generation" when you feel you're past it, with Townshend at one point remarking loudly that he "didn't give a shit about 'My Generation'". In the midst of their talk, the photographer rather injudiciously approached and started to snap the historic encounter, whereupon Pete, blood no doubt raised to the temperature of the old mod days by his parlay with the Pistols, leapt up and took a lunge at the photographer, reportedly knocking some of his equipment to the floor.

As the Shepherd's Bush axe man recovered his balance, he also managed to plant a Dr Marten firmly on the foot of an adjacent well known rock mogul. "It was nothing really," said Paul Cook, who asked Townshend if he'd actually ever seen the Pistols play. "No," said Townshend, "I don't need to know what you're about."

Townshend had previously written a letter to the London *Evening Standard* in which he had written, "Mud slinging and bitterness, especially tinged with the kind of jealousy and indirect hatred displayed by the punk rock group whose name I cannot remember at the moment, might appear to be livening up a tired music scene, but in reality they are helping put it formally to sleep.

"I wish Johnny Rotten luck," the letter continued. "If he can write a decent song and sing it well he will be successful."

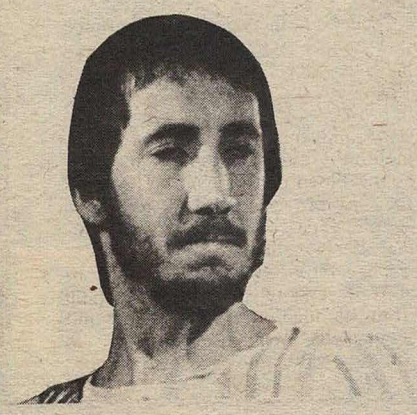
Pete's feelings of being "past it" were also well aired on the Who's last album, in lyrics like *"Goodbye all you punks stay young and stay high, hand me my cheque book and I'll crawl off to die . . ."*

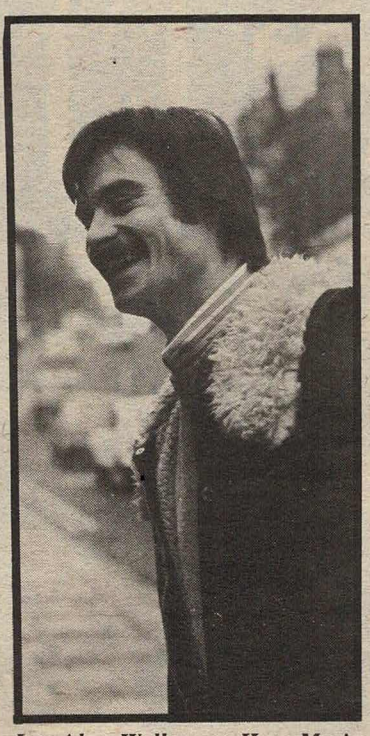
"I know how he feels," commented Steve Jones. "Sometimes I feel that I'm too old and I wish that I was back at school . . ."

Never mind Pete, it happens to us all mate.

□ NEIL SPENCER

"I don't give a shit about 'My Generation'!"





Lee Alan Wallace at Hove Magistrates Court. Pic: NANDO VALVERDE

BOOT-LEG SNOOP NABS BIG BUST

UNLIKE HIS celebrated forebear Robin, William Hood is a crimebuster. He busts bootleggers and record pirates for the B.P.I. (British Phonographic Industry Ltd), and he estimates that action is taken against five or six such offenders every single week in this country. This is the story of Mr Hood's latest success.

In the *NME* dated 4.12.76 we reported the imminent prosecution of one Lee Alan Wallace for twelve offences involving the bootlegging of eight illicit recordings — two each by Led Zeppelin and Elton John, and others by Roxy Music, Bad Company, Genesis and Be Bop Deluxe. Wallace appeared at Hove Magistrates Court on Monday 17.1.77, where he pleaded guilty and was fined £385. It was the climax of sixteen months' work by William Hood.

In September '75, Hood noticed a classified ad in *Sounds*, a weekly music paper, which said: "Rock albums on stereo cassettes. Only £1.50 each!!" Hood wrote to the Box Number for a list of the goodies.

On 9 January, 1976 Wallace sent Hood — who, Wallace told me when I spoke to him two days after his conviction, was posing under the name of John Williams — a list of tapes, mostly illegitimate.

On 18 March, 1976 Hood ordered cassettes by Led Zeppelin and Elton John. Wallace sent them, accompanied by a note which said: "I hope you find these recordings to your satisfaction. Things have changed quite a bit since I last sent you my list. I now concentrate more on live recordings, and stocks in this line have increased. I still supply studio recordings, but there has not been enough trade for me to update my lists."

On 10 April, Hood called round to see Wallace, a carpenter, at his home. According to Wallace, Hood — who sounded tough, ambitious, but distinctly English when I spoke to him last week — affected an Australian accent.

Hood observed that Wallace had about 500 legitimate records, 50 illegitimate records, and nearly 200 cassettes, many of them live concerts. The unsuspecting Wallace told the BPI investigator that he usually "got his supplies" from Manchester, but that source had now been busted. He had contacts all over the country, and he had a partner; both of them went to a number of concerts and taped them — and only the week before Wallace had taped Neil Young at Hammersmith Odeon. He was receiving orders from as far afield as Japan, Hood claims he was told.

On 23 April Wood sent an order for another batch of tapes, and these provided the bulk of the material subsequently used in Wallace's prosecution. A week later, having received and paid for the tapes, Hood reported the matter to the solicitor acting on behalf of the BPI.

On 4 May, 1976 a writ was issued in the High Court, and Mr Justice Slade granted an injunction against Wallace to cease his activities. The writ was issued on behalf of 38 plaintiffs, including — check this — such record companies as A&M, EMI, CBS, American Columbia, Atlantic, Polydor, Decca, Island, Warner Bros, WEA, Capitol, Track, Liberty, Pye, ABC, Rocket, Virgin and Phonogram, plus McCartney Productions and a long list of eminent rock musicians: David Gilmour, Nicholas Mason, George Waters and Richard Wright (The Pink Floyd); Elton Hercules John; Roderick David Stewart; James Patrick Page, John Baldwin, Robert Plant and John Bonham (Led Zeppelin); John Helliwell, Robert C Benberg, Roger Hodgson and Richard Davies (Supertramp); and Bryan Ferry.

There is, it seems, a standard civil action under the Copyright Act, and its ulterior purpose is to frighten a miscreant into an out-of-court settlement. It is rare that the accused refuses and, like Wallace, runs the gauntlet of the magistrates.

Rod Stewart's lawyer, Derek Cumberland, explained why the civil writ plaintiffs bore little relationship to the criminal summons complainants: in order to bring the criminal case under the Performer Protection Act, Bill Nelson, for instance, would actually have had to sign an affidavit that the recording concerned was by him, so they prosecuted Wallace on the strength of his recordings of artists who were easily available to sign.

The BPI solicitors were granted permission to seize all Wallace's illegal tapes, which they did on 7 May '76.

However, unlike 90% of bootleggers, Wallace refused to settle in private, so the BPI brought their criminal action against him. In court last week it was claimed that Wallace was making £100 per week profit, but Wallace denied he ever made that much; most of his revenue went in overheads. He also denied that he had had a partner and that he had ever made live recordings himself.

Roxy Music bootleg from B.B.C. tapes

The court ordered Wallace, 26, to pay the £385 fine at £5 per week. To his relief, they awarded the BPI no costs, but even so he reckons the whole episode has cost him £1,000.

Mr William Hood's campaign against pirates and bootleggers is based on his estimate that a full 5 per cent of the British recording industry is in their hands.

According to Geoffrey Bridge of the BPI, this is only an educated guess. Most bootlegging and piracy takes place in the tapes market, which in 1975 constituted about £20 million of a total £160 million market; about 12 per cent. Bearing in mind that in Italy 60% of tapes are illegal, in Portugal 80%, in Taiwan 100%, and that until until piracy became a federal offence in 1972, allowing the FBI to intervene, an estimated 60% of the American market was illicit, then Hood's 5 per cent, which on first glance seems extremely high, may not in fact be so unlikely. However, I still have my doubts.

Bridge also revealed that Wallace was only the third bootlegger he was aware of being prosecuted since his involvement began in 1973. Wallace he termed potentially a bigtime operator, well organised, the kind of bootlegger they only come across a

FAKE COPS ROB ROXY & STRANGLERS

IN THE EARLY hours of last Sunday morning, the Roxy Club, London's p*nk watering hole, plus Saturday night attraction the Stranglers got ripped off to the tune of the best part of a grand.

After the fun was over and everybody had gone home, Roxy manager Andy and two friends were waiting for the band's three roadies to load equipment into the van out in Neal Street when four characters decked out to resemble refugees from *The Sweeney* appeared on the scene, two of them going straight into the Roxy and the other two approaching the road crew and saying, "Into the club please, we're police officers."

The "cops" flashed their wallets, showing a card with Metropolitan Police embossed on a crest with white background and both roadies, Andy and friends were taken into the Roxy and none to politely ushered into Andy's eight-by-four office.

The Strangler's chief roadie tried to go downstairs to collect his briefcase containing the takings from the previous night's RCA gig, the money from the Roxy gig, PLUS the band's emergency float — in other words, practically everything they got . . . The roadie was stopped by the "cops", searched and thrown back in the room before he could get the money . . .

When Andy refused to sit down quietly in a position where he would not be able to see what the "cops" were getting up to in the foyer they forcibly bundled him into a chair. The "cops" took the door keys from Andy and then locked the door from the outside after partaking in a none-too-convincing spate of "cop" talk . . .

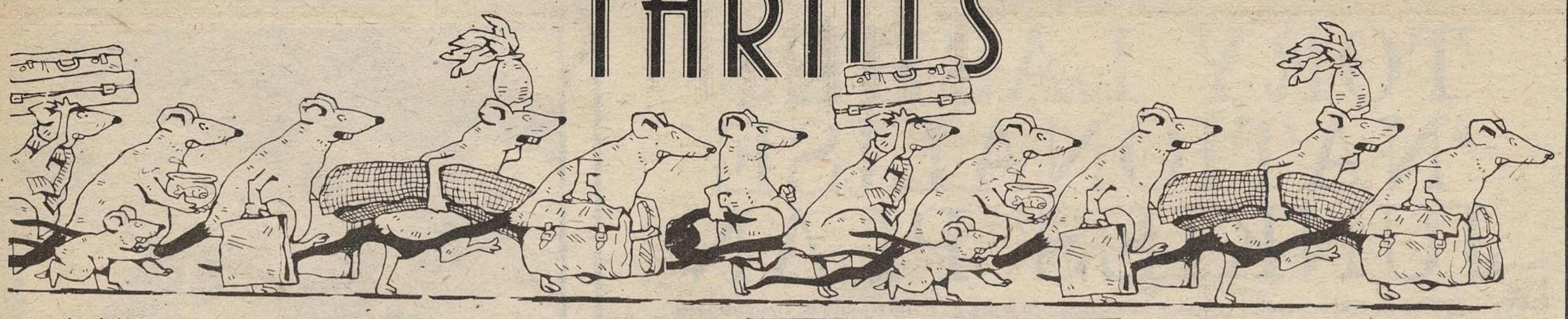
By now it was well apparent that the "cops" weren't cops at all . . . just professional rip-off merchants . . .

The plaster board wall to the Roxy kitchen was kicked in, somebody scrambled through and released the remaining five locked in the office and within seconds the REAL cops were called — although it was too late to save the briefcase containing the takings of the recent Stranglers gigs, plus their float, a total of £600, PLUS two hundred quid that the Roxy had taken at the door.

When the police arrived they showed Andy and the others what a REAL identification card looked like, as opposed to the ones the hoods were carrying . . . and it seems that it would pay us *all* to find out what a real police i.d. card looks like while we get these thieves in the street . . .

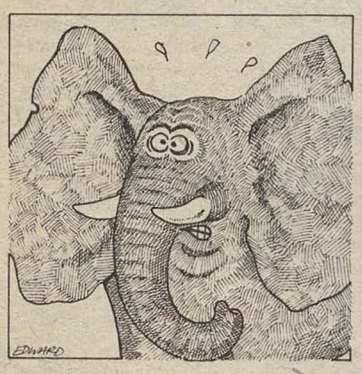
□ TONY PARSONS

THRILLS



couple of times a year; most of the market depends on imported material, and, while he says that *anyone who takes taping-as-a-hobby as far as classified advertising is certain to be busted*, most bootleggers are far too small fry to justify going beyond the civil action injunction-confiscation-and-settlement stage. But don't say we didn't warn you.

□ PHIL McNEILL



YOU KNOW THE OLD JOKE ABOUT . .

THE *THRILLS* emporium is grossly indebted to Miss Lois Regina Marino, president of the Thomas Chatterton "Don't Let The Critics Get You Down" Memorial Society, for drawing our attention to an item in a recent *Village Voice.*

For all of you out there biting your nails over what to buy loved ones for next year's Xcessmas, weep no more. For a mere $3,500, you too can be the beatific bestower of an elephants' penis.

Yeah, schmucko, you heard. That's the princely sum you have to sneeze up for such an artefact at Hunting World on 53rd Street, New York City. And what would you do with one? No, *not* that, honey. You would — naturally — keep your golf balls in it.

"It was my idea", the store's founder Robert M Lee had the nerve to boast. "Elephant penis skin is taken off in a cylindrical manner. The hide is roughly two by two feet, so I thought it would be a natural for a seamless golf bag".

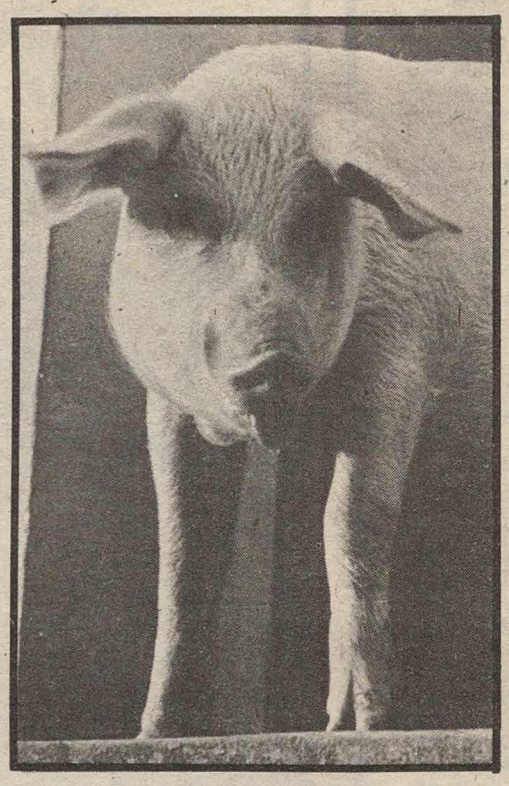
The singularly astute Mr Lee made these observations on one of his countless African safaris. He's real friendly with elephants, having developed the field-curing method that made it possible to use the hides of elephants that are culled every year to prevent overpopulation in Kruger National Park, South Africa (where else?)

"Penis skin is a lot smoother than anywhere else on the animal," says Mr Lee, the Jumbo's Pal, "so it is a bit of a rarity. Unfortunately, when our craftsmen in Scotland got hold of them, they found it takes three to make one bag. We originally had three made. Two were sold this year to the same gentleman, and this week the last one was taken by a Japanese sportsman. I can't tell you who — we never reveal the names of our customers — but they were very well-known individuals".

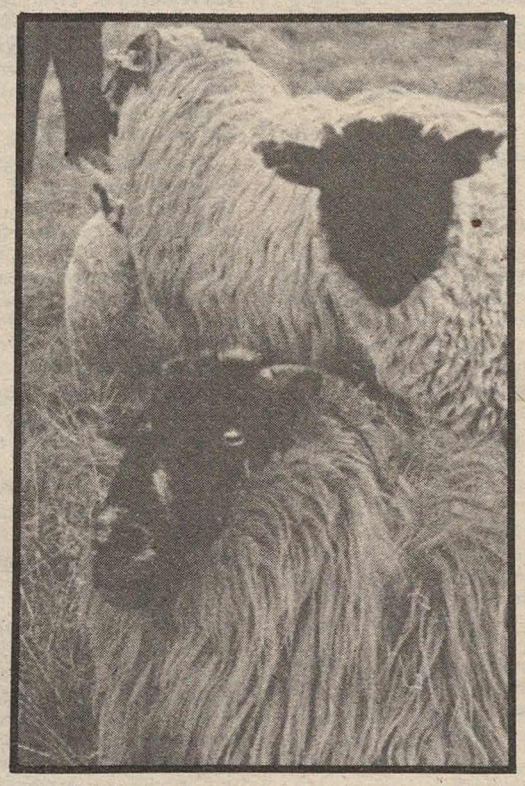
Though the schlongs have grossed $10,500, there are apparently no more in preparation. "The last lot of skins that came through were very bad. Our tanners didn't want to mess with them." Admirable sentiments, which the elephants might support. So for the meanwhile, only three golfers in the world will be able to flit around the links lugging this useful implement.

Next week! Complete Your Mother's Ninetieth Birthday with a Gift-Wrapped Gorilla-Ovary Basketball.

□ JULIE BURCHILL



"Oink!"



"Baa!"

"No comment!"

Tour, new album and paranoid livestock

FLOYD IN BARN-YARD TAKEOVER

IT'S BEEN Pink Floyd week. On Friday, London's Capitol Radio concluded their "Pink Floyd Story" by playing their new album "Animals", complete with an interview with the elusive Roger Waters explaining how it was made.

The day before, "Animals" was also given a press preview at the Battersea Power Station Sports And Social Club, the reason for this exotic choice of venue being that said power station features heavily on the album sleeve.

The group have also left for Germany to begin their European tour promising an amazing new stage lighting system.

Among the rumours circulating about precisely what the new stage show will entail are stories of silver spheres containing spotlights and operators drifting about above the Floyd on hydraulic arms, and zooming in on individual members or illuminating them with showers of coloured floods set in the base of the spheres. Behind these Dr. Who machines is projected Gerald Scarfe's film — apparently of a large mechanical insect slowly walking towards the audience from a distant horizon.

Meanwhile back at the new album, several score of journalists munched, drank, and talked their way through much of the playback, though I was happily able to hear the new album under optimum conditions later, and can offer a preliminary impression prior to a full review in the albums pages when "Animals" is released on January 28th.

The new album is very simple in both concept and execution. Its musical parameters are wider than recent Floyd albums, much looser in structure but more carefully assembled than usual.

"Animals" also marks another apparent progression in Water's obsession with paranoia. Most of the album is bleak, dark and foreboding in mood, many of its images sombre.

It opens with "Pigs On The Wing (1)", which is constructed on an almost Dylanesque acoustic guitar riff. Numerous overlays by the band appear, before the number returns to solo guitar and the sound of night-time dogs barking.

On "Dogs" the guitar gets angry and gutsy — angrier and gutsier than on any recent PF album, with lyrics that go *". . . and when you lose control, you reap the harvest you have sown."* Drumbeats fall like distant WW1 guns and there's barking dogs. The music swirls in abstract heaps of chords with the intention of creating an emotional environment in which the listener is placed.

The lyrics to all but one of the tracks were written three years ago, and as Waters said on Horne's show, he wouldn't be able to write such words today.

Side two: "Pigs (Three Different Ones)" begins with a northern European folksy music-box sweetness before some nasty lyrics about "Pig Man" appear. Evidently this is the section which EMI made the group change because of certain four letter words.

"Sheep" has birds singing and sheep lowing, and sends out a ray of hope after the gloom, but it's soon overshadowed: *"Unease in the air . . . you'd better watch out — there may be dogs about."* In the background, huge chords crash like crazed property developers on a spending spree.

There's some holy prayers, suitably treated electronically to sound interesting and eerie, as the album builds to an awful climax of rage: *"Bleeting and babbling we fell upon his neck with a scream — wave upon wave of demented vengeance . . ."*

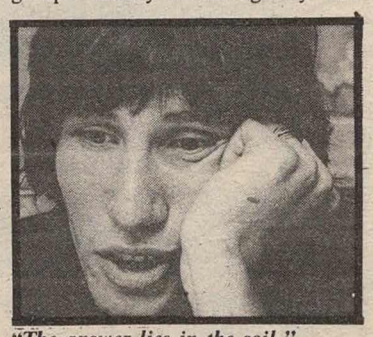
No pacifist album this. Terror builds on terror.

But things work out and the album ends sweetly. "Pigs On The Wing (2)" gives the Floyd fan something to think about and to add to the cosmology: *"Any fool knows that dogs need a home — a shelter from pigs on the wing."*

The final message seems to be positive *"You know that I care what happens to you."*

Throughout the album Gilmour plays with a punch and attack which he lacked on "Wish You Were Here", and the same goes for Nick Mason.

NICKY HORNE'S "Pink Floyd Story" ran for six weeks on Capitol and shed much new light on the group — particularly on them as individuals. The programmes dealt with the group's history chronologically with



"The answer lies in the soil."

members of the Floyd describing the background to each album and major event.

With only six programmes, much detail had to be left out, otherwise there would have been no space for the music, but even so the programmes placed the Floyd in a whole new perspective for me, making their development a lot more cogent and understandable.

As the series progressed the Floyd began to open up about the problems and pressures of being in one of the world's top groups, particularly after the enormous success of "Dark Side Of The Moon."

Nick Mason: "There was a point after "Dark Side" where we might easily have broken up. Well — we'd reached all the goals rock bands tend to aim for . . . perhaps we were nervous about carrying on — the problems of making a follow up."

Nick on making "Wish You Were Here": "I really did find time in the studio extremely horrible. . ."

Roger Waters, normally very reticent, revealed he found the last Floyd tour "very unpleasant, un-nerving and upsetting." He described an idea he had of building a wall across the stage during the set to show the true relationship between group and audience. "People con each other that there is no wall . . . maybe make it out of black polystyrene . . ."

Waters also admitted his obsession with paranoia: "The quality of life is full of stress and pain in most of the people I meet — and in myself."

They described in detail the process of making albums. For example on "Dark Side Of The Moon" Roger Waters had a set of questions printed on cards. A person was sat before a live mike and given a card to which they had to respond. About 25 people answered such questions as "When was the last time you thumped someone?" and "What does the dark side of the moon mean to you?"

Among the interviewees was roadie Roger The Hat and it was from an interview with him, during which Waters was very condescending, that the phrase "Short, sharp, shock" was obtained, as The Hat described his recent disciplining of a fellow road user.

Horne also played a remarkable tape which had been made of the lighting crew intercom at the June 1973 Detroit concert. The Floyd lighting crew had to work with the hall crew and the ensuing problems of ineptitude make compelling listening as the Floyd concert can be heard in the distance pursuing its relentless course, expecting all manner of lighting effects to happen on cue.

"The Pink Floyd Story" will probably be repeated on Capitol judging from the huge numbers of letters and phonecalls received, and may be broadcast on some regional stations.

□ MILES

TORY LASHES 'NATIONALISE JUNKIES' PLAN

GOSH, WHAT a week for weed! It seems the media has gone quite potty (geddit geddit?) following last week's ruling by the Lord Chief Justice that it is *not* a crime to possess or smoke cannabis *leaves* (see last week's *Thrills* for a detailed breakdown of what this means).

The London *Evening News* for example, felt moved to carry a three-part investigation into 'The Cool Truth About Pot', while the *Daily Mirror*, busy with its turgid investigation into the evils of hard drugs following Keith Richard's bust the previous week for possession of cocaine, ran quotes from Paul McCartney and David Essex as being in favour of the mighty herb, which is generally considered a 'Soft' drug. "I don't think grass is dangerous. I find whiskey is more dangerous," quoth Macca, who has been busted for possession of the dreaded substance in Sweden, and also for growing his own at his farm in Scotland.

So far, no-one has asked Cliff Richard for his opinion.

Even more dramatic were the revelations from America's leading lady, Mrs Jimmy Carter, that she was in favour of cannabis being decriminalised in the States, and that she and her three sons often engage in heated dispute as to the harmfulness of the drug. It was also revealed, just prior to President Carter's inauguration, that his eldest son, Jack, had been discharged from the navy in 1970 following a bust in which he and 54 other naval cadets were caught taking a toke at the navy's nuclear power school in Idaho. Jack, who is now a lawyer, has never made any secret of his favour for marijuana reform, but the circumstances of his naval discharge had not previously been known.

All of which coincides with awesome karma with the start of a campaign to 'Legalise It by RELEASE, the national organisation to help young people in trouble.

The Release campaign will take the form of public rallies, benefit concerts, lobbying MPs, petition gathering, and a general publicity blitz to make the public aware of the social and medical facts about marijuana consumption and the law.

Release are particularly concerned that several hundred people are being sent to jail each year for cases of simple possession (as opposed to smuggling or dealing), some of which are first offences.

They also point out the wild discrepancies in the treatment of marijuana offenders. "In out of the way places," said a Release spokesman, "large fines and imprisonment are common, while in Manchester or some large urban centre, you're likely to get a small fine or a conditional discharge."

In what they hope will become a major national debate, Release are hopeful of support from factions of all three political parties. So far, only Marcus Lipton, Labour MP for Lambeth, has come out strongly in favour of marijuana law reform, with Helen Hayman, Labour MP for Welwyn Garden City and the youngest MP in the Commons also adding a tentative voice of approval (as reported in *Thrills* last year).

One MP who won't be adding his support to the campaign is Michael Brotherton, Tory MP for Louth, who this week went on record as saying, "Only a Socialist could come up with the idea of nationalising junkies."

Release were also hoping that Lady Wootton, who headed the British Government Investigation into Drugs back in those permissive late sixties — The Wootton report — would speak at a rally later in the year, but Lady W, who is now in her 80s, declined the offer, although, she said she was still in favour of the Report's recommendations to change the drug laws.

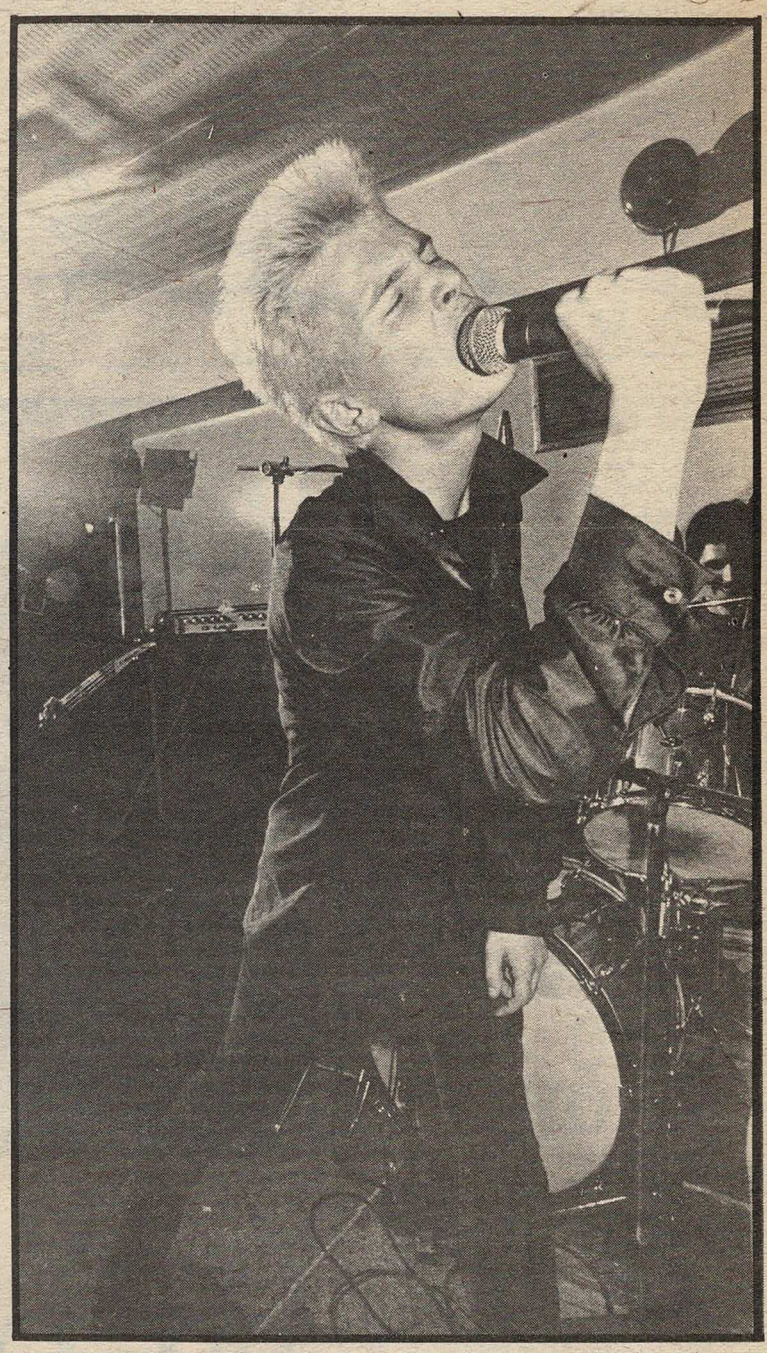
In fact, it's rumoured that the grand old lady was more than a trifle miffed at the offhand reception of her report by Uncle Jim Callaghan, then Home Secretary, and a notorious opponent of any major reform in the dope laws.

Release see the first step to eventual UK cannabis legalisation as decriminalisation along the lines adopted in California, where being caught in possession carries the same weight as a parking offence. This would mean that possession of cannabis in any form would no longer be an imprisonable offence, and that it would carry no criminal record. They also hope that cannabis possession would be expunged from all those who already have a criminal record.

Release are urging people to follow this programme: Lobby Your MP, Support Rallies and Benefit Gigs.

Further details from Release, 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9.

□ HERB ACEOUS



BILLY IDOL: on orange juice

Each one has something different to say for itself

Agfa PEM Series
The professional tape with a matt black coating for firm, even winding and a ferric oxide layer which gives a better high-frequency performance, lower HF distortion and 40% less tape hiss than conventional low-noise tape.

New Agfa Carat Ferrum+Chrom
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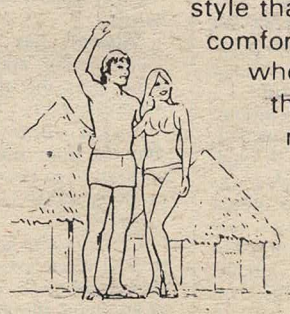

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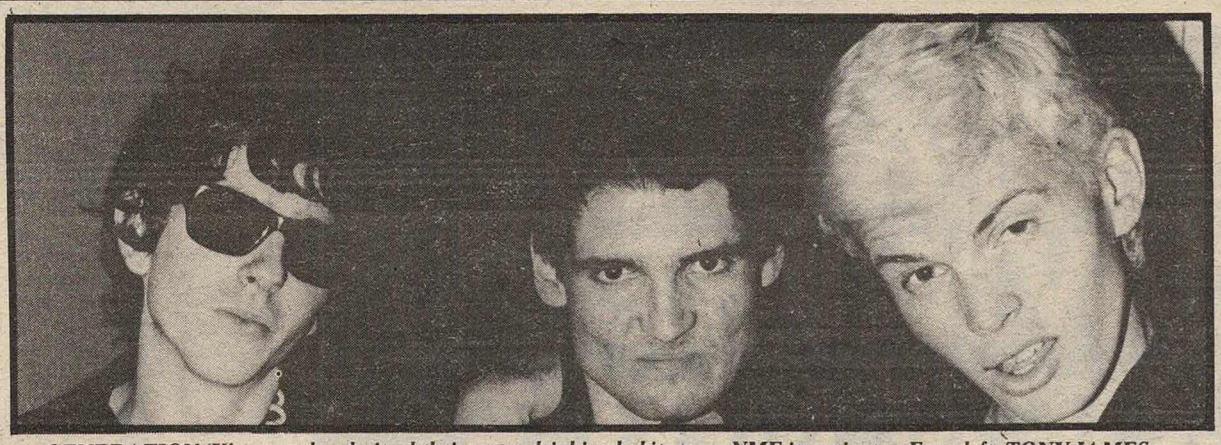

GENERATION 'X' — openly admitted their water-drinking habits to an NME investigator. From left: TONY JAMES, JOHN PERFECT, BILLY IDOL.

CLEAN PUNKS: THE MENACE TO OUR KIDS

GENERATION X may well be the 'punk-rock' group that many people have been waiting for; songs with lyrics about change and revolution but with melodies cute enough for boy meets girl. And a lead singer in Billy Idol who, while coming out with the standard lines putting down age, stagnation and establishment, looks pretty enough for girls whose big sisters used to swoon over Marc Bolan.

Oh yeah, and they don't take drink or drugs....

"They make you want to sit around all day and not do anything about the situation," Billy Idol says blandly as we sit in The Ship in Wardour Street, all of us drinking orange juice although only one glass contains the demon Smirnoff. "All that crap, it ain't worth doing...."

Not all drugs make you feel like sitting around flashing peace signs....

"The revolution can't happen if you're knackered tomorrow," Billy Idol retorts.

"It ain't worth taking drugs," says Tony James, the bass player. "The important things in our life are the band, writing songs and playing....we get no time for anything else. If we drink too much we can't play."

"Most of the people you admire, like the Dolls, Iggy, MC5...."

"We don't wanna be like them," Tony says.

"They failed," Idol asserts.

They didn't fail for *me*. They made some of the best music I ever heard.

"It didn't win ultimately," Tony says, at pains to show me exactly what Billy meant by that last statement. "It didn't *last*. I don't want to be like Keef or The Who...."

"He couldn't be like Keith Richard if he tried," Patti O'Doors said when I played the tape back in the office.

"Iggy was great, but he was smashed out of his brain all the time," Idol says. "I'm about seeing things change NOW. He led up to what we're about, but he was a totally negative stance. We're gonna be positive...."

Three of the members of Generation X used to be in Chelsea with Gene October — who was the lead singer — with Idol on guitar, Tony on bass and John Towes on drums. But it wasn't going in the direction they wanted, with not enough emphasis being put on, uh, social comment so the three of them left Gene to carry on with Chelsea and formed Generation X with Bob Andrews on guitar.

I only saw Chelsea once, but on that night I was impressed by their enthusiasm, their energy, their commitment to their music and the fact that they didn't give a shit if the mostly arty-student audience liked them or not. They were rough, but they showed promise.

But, like Billy Idol and Tony James say, (they do nearly all the talking for the band, with John Towes making occasional remarks and Bob Andrews saying nowt) Chelsea and Generation X are two different bands....

One of the ironies around them is that, despite the great belief in the lyrical content of their songs, the words are almost entirely unintelligible when they play live, like down the Roxy on Saturday night.

Idol holds the mike like it was a python going for his throat and screams and spits out the words as his face contorts and turns purple. James makes his runs back and forth across the stage, Bob Andrews stands motionless and Towes whacks hell out of his shiny drum kit.

Titles include "New Orders", "70's Problems," "London Life" and, their *piece de resistance*, "Your Generation."

"Trying to forget your generation, Using any way I see./The end will justify the means, your generation don't mean a thing to me."

That's just one example but pretty indicative of where they stand — singing of new orders although they're breaking no new ground either their music nor their attitude, unlike the Sex Pistols who by the way they perform, the songs they write and the uncompromising way they've ALWAYS faced the media have made it possible for bands like Generation X to break on through....

And Generation X sing of trying for kicks without wanting to pay the price of *getting* kicks and they talk of being positive and forward looking although their song "Ready, Steady, Go," is all about not being in love with the Stones or Dylan, just being in love with Cathy McGowan.

And they talk about social ills and "gonna change things" and other naive spiels, while coming out with statements that make them look like a mindless New Faces act compared to, say, the Pistols or Clash. Like this....

"I was in a band called London SS," says Tony James. "The name was initially chosen for shock value; the great thing about Nazism is that your parents hate it — it was shocking. We didn't give a shit, we weren't in the war, so it was great because it was shock value — if it shocks and it's frightening then it' great."

What about concentration camps? By this time I was feeling slightly sick. And it wasn't the booze.

"Yeah, but we were never in the war, we didn't know nothing about that. It's just something that happened, right?" James asks me.

Wrong. What makes you think it can't happen today? You talk about caring and commitment, but if six million corpses don't cut through to you then nothing will.

"Obviously we don't agree with it;" he says hurriedly. "SS also stood for, sort of, Street Soldiers...."

Street soldiers fueled on orange juice? Revolutionaries who don't give a shit about Bergen-Belsen? The orders-nouveau sung to pleasant pop-rock melodies?

If Generation X didn't hype themselves as being such a big deal then I would probably not be as turned off by the band as I am now. If they just admitted that they're another young rock band and dropped the boring platitudes and thoughtless (because that's what it is) political raps then I wouldn't mind, I'd wish them all the luck in the world.

But I think it's about time that every goddamn 'New Wave' band in the land realised that, at the end of the day, they will stand or fall *on their own merits* and not because they have learned the right media spiel lines.

The Pistols are good enough to kick out and replace the Stones and the Clash are good enough to make you forget about The Who.

What about the rest of you New Wave bands? Who are you good enough to replace? On stage at the Roxy Billy Idol wipes the sweat from his face after finishing "Youth, youth, youth."

"Can someone get me a drink of water?" he asks.

One of the Pistols turns to me and smiles. "Clean boys," he says.

□ TONY PARSONS

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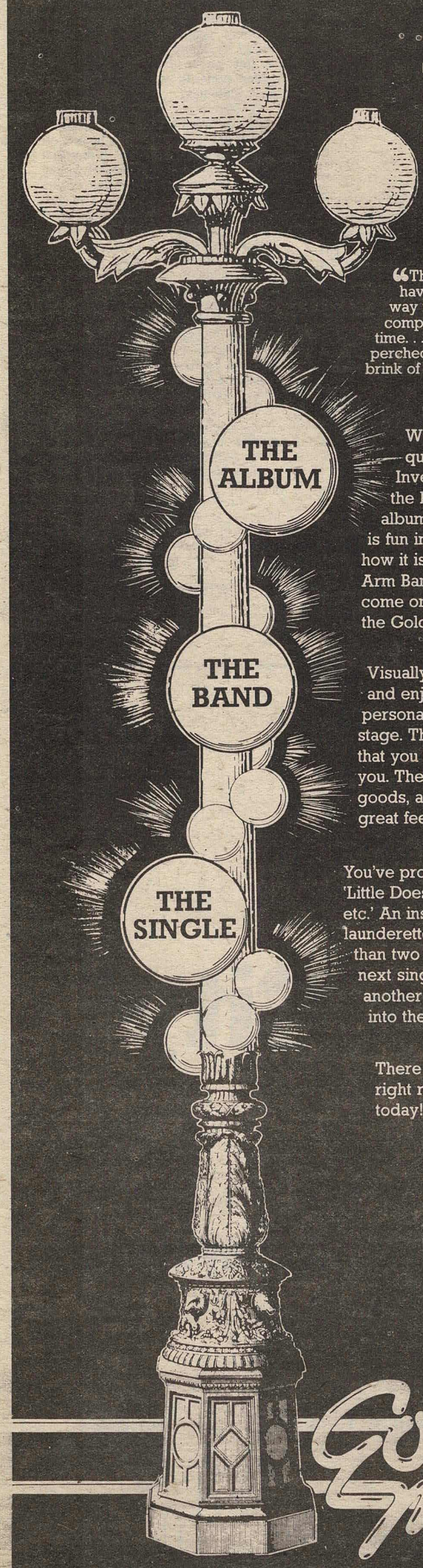
TAKE A TRIP DOWN THE GOLDEN MILE WITH THE KURSAAL FLYERS



"The Kursaals have come a long way in a comparatively short time. . . they're perched on the very brink of stardom"
Sounds

"The best thing was seeing a return to fun singles"
Record Mirror

"If ever there was a band guaranteed to give you a good time and send you home smiling it's the Kursaals. Miss them at your peril"
Record Mirror

With their debut CBS album 'Golden Mile', the Kursaals have quickly established themselves as a band to be reckoned with. Inventive, witty, musically excellent, it allows the personality of the band to come shining through. Produced by Mike Batt, the album tells stories about birds, booze and nights at the Palais. Life is fun in Southend and the Kursaals don't let up in letting you know how it is. Titles like: 'Two Left Feet', 'Third Finger Left Hand', 'One Arm Bandit' and 'Drinking Socially' give you a taste for what is to come once you get the album home. Don't hesitate—take a trip down the Golden Mile with the Kursaal Flyers!

Visually, the Kursaal Flyers are one of the most original, humorous and enjoyable live acts to come your way in years. They have personality—lots of it, and it comes across as soon as they get on the stage. They don't just sing their songs—they act out the story line so that you are right in there with them—you go where the band takes you. They're a bunch of guys who never fail to come across with the goods, and send everyone home feeling more than satisfied. It's a great feeling!

You've probably been singing, humming or whistling the Kursaals' hit 'Little Does She Know, That I Know That She Knows That I Know, etc., etc.' An inspired piece of madness that talks about love and life in a launderette would you believe! It has been in the charts for more than two months and has really put the Kursaals on the map. Their next single 'Radio Romance' due for release on 11th February, is another tear jerking (!) ditty and is sure to follow its predecessor into the charts.

There are so many other reasons for getting into the Kursaals—but right now the best reason is the Album 'Golden Mile'. Take a trip today!

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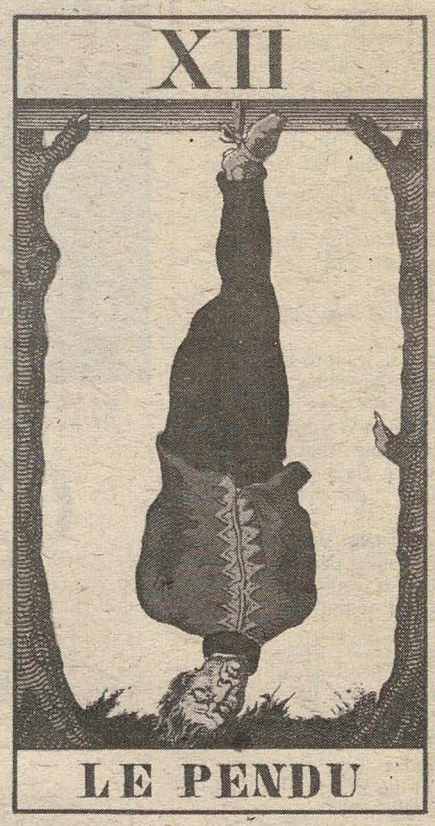

EXECUTION FUNNIES

(So you thought the human race was civilised, huh?)

INSPIRED BY the heroic example of young Gary Gilmore, offed recently at Utah State prison for shooting two guys through the cranium, you too might be feeling that life is just too shmutzy to bear and be casting your eyes around for someone to put you out of your agony. The Welfare State? Fine. But before you strangle your mother, think twice.

You see, punishment in Britain just ain't fun anymore. Not even for plotting against the crown or piracy on the high seas will you get the Big Bye Bye . . . you just gotta sit in some lousy dungeon and stare at four walls and a prison visitor till some crumby do-gooder hauls you up in front of the parole board and they decide you're a suitable case for release.

Then you're back where you started, out in this grotesque world waiting for the Reaper to take pity on you.

Ah, but the moribund garden of delights revealed by Eduardo Vetere, Capital Punishment Monitor of the United Nations, recently!

Spry young Idi Amin, for example, is reputed to have car axles dropped on Ugandan offenders heads! And them rich Saudi Arabians got the right idea! Step out of line there, and you'll really get stoned! *I mean really!* Choose from murder or adultery, then commit — and you'll be tied to a stake in the village square while the government paid executioner throws the first few stones till you're unconscious . . . then the crowd join in and have their fling!

Be naughty in Thailand, on the other hand, and you'll get a pure silk curtain hung between you and the henchman. On the curtain is stitched a cross which they line up in front of your heart; he'll get you with a single shot (at least that's what the advance publicity says). Them Thais got *class!*

In Cuba, executions are entertainment value next only to the circus coming to town. You'll be blindfolded and shot by a firing squad in front of literally *thousands* of spectators. Old Fidel sure knows how to keep specs happy!

With true *savoir faire*, the French still rely on the guillotine, the quickest, most efficient way of snuffing. Thing is they never tell you *when*. It could be a day, a week, month, a year. Then when you're sleeping, the guards tiptoe in, turn on the lights, tie you up and drag you to the meat-slicer while you're still half in the Land of Nod. Surprise!

If you're really into the aesthetics of bucket-kicking, the Spaniards will do right by you. *They* still got the garotte, in which you sit upright and hooded with a metal collar around your neck. A screw in the collar is tightened with exquisite langour until your spine snaps or your neck cracks. That's what I call action!

In the Central African Empire, ex-French paratrooper Jean Bedel Bokass, now Emperor and God, makes the condemned men set about each other with clubs till the last one quits breathing. Neat, eh kids?

And lastly, a nice one for Tony Visconti; in Fernando Po, public executions take place in the football stadium while from the P.A. comes the sweet strains of Mary Hopkin's "Those Were The Days".

Gee . . . who says crime don't pay?

□ PATTI O'DOORS

SUPERGOD BESTOWS BLESSING ON PUNKS

A LITTLE while ago *Thrills* would have said that the chances of finding a Heavy Sheet Metal Machine Music Demigod inside the New Wave's premiere hang-out, the Roxy, in London's Covent Garden, were roughly the same as the chances of finding Johnny Rotten at a Folk Festival.

How wrong we were . . .

On the Monday night when The Damned played the Roxy, supported by the potentially great The Boys, suddenly there appeared a familiar face across the crowded room. I started pushing my way through the coolly dementoid crowds in the direction of those cascading golden curls, knowing, or rather believing, that they could only belong to but one person.

What a drag to discover that it was only Led Zep's Robert Plant.

"Hi, I'm Angie Errigo," he lied.

What's a heavy metal SuperGod doing in a nice place like this, Robert? (A few feet away the Pistols' Johnny Rotten eyed the amiable Zep vocalist with much suspicion).

"I came down here last Thursday with Jimmy Page to check out The Damned," he said. "Yeah, I was impressed by them, thought they were really good, especially Rat Scabies the drummer. He's really got it . . ."

Get a chance to talk to them at all?

"Yeah, I was talking to Rat for a long time and having a few drinks, y'know. He's all right, I like him. he's not like his name."

Who'd you come down here with tonight?

"John Bonham."

(For those of you not of The Faith, Bonham, as Nick K. put it, "takes care of the beef-and-potato drumming chores." On this night down the Roxy, he was also trying to take care of a young lady while informing her of his fame and position in the rock establishment, to which she replied, "I don't care who you are, getcha bleedin' 'ands offa me!)

What prompted you to come down and check out The Damned and the Roxy in the first place, Robert?

"Ah, I'd heard about them and I like to see new bands, see what they're doing, how good they are, keep in touch with what's happening," he smiles.

If you're a member, fan or supporter of any of the young rock bands causing so much controversy on the scene in the UK '77 then the Roxy in Neal Street near Covent Garden is the most important venue in London.

The Clash, Damned, Boys, Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers, Adverts, Slaughter and the Dogs and more have all played sets there, with varying degrees of success, but the important aspect concerning the very existence of the Roxy, is that at long last, with the opening of the club at the tail end of last year, there is now a club suitable for live rock music where the manager is not terrified of youth, energy, short hair and scrap metal.

Entry is about a quid when a band's appearing, depending on how big they are, and the place is open every night except Friday until one in the morning. The club starts letting people in at eight in the evening but things don't start warming up until about an hour later.

On the ground floor there's a small bar near the toilets and also a large posing area avec seating facilities.

And hey daddy-o, down in the basement (as The Ramones warbled) there's a bigger bar, large area for going crazy and everybody do the pogo. plus a large enough perimeter to step back and watch the action without actually participating if you're feeling delicate.

Checking out the opposition? I smirk at the Zeppelin.

He grins good-naturedly. (Real friendly character, this Robert Plant. Completely without pretension, totally open, helpful, articulate and none of the old Superstar bullshit around *this* guy). He then explains to me his feelings about the New Wave Bands.

"You ask me if it reminds me of when we were starting out, but it doesn't. It reminds me of when we were rehearsing this afternoon! There's that same *feel* for the music . . . and all the talk about Old Farts and Young Farts is nonsense, age doesn't matter and anyway, Scabies is no chicken!"

"Oh God, that's excr . . . err, extremely nice". R. PLANT. *Pic: KATE SIMON*

You seen any of the other new bands around on the scene?

"No, only The Damned."

Have you met and talked to any of the others?

"No, but that's The Sex Pistols just there," he says, and eyes Rotten uncertainly, maybe just a shade nervous of Public Enemy Number one (if you listen to the Shrill Majority) surrounded by his cohorts. "I think that I'd, uh, like to meet them, but, uh, when it happens, just let it happen . . ."

How's the injuries that you got in the car crash in Rhodes?

"Well, they're getting better but it's all taking time," he says and lifts his left arm, which is apparently still giving him trouble, up and down to test it. "Hopefully they'll be healed by the tour . . ."

What did Jimmy Page think of The Damned last Thursday?

"Jimmy loved it, thought they were fantastic . . . the spirit of what it's all about really. . ."

A lot of people are gonna be really surprised to see you hanging out down here . . .

He grins. "Yeah, I know," he says and over his shoulder I see a blitzed Merry Punkster staggering over to the Household Face of Robert Plant. . .

"Are you Led Zeppelin?" the kid demands.

Robert Plant shakes his head. "Nah, I'm Angie Errigo, that's who I am . . ."

Whether you're into late Heavy Metal or New Wave you've gotta admire Plant's stance in ignoring the prejudice emanating from both media and punters alike surrounding the new young bands currently being starved of gigs by Mary-Whitehouse-mentality promoters and town-hall bureaucrats,

Like Emerson said, *"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."*

□ TONY PARSONS

LOWRY

"This is far more serious than we first expected, chief. The ape's only a giant furry glove puppet!"

ARE YOU READY FOR THE CHARLIE WATTS SOLO ALBUM?

THIS WEEK the Midem Festival, an annual meet for the world's music industry at Cannes in the South of France, will be positively underway, and although the event sounds like a glorified, international works-outing, Polydor Records are likely to introduce a brief note of sobriety to the whole circus. They will announce that they've signed up The Rolling Stones.

The German end of Polydor have apparently seduced Mick and Co successfully, and they will now distribute Rolling Stones Records; a label which was previously in the care of WEA until the contract expired with "Black And Blue" last year.

Midem is an ironic choice of venue to make the announcement. The week long festival is purported to be an international gathering of the music clans, and yet it has developed the image of a marathon orgy. It's alleged, for instance, that record biz personnel regard the event as a welcome excuse to drink themselves stupid and see as many skin-flics as possible.

Surprisingly, some important deals do get made. But Midem is also the event where a few years ago one highly respected American record company exec dismissed the tapes of a "new" band as lacking potential, musically and commercially. He had just heard Traffic's highly successful (and later Gold) album, "Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory" . . .

As one British record-person explained, "Midem is a boring waste of time. You have to go there and meet all the people you've spent the last year trying to avoid."

Perhaps the affair appeals to Michael J's perverse sense of humour.

According to reliable sources he has been flirting with record company brass who were begging for the Rolling Stones label. An affable Jagger had, it's claimed, some splendid lunches and dinners and listened politely to their offers. And the head of one British record company even took along a suitcase of ready cash as bait. Mick didn't bite.

Gerry Polydor were the winning contestants, and although it's said the deal wasn't the largest they'd made, we hear that some desperate folks were offering as much as £5 millions for the Stones.

The terms of the Polydor deal are not known, but it's thought unlikely that the first release will be the live double album the Stones have in the can. Speculation is that there will first of all be a studio album, followed some time later by another studio set which will consist of re-recordings of their 60s material, previously released on Decca.

Unconfirmed rumours also suggest that Polydor require a solo album from each of the Stones. Yes, we too were astonished.

Can you really wait for a Charlie Watts album?

□ TONY PROOPS

The NME/Virgin Record Stores RocksOffer

KNOW THE RULES? Thought you did. But for any new-comers, we'll repeat them nevertheless. The first 30 albums listed are our selection of interesting, exciting, if not dynamic, new releases, all of which can be obtained from Virgin record shops throughout the UK at a discount of 70p

The second list of 20 — based around some of the personalities in NME this week, and some or the more important releases of recent weeks — can all be similarly obtained at a 70p discount, but only if you take with you the special voucher in the bottom left-hand corner of the page.

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Home Is Where The Heart Is
KEVIN COYNE
In Living Black and White
NEIL DIAMOND
September Song
VITAL DUB
Well Charged
BILLY FURY
The Billy Fury Story
GENTLE GIANT
Live
URIAH HEEP
FIREFLY
HERON
Diamonds Of Dreams
THE JACKSON 5
Anthology
WAYLON JENNINGS
Waylon Live
KALEIDOSCOPE
When Scopes Collide
PURE PRAIRE LEAGUE
Dance
LUDO LINDENBERG
Panic
JOHN LODGE
Natural Avenue
HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES
Reaching For The World
CHOCOLATE MILK
Coming
ELVIS PRESLEY
In Denmark
SCROUNGER
Snap
SILVER
Silver
LONNIE LISTON SMITH
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VII
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DAVID BOWIE
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UNDISPUTED TRUTH
Method To The Madness
ELVIN BISHOP
Hometown Boy Makes Good
STREETWALKERS
Vicious But Fair
PHIL OCHS
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Virgin NME RocksOffer

IS ELVIS GOING to take the plunge again? I fear so, my darlings. Only two weeks ago, I told you about his new love, **Priscilla Presley** lookalike, **Ginger Walden,** a 20 year old beauty queen. And seemingly in that *short* space of time love has *blossomed.*

He has already confided in a friend that he wishes to *marry* the young brunette. And she, of course, would be a *fool* to turn him down.

My dears, in a few *short* months he has lavished her with $60,000 worth of gifts including an $11,000 Mark V Lincoln car and a diamond ring *(remember* my sweets, diamonds are supposed to be forever) — estimated price $12,000.

So what is this young lady *like?* Does she deserve Elvis — is she *worthy* of the King?

Well she is beautiful, her father is a brewery worker *(fine* stock, my lambie pies), and prior to her meeting with Elvis she worked in a clothing store. Of course, since meeting Elvis she has not returned to work.

She sounds bright enough, don't you think. Velda gives them her blessings.

I AM *informed* by an intimate acquaintance that **Gene Simmonds,** bass player with that *ugly* lot of wretches, **Kiss,** received a pleasant surprise recently when he was on stage.

His girlfriend, a blonde lady who *rejoices* in the name of **Star Stowe** (and who, incidentally, you can see in *intimate* detail in the current edition of *Playboy)* flashed him at a gig.

Says sensuous Star: "I just opened my jacket for a split second and I wasn't wearing anything underneath. Sometimes I just love to be naughty."

Don't we all dear. I just *hope* everyone else there appreciated it too.

MY HEART bleeds this week for posturing pop star **Gary** (such a *huge* luminary, my dear) **Glitter.** For while darling Gaz (as he is known to his *intimates)* may possess a house in Sussex (and it's definitely *not* a semi), a dazzling Rolls Royce, a full length wolf coat and a *huge* bank balance, so *far* he has been unlucky in love.

Of course there was his marriage to a lady who used to work at the Palladium named **Anne,** but that broke up some time ago (they have two children, named Sarah and Paul), then there was the much publicised romance with cute, pretty **Mary Medalee,** a hairdresser. But *that* came to nothing.

Still young Gary (who admits to being 32) is optimistic of a new love and certainly sounds as if he's on the lookout. For he told *The Sun* newspaper "I would love to marry again and have some more children" (such a rarity to find someone who actually wants to *marry,* my angels.)

In a more *morose* tone he continues: "But I can't seem to find Miss Right. There's nobody in my life at the moment."

Oh yes there is Gary, my lambie pie. Velda would love *nothing better* than to while away the evenings in your seven bedroom, seven bathroom country mansion, counting the royalties. I'm sure I could get used to travelling in *your* Rolls Royce instead of *mine.* Anyway, **Velda Glitter** has a nice ring to it.

I'll just have to divorce my sixth husband first. Can you *wait* that long?

I UNDERSTAND **Art** (don't like your hair sweetie, but you've got *one hell* of a voice and bank balance) **Garfunkel,** *alarmed* patrons of the Pomegranate Inn in Aspen, Colorado, recently when he *raced* out of the sauna dressed only in a fast disappearing towel and yelled for a doctor.

Now there's a *sight* for sore eyes, my angels. The reason for his peculiar behaviour it later transpired was *a young lady in distress* (well what else did you expect?)

Apparently Art and a lady friend spent just a little too long in the steam bath and she *passed out.*

Fortunately, an ambulance was soon on the scene and the young lady was revived.

I never have that trouble with my duck.

WHAT, MY ANGELS, do **Graham Nash, Neil Young, Warren Beatty, James Taylor** and **Jackson Browne** have in common? *(Aside* of course, from being men, and rich, I mean).

The answer, my dears, lies in **Joni Mitchell.** Yes, my darlings, our velvet voiced vocalist has *dated* each and every one of them.

And as if that weren't *bad enough* (I mean, Joni dear, have you never heard the expression, share and share alike?) I understand our young, blonde, heroine is now taking "tea-for-two" at the Malibu beach house of **Ryan O'Neal.**

A word of warning, Joni dear, watch out for **Tatum.**

"I hate respectable faggots" Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

"LET'S GO CRUISE THE GAY BARS"

TOM ROBINSON MEETS JULIE BURCHILL

IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK in Fulham's Golden Lion, and Tom Robinson is due to play at nine thirty. He says maybe we could go cruise the fag bars till then. With all the delicacy of a steamhammer, I say I hate those places. What kind of creep would go there?

Tom Robinson, apparently. "Sometimes I used to get so lonely there was nothing else to do."

The idea of this boy being lonely is ludicrous. Were he heterosexual, there's no way Tom Robinson's angelic visage wouldn't be plastered all over every pubescent boudoir in the land. He's all eyes and curls and real pale skin, the stuff teen dreams are sculptured from. If he wanted to sing "her" instead of "him", he'd make a mint.

Tom Robinson, singer/songwriter, late of Cafe Society and an institute for the maladjusted, now of the Tom Robinson Band and Gay Switchboard, is tired of waiting for Konk. In particular he's tired of waiting for the Kink who controls Konk, one Ray Davies, who signed him when Tom was with Cafe Society, three years ago. The contract has four years yet to run, and Davies has released just one album. It's Ill-Will A-GoGo between these two, and not without reason.

We mean to talk about music, but instead we talk about the Sex Pistols and the misguided misogyny of T. S. Eliot and how it feels to be a faggot in the U.K. '77. It's o.k. You wouldn't choose it if you were given a say in the matter, but you get used to it.

Tom though has gone over to the enemy. He says he had his first experience with a girl two months ago. "Me and Ray Davies were at this party, and she couldn't decide which one of us she wanted. First she'd come on really strong to me, and then to him. And Ray's so beautiful; part of the reason I signed with him is because he's so sexy.

"I was amazed when I ended up with her".

Didja like it, Tom?

"Well . . . yeah. It was really interesting. It was so different. Not a patch on the real thing though!"

We exchange Knowing Smirks. Tom's 27 and says that this was his first girl, ever. He spent the years from 16 to 23 in a home for maladjusted boys, which can hardly have been conducive to heterosexuality. But he loved the place. "It was a haven, after hospitals and being pumped full of drugs".

Tom wears a Rock Against Racism sticker and curses Eric Clapton. A Sell Out. The natural condition of the Seventies, Selling Out. All down the line. He reels off the names. Dana Gillespie, Joan Armatrading, Roberta Flack . . .

Nona Hendryx, I counter. Patti Smith.

"Oh . . . I was talking to a guy from Patti's band, and he said she was a real closet case."

I thought the only thing Patti kept in her closet was Tom Verlaine, but you never can tell.

Tom looks up and says the Stones are like a dinosaur attached to an iron lung. Has he always been political?

"Believe it or not, the thing which made me political was touring with Barclay James Harvest, when I was with Cafe Society. Barclay James Harvest are such a bunch of rednecks . . . they used to con the money out of these kids and herd them into a hall and feed them song after song of knitted-cardigan-by-the -T.V. middle class platitudes . . . it just annoyed me so much. But of course Cafe Society were respectable boys. I hate respectable people. Most of all I hate respectable faggots.

"Right . . . the whole syndrome of two guys setting up house together with a garage and a mortgage and talking over the fence to the neighbours . . . it's just so sick. Because the minute their backs are turned, those same neighbours are gonna be sniggering behind their hands. We should accept we're different, and live by it".

How do the people who hire you treat you?

"Well . . . in this pub, if you're a closet case and you just come in and eye all the boys over your glass, you're likely to get your nose opened. But if you're honest with them and don't pretend, they'll treat you fine".

Whereas the world will treat you fine if you're a closet case and crucify you if you're honest . . .

Tom recalls how someone from the Festival Of Light called up LBC to rant wildly when Tom sang on there. The D.J. almost lost his job.

How's Ray, Tom?

"Oh . . ." Tom's eyes grow ominous. "I'm signed to a seven year contract and it's got four years to run . . . there's nothing I can do."

Won't he let you go?

Tom shakes his head. "When I dedicated "Tired Of Waiting For You" to him onstage at the Nashville, he was there and was so angry that two days later he sent me a letter offering me a release from the recording contract. That was over a month ago.

"Nothing's happened."

What are you living on?

"Well . . . we just live on what we get from gigs. We just want to play, as much as we can. The thing is, people have to pigeon-hole you, make you safe. Once I'm pigeon-holed and filed away as a faggot who sings faggot songs, I'm not a threat anymore. But I don't want to be known as a fag. I want to be known as a singer".

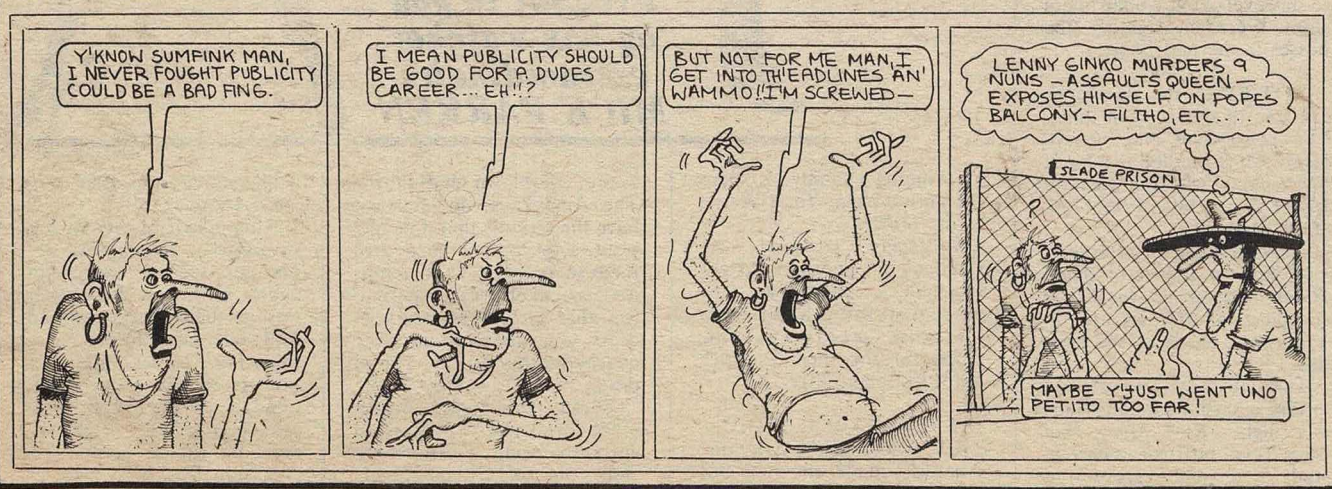
Just then a man approached and informed Tom that they'd obtained a gig at a London college.

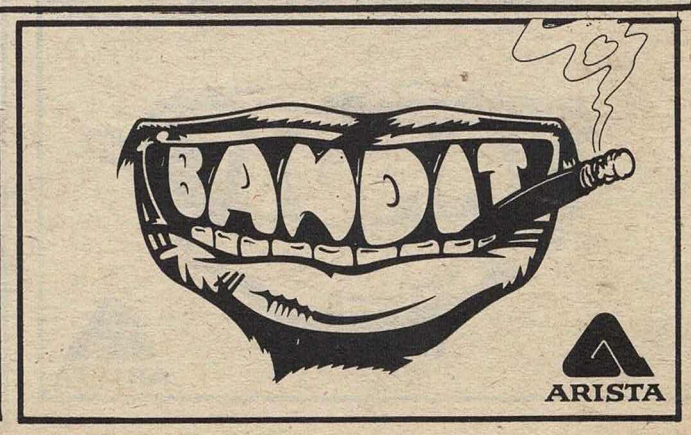
"Oh great!" said Tom.

"For their Gay Association".

□ JULIE BURCHILL

LONE GROOVER — BENYON


Y'KNOW SUMFINK MAN, I NEVER FOUGHT PUBLICITY COULD BE A BAD FING.
I MEAN PUBLICITY SHOULD BE GOOD FOR A DUDES CAREER... EH!!?
BUT NOT FOR ME MAN, I GET INTO TH'EADLINES AN' WAMMO!! I'M SCREWED—
LENNY GINKO MURDERS 9 NUNS — ASSAULTS QUEEN — EXPOSES HIMSELF ON POPES BALCONY — FILTHO, ETC....
SLADE PRISON
MAYBE Y'JUST WENT UNO PETITO TOO FAR!



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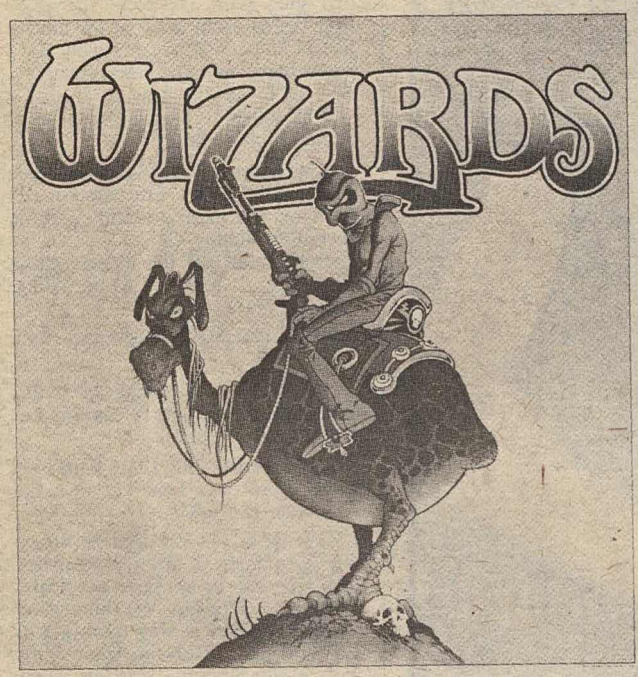

ABOVE: poster for RALPH BASKI'S new epic fantasy cartoon-feature "Wizards", in which technology and magic battle for world supremacy. Coming soon: Baski's — presumably gigantic — animated adaption of "The Lord Of The Rings".

FILMING HAS BEGUN on a screen portrait of **Buddy Holly.** Tackily titled *The Buddy Holly Story: The Day The Music Died,* it's a two million dollar number based on the last four years of his life.

Screenplay will be based on **John Goldrosen's** biography *Buddy Holly: His Life And Music* and the whole list of Holly's 45 songs have been cleared for possible use with his actual voice on the soundtrack.

Holly's family have consented to play themselves and shooting takes place in Holly's hometown of Dallas and in New York City.

Let's hope it does better than the last attempt to screen Holly.

Called *Not Fade Away* it began shooting in September 1975 on the 20th Century Fox lot and was axed just two weeks later.

News has also been confirmed that another "sacred" rock memory is about to be celebrated or defiled by **Robert Stigwood** who is producing *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

Projected is helmed by TV rock king **Chris Bearde** whose credentials come straight from the entertainment heartlands of middle America. Will **Peter Frampton** land the lead? Wait and see.

20th Century Fox announced their '77 line-up last week via 20 pages of advertising in Variety — and a tasty bunch they are too.

Kickoff is *Wizards,* full length animation fantasy from **Ralph** *Fritz The Cat* **Baski** and to make fanatics even happier *Survival Run,* the screen version of **Roger Zelazney's** dynamite novel *Damnation Alley,* with a handful of survivors trekking across the nuclear wasteland that was once America.

Starring **Jan-Michael Vincent** and **George Peppard,** pic will also feature what Fox claims is a revolutionary new sound system called SOUND 360 which they claim will make *Survival Run* "the greatest sensory adventure in motion picture history".

Looking just as hot is *Star Wars* from George Lucas of *American Graffiti* fame, a saga of intergalactic war and space romance fully outlined in a previous SD.

For the rest there's the new Altman, *3 Women* with **Sissy Spacek** *(Carrie)* and **Shelley Duval,** a new **Carradine,** *Thunder And Lightning* also featuring **Kate Jackson** from that TV turkey *Charley's Angels,* and comedy from **Gene Wilder** in *The World's Greatest Lover,* in which he plays a stooge picked by a rival studio to try and wipe Valentino off the screen. Mention should also be made of the **Mel Brooks** suspense spoof *High Anxiety.*

Finally, **Margaux Hemingway** has received the Citizenship Through Entertainment award for her rape-victim portrait in *Lipstick,* and **Laurence Olivier** is to star in **Harold Robbins'** newie *The Betsy* (yaargh).

If that was not enough, who could resist the tale of the Boston cinema that ran a film-short called *Closed Mondays.* Punters mistook the message and come Monday the house was empty.

FOREST LAWNS

SIDESWIPE

Absolute nonsense in the UK '77 ...

Brought to you by box-watcher extraordinaire MICK FARREN

EVER SINCE THE ECONOMY went down the grinder, people have been bandying about the time-worn cliche that entertainment booms during a depression. The truth of this is as maybe when applied to other branches of the fun industry; in the case of television it's absolute nonsense.

Never has square-eyed humanity been subjected to such a surfeit of rubbish and returns.

Just examine the situation.

You know that TV is in an all-time low when you come home of an evening and about the only things to look forward to, tubewise, are *Phyllis* and a three-times-aired episode of *Night Gallery.*

No doubt, if confronted with this kind of criticism, the networks would bleat about having no money.

This, however, is not the case.

The problem is that all the available cash is being spent on the most stunning display of graceless bad taste.

Every spare penny seems to be being poured into lavish marathons of idiot-level, class-conflict drama.

It was *Upstairs Downstairs* that started all the trouble.

Jean Marsh's ratings-busting brain-child sold so well throughout the entire planet —it was even Number One in Finland) that everyone else immediately decided to get in on the act.

There was nothing basically wrong with *Upstairs Downstairs.* At the time it first appeared, it was an innovative idea and had the hypnotic, almost addictive fascination of solid B-grade telly.

What it wasn't built for was to support half-dozen more coat-tailing copies.

AT PRESENT there are a whole slew of the social confrontation shows, all with their individual twists, all going out in prime time, and all presumably hoping to make a parcel of money from overseas syndication.

Whether or not these second-generation class operas will hit the same foreign currency bonanza as *Upstairs Downstairs* would seem a little doubtful. The English have glutted the market single-handed.

Right now, Sunday brings up *Wings.* In this the class-struggle is waged against the background of World War I flying acery.

Later the same evening we get *Holding On,* in which solid, cockney dockers struggle with the bosses.

On Friday, the BBC audience finds itself on the receiving end of *When The Boat Comes In.*

The first series of this saga started out with a good deal of promise, but when it became popular and ran into the second one it quickly dropped to the level of quasi-soap opera stout Geordies fighting the bosses in the mid-1920s.

NOT EVEN the afternoons are free of this kind of thing. The housewives and unemployed slot is saddled,in a lot of TV regions, with the dreadful *Cedar Tree,* a tale of rural folk in the thirties.

Another treat for afternoon viewers is a return of *South Riding,* one of last year's less conspicuous offerings, set in Yorkshire, again in the thirties.

The only American offering in this vein shows up on Saturday night. *Rich Man, Poor Man* is a far-from sensitive study of sex and aggression in an American family. It spans the period from World War II to the present.

Originally screened last summer in opposition to the Olympics on BBC, we now have to sit through the entire first series, just to get us in the mood for the second, which follows straight after.

IT'S PROBABLY INDICATIVE that there's only one American-made show in this entire, overblown set of shows. The Americans, do, at least, have the attitude that if people want soap opera, then give them soap opera. There seems to be a kind of British paternalism that sees it necessary to dress soap opera up in some quasi-educational, period drag.

About the only British made-for-export production currently being screened that shows any sign of being made with creative enthusiasm is *The New Avengers.*

Although it might not look so good in the middle of a stronger season, its campy, almost sci-fi episodes of giant rats in the sewers, renegade commado units hiring out as super-mercenaries, and bank robbers knocking out central London with nerve gas, provide a genuine bright spot when the run of the mill is so exceptionally dire.

YOUR SPRINGTIME TELE-GARBAGE MONITORING SERVICE

Although it's debatable whether the old school tie duffing-up engaged in by Steed and newcomer Mike Gambit will appeal to an American audience weaned onto *Kojak* and *Starsky and Hutch*, new girl Purdy (Joanna Lumley) has a lot to offer.

Certainly Purdy has a lot more going for her than the three animated Barbie dolls who make up *Charlie's Angels*.

If there was a special award for dumbness, *Charlie's Angels* would beat all comers.

On second thought, ITV would come, at least, close second. To replace the brilliantly-made *Sweeney* with this kind of computer-written dreck has to qualify as a blunder on a par with the charge of the Light Brigade.

I GUESS it must be the rising tide of feminism that has started so many more ladies turning up in TV drama shows. Unfortunatley not many of the ladies who have shown up conform to feminist ideology.

Purdy may be an ace with firearms and martial arts, but she still exudes old fashioned garter-belt appeal.

Charlie's Angels are straight out of the Hefner mould. (Indeed, Farrah Fawcett-Majors is married to Six Million Dollar Man Lee Majors and does look as though she was assembled from an expensive construction kit.)

About the most successful and apparently liberated lady in the current crop of telly heroines has to be Dr. Who's new sidekick Louise Jameson who plays the savage amazon Leela.

Where all previous *Dr. Who* female interest seemed to have a taste for appalling Carnaby Street clothes, an inability to avoid being captured by the bad guys, and a terrible tendency to cry "eek" every time danger threatens, Leela is a very different matter.

Supposedly born into a primitive tribe of degenerate galactic colonists, she has so far provided a deft hand at throwing around husky male opponents, wields a mean crossbow, and has yet to utter a single "eek".

She provides a much more cynically suitable back-up to Tom Baker's whimsical, almost Harpo Marx portrayal of the Doctor.

DR. WHO, in fact, seems to get better and better.

The scripts are less and less ashamed to borrow from the best of mainstream science fiction and this has moved the series from its original kids' slot format into a comparatively mature fantasy show.

The series running at the moment features a paranoid schizophrenic computer with psychedelic voices and a built-in lightshow. Of course, it owes a great deal to the legendary Hal (open the pod door, Hal) of *2001* fame.

Dr. Who may not be the most original show ever to come down the tube, but the way things are today, the very act of ripping off the best qualifies the *Dr. Who* writers and production team for a merit badge.

YOU MIGHT naively think that if *Dr. Who* and *The New Avengers* are all that the drama side of TV has to offer, there would be a few things around on the comedy side that might make up for the deficency.

You might think so, but if you did you'd be horribly wrong. Once again The Formula has struck. All the season's comedy money, primarily from ITV, seems to be sunk in the tried, true and tedious.

Somebody up there, in their wisdom, has decided what the British public needs is laughter in the style of the "Get Your Knickers Off We're British" plays that swamp the West End's theatreland.

The decree went forth and out came a clutch of shows in which cute young people adopt the attitude that sex consists of giggling, nudging and occasionally falling in buckets of paint.

Doctor On The Go, *Cuckoo Waltz*, *Robin's Nest* and *Mister Big*, all from the same mother-lode of polite smut, have almost taken over. Shows like *Python*, *Porridge* and *Rutland Weekend* have been swept aside in the face of these standardised gag fests.

The only worthwhile comedy shows seem to be coming from the USA.

The funniest show for a long time appeared on London Weekend over Christmas.

Happy Days, a parody of the fabled teenage Fifties, spun off from *American Graffiti*, brought us Henry Winkler as the super-cool greaser, Fonzie.

Winkler, previously seen in somewhat more serious Fifties nostalgia movie *Lords of Flatbush*, has to be the comedy find of the seventies. (Unless you count Louise Lasser, star of the revolutionary US series *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, but since nobody in the UK seems anxious to buy *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* over here, we're not likely to get the chance of comparison.)

In line with the kind of thinking that has produced the rest of the season's programming, only one other region has bought *Happy Days* and London abruptly whipped it off three weeks ago. They do, however, promise to bring the show back in March.

IN THE MIDDLE of all this bleakness, there is one single show that stands out as a beacon of creative originality.

At first glance, *The Muppet Show* looks like an American product. Indeed, its origins, and even some of the characters, come from the US infant educational series *Sesame Street*. Surprisingly, the Muppets are actually produced by ATV in Birmingham.

Although they are puppets, the Muppets have about as much to do with Sooty as Concorde has to do with the Sopwith Camel. Often using up to four operators on a single puppet, producer Jack Burns and the *Muppet Show* team have transformed the humble glove-puppet into a very expressive and visually articulate TV character.

This, coupled with sophisticated gag writing, high-speed cutting, which owes a great deal to the late lamented *Laugh-In*, and guest stars who range from Loudon Wainwright to Twiggy, has made it one of the year's best TV shows.

If any other proof is needed of what happens when the TV audience is approached as at least semi-intelligent rather than total dumbells, *The Muppet Show* is currently coining money in the USA, where it tops the national syndication ratings.

Alas, it is an isolated case.

By far the majority of TV production companies don't have the balls or intellect ever to leave the well-worn paths of cliche and tedium. This neither makes for an export boom nor a good time watching telly.

Sometimes I wonder if our ponderous TV moguls simply hold on to their power because the audience never actually switch off. It sure seems that way this season.

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JAZZ

ANTHONY BRAXTON Pic: VALERIE WILMER

Highs 'n' Lows

. . . Meaning, the trouble with being a brilliant avant garde multi-instrumentalist philosopher is you sometimes get a leak in the energy tank. Like fed-up man ANTHONY BRAXTON tells it to BRIAN CASE.

"SOMETIMES I feel very lost playing music, because I don't know what I'm celebrating." Surprisingly, the speaker is multi-instrumentalist Anthony Braxton, the major figure in Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, pioneer of the solo saxophone in album and concert, archivist and re-interpreter of the music's tradition, re-activator of forgotten instruments, composer — in short, the Jesse Owens of the musical cinder track.

Anthony, to adapt a Thurber caption, has the true Leonardo da Vinci spirit, except he sometimes gets fed up . . .

"I put down the paper, so MANY people destroyed — and this music is about saving ME? Fuck me, you know. Some shit . . . I think I feel more in tune with the composite vibration or whatever when I'm not dealing with myself. Period."

We are sitting on Derek Bailey's balcony on a dog-day morning in summer. Traffic passing, fumes rising, dogs barking, sun spanking down on the back of the neck.

I admit that I have a long-running leak in the energy tank, and Anthony's on it like a loose ball — "That's me! I'm leaking energy. Maybe my food habits, I dunno. . . ."

One of his disarming qualities is the way he flings up the bonnet and checks his sparking plugs, leads, pistons, brings that ravenously intelligent tool-kit of a mind to bear upon the problem.

"I spend a little more time than normal in being depressed about anything, and then I feel separated. Oh, I've over-accented something, read the paper once too much and it's maybe thrown me out of whack. I was getting depressed a coupla months ago about the struggles surrounding this music, but I'm beginning to think I'm looking at it wrong. It might be a privilege to struggle for something which really means something.

"It's not a question of hoping to break through and make a million dollars because we're playing the wrong kind of music for that. If we could just make ends meet and hopefully have experiences like I've been having playing with Derek Bailey and Evan Parker."

Maybe the problem was labels. Avant-garde. Difficult. Strange. Nobody really pointing out that the music was dealing with the same mainstream problems and connections as painting, writing and cinema. Nothing that listening couldn't fix.

Anthony shook his head in exasperation. "I don't hear any strange sounds. I'm not interested in anything that's strange. It's funny — Derek and I came to the conclusion that not only are we not avant-garde musicians, but we're the most basic types. I had a *Rolling Stone* magazine, and I was looking at this guy with this strange outfit on — Elton John — he's got this Statue of Liberty pose and this whole scene with the glitter and all that. And WE'RE considered far out, you know!"

I thought of the company on stage: Derek in his flannel bags, Anthony's cardigan, Evan's capacious corduroys. "Yeah, but the difference in Elton's mind is Burton tailoring. Predictability shifts the product."

Anthony impersonated the pundits. "Are the Big Bands coming back? Is jazz dead? They have the most narrow understanding of what creative improvised music really is. There was a time when I'd run out and try to explain all the different systems I might utilise in making my music, as a means of proving that it was valid. I wanted to be the bearer of the flame — MUSIC! — but I've kinda resigned that position. It gets hard."

We talked about the previous night's concert, Anthony, behind a raft of instruments, selecting like a surgeon and almost reticently nudging into the sonic sympathy that strung tautly between Derek and Evan. He liked to just listen. His recent acquisition, the contra-bass saxophone, had been too expensive to ship.

He works a lot in the extremes of register — not just the high harmonics like Ayler, Barbieri, Alan Silva — but right down to the sea bed. OOOOMPH. Listening that low is unfamiliar to the ear, stretching. The contra-bass register of the clarinet lacks the power of the saxophone, but it does have a distinctly liturgical feel that fits numbers like 'Goodbye Porkpie Hat'.

"It also sounds ingested," I said.

"Yeah, I think that's intrinsic in the instrument. What I like is how you can weave inside. It lives in the shadows." He looked delighted about its stealth. "It's introverted, it isn't dominating. You mightn't hear it, but if it wasn't playing it'd make a difference. I love being downstairs — I'm just gonna lay with the woodwinds. I probably like the clarinet maybe a little bit more than the saxophone in this particular period — I like the wood in the sound." To criticise him for his range and variety of expression is to miss the point. Anthony Braxton is interested in, roughly, everything.

"The notion that only certian instruments can be effective in a creative situation is ridiculous. I've always been interested in the spectrum of sound. I happen to appreciate practically every kind of music, and I'm not playing *my* music because I don't like, say, vertical harmony or blues or rock. I'm playing it because my natural vibration, my life experience, has somehow moved me into the infinity zone where it's natural for me to participate."

I found myself launching my armchair theory of the AACM's war against entropy, flight from form, process not product. Anthony listened politely.

"I find myself disagreeing a little bit," he said finally, and disagreed a lot.

"Improvised music as it has been 'is'd' through the black aesthetic has always transcended the form. Form in creative music is nothing more than a ritual alignment since we don't have God in this period. Now, if there was a composite reality — and for me that would imply a spiritual alignment — the music would affirm that. It would have some meaning, it would have that relationship to the spiritual alignment, and the specifics of form would be dictated by the vibrational arena. My interest in form has been a means of dictating a certain type of improvisational arena, as opposed to form as an end in itself."

"And the AACM's attitude in general?"

"Well, I'd say the AACM would be the scientific period of improvising, after the music 'is'd' by Coleman, Taylor and Coltrane. They're finding out how to best utilise the implications of what was raised by the changes in the '60s — as well as investigating all the forms of music, whether it's Dixieland or ragtime, and trying to re-integrate the music back together."

Anthony was just getting into his stride, and I was beginning to understand the magnitude of his depression. He had been robbed of his birthright.

"One of the most sophisticated weapons that white people have come up with would be language — words — a mono-dimensional language used to evaluate and distort a multi-dimensional music. The whole idea of words to validate or justify creativity is UNIQUELY Western, and it has nothing to do with what's really happening.

"From there, I'm saying that the AACM has helped to raise a re-evaluation of the total scope of the music — from Louis Armstrong's language to Albert Ayler's — WITHIN the aesthetic. Improvised music from the black aesthetic has been subjected to manipulation to the Western position. The essence factor of that music runs contrary to jazz criticicm. The alignment of the aesthetic aspect and essence are universally embraced — with the exception of the West. You won't find that situation in African music, or Tibetan music, Japanese or Indian music."

"Well, apart from starving, you don't find comfort in the fact that jazz is too uncommercial to be worth manipulating?" I asked.

Anthony disagreed. "If America can sell Tiny Tim — I mean, looking through *Rolling Stone*, the words 'gravitational intrigue' come to mind. They can sell ANYTHING. It runs counter to any kind of law that makes any kind of sense — it's absurd, you know. I've gone the long route to say it's never been a question of whether the music is commercial or non-commercial, but whether it lends itself towards the type of manipulation necessary to sustain the basic physical universe-position of the businessman. Hence 'jazz is dead' and 'rock is alive' — you get all this."

"Are you saying that jazz hasn't been tampered with, but misrepresentation of its meeting apart, left to develop at it's own rate?"

"I think the factors which determine the direction of music are cosmic, because there are too many examples — like Coltrane and Ravi Shankar's development in the '60s, Coltrane and Coleman coming up at the same time without even knowing each other at the beginning — all of a sudden, you found individuals extending the vocabulary again.

"I came over to London to the Little Theatre and found this strange Englishman from the North playing this beautiful guitar, and that's significant because Derek isn't just some freak of the planet. I've run into too many vibrational affinities, which hints that these individuals are in tune with their cosmic alignment — as opposed to the great Western idea of some guy going into a room and coming out with 'New Music'.

"Genius! He's a genius! The Western idea of New Music is that it's a diversion, another spectacle. But I don't know that we can say white people have dictated the creativity because that has always been the redeeming factor in the black community. The essence, or vibrational alignment has always been clear in the time-zone, and the white people who define have not beenable to kill it, though they have been able to suck from it. Swing Period, Ragtime Period — these are siphoned off the music and used as the diversion of the hour. I don't know if it's possible to change our alignment, either intellectually or through hip manipulation, but so far the essence factor has remained intact."

Anthony squinted at me. My neck was turning fiery ole cracker red in the sun. We both laughed.

"I think I'd be inclined to put class rather than race at the centre of the manipulation," I said, wishing I had my cap.

"No. Your culture has been preserved here. There's a difference if you're in a situation where your actual vibrational thrust has been disturbed or taken away. The American Indian has undergone that transformation, and so have Earth women. When black people were brough to America from Africa, that type of physical universe separation put them in a position where they no longer remembered their culture, could not understand what they were celebrating in terms of their African religious and spiritual hierarchy."

And, as he pointed out, whatever the conflict — when the smoke cleared away, white people still dominated the planet. Marxism didn't grab him, nor socialism.

"White people never make a distinction between functional-equal and equal-equal, and all of the isms are dealing with functional-equal."

'Huh?"

"Empirical equal. That type of alignment that can be empirically reduced, as opposed to an alignment dealing with essences and the spiritual factor."

"Impossible to devise a constitution that would incorporate those imponderables," I said beadily.

"You don't have culture unless you have a composite vibrational identity," he countered. "Functional-equal is interesting, Western civilisation's dialectics — all these things are interesting as a substitute for God. Take a planet — take a pinball machine — Dostoevsky understood when he talked about 'without God we are free to . . . destroy.' "

Anthony Braxton majored in philosophy, three years of studying, ten to forget. He has studied Zen, seceded from God, dropped acid, Baptism Catholicism and Methodism. Chess almost robbed us of his music.

"I couldn't live on music. I was living on Hostess Twinkies. I couldn't find any music in New York I could relate to, so I left my instruments at Ornette Coleman's house and went on to Washington Square and started hustling. I started getting up at 4 in the morning, practising my chess. I did this for six months and finally decided to give up music."

Like music is not a game. Not to Anthony.

"When I was growing up, the only two black people I learned about at school were George Washington Carver and Booker T. Washington. African music? Just interesting rhythms, black people beating on those drums, BOY! Outside of that, they don't know what to do. Nothing to compare with Western Art Music.

It's not true! Notation was developed in Egypt. Direct relationships between the culture of the Dogon tribes and Picasso. The Moorish link through Spain and Portugal into Europe. The whole of history changed to attribute everything to a certain sector, depending on who's in the defining position.

"John Cage is a Western specialist in documentation. 'I invented indeterminacism' he says. What does that mean, sir? 'It means when you go to play, the actual outcome of the music is not shaped.' "

Anthony laughed. "Well, has he ever heard of world's music, man? Every music except Western Art Music has had indeterminacism. "He stood up and stretched.

"You have to admit I have long sentences."

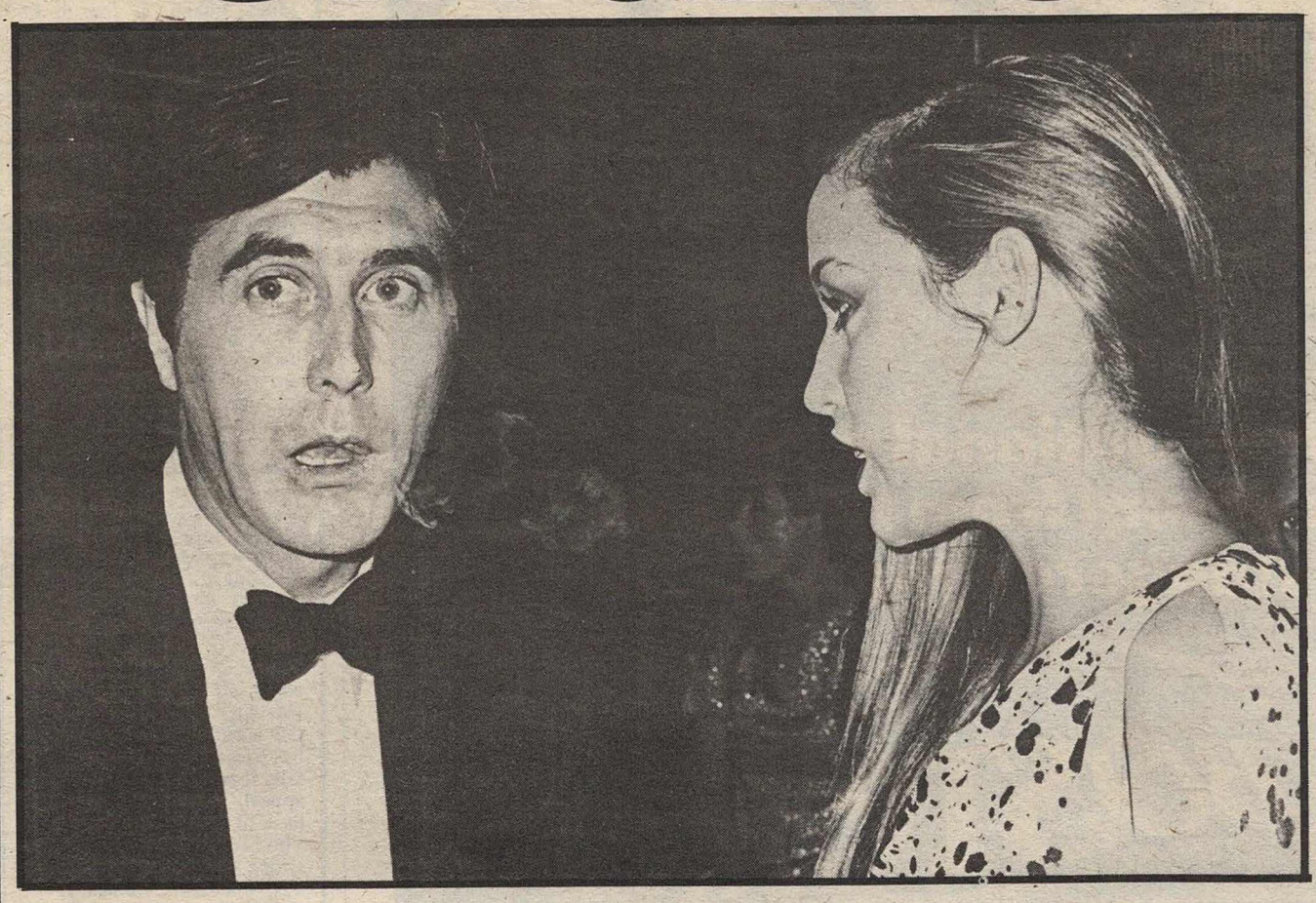
"Freely."

I dropped him off at a horror film in town. Anthony likes monsters, green, plenty of slime.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

"Three Compositions" (Delmark DS 415), "For Alto" (Delmark DS 420/421), "The Complete Braxton" (Freedom 40112/113), "Donna Lee" (America 30 AM 6122), "In The Tradition" (Steeplechase SCS 1015), "New York, Fall 1974" (Arista AL 4032), "Five Pieces 1975" (Arista AL 4064), "Creative Music Orchestra 1976" (Arista AL 4080), "Duets 1976" (with Muhal Richard Abrams) (Arista AL 4101), "Duo 1&2" (with Derek Bailey) (Emanem 3313/4), "Paris Concert" (Circle with Chick Corea) (ECM 1018/9).

SINGLES



Bryan, cheri, the NME it say you are passé!

BRYAN FERRY: This Is Tomorrow (Polydor). Confirmation that Bryan Ferry is indeed a true prophet. He's started hearing voices. Or says he has. And the voices are saying unto him: "This is Tomorrow calling, wish you were here." And the voices quoth this message in such a funky, rhythmic fashion that our Bry was able to transform it into the chorus of his new disco smash.

There is, though, a certain irony about such a theme. After all, Ferry used to be all style and precious little substance; he's now serving up substance in great dollops like school tapioca.

The main appeal of this platter lies in the performances of Chris Pudding (guitar) and The Great Paul Thompson (drums), which display much vigour and scant regard for niceties. A fat beefy instrumental sound is the upshot, with the maestro himself forced to warble indistinctly in the background. The song manages to recall both "Honky Tonk Women" and "Got to Get You Into My Life", which makes it a marginally less interesting mutant than Roxy Music used to be.

Despite the fact that Ferry wrote it himself, you can't help but feel you've heard it all before. Like on "Let's Stick Together" and "Price of Love". Certainly, it's a sound that cannot fail to rake in the teenies' treasures, but at great loss to Bryan's original quirky appeal. If this is tomorrow, then bring back yesterday.

In contrast, the B-side breaks new ground, being a dirge-like ballad called "As The World Turns," in which the performer actually sings in what might well be his natural voice, unembellished by the usual grotesque emphasis. A revolution of sorts.

BERT WEEDON: Guitar Boogie Shuffle; See You Later Alligator; What'd I Say; Shake Rattle and Roll; Blue Suede Shoes; Rock Around The Clock (Polydor). In the wake of all those Beatles re-issues, you may be thinking that Polydor are trying the same thing with no-less distinguished name from the distant past. Set your fears aside. The charts are not about to be assaulted by a welter of Weedonia. All these titles actually constitute the A-side of Bert's newie. Having successfully crammed 22 Golden Guitar Greats onto an album, Ollie Beak's favourite axeman now shovels six Robust Rock Rousers onto half a single. The experience is not to be recommended, particularly for ageing teds, who may think their entire past lives are flashing before them. On the other hand, with three bars from each tune, even archivists may have difficulty telling one crumpled classic from the next.

CHICAGO: Wishing You Were Here (CBS). A number one with "If You Leave Me Now" has posed a cruel dilemma. How to find a follow-up? True Romance was undeniably the dominant theme of "Chicago X", the album from which their hit was taken. But most of the other tracks there are a good deal tougher in their musical and lyrical approaches. As a result CBS have been obliged to comb the extensive Chicago back-catalogue to find something similar. "Wishing You Were Here" is taken from the three-years-old "Chicago VII". It's again written by bass-player Peter Cetera, is no less mawkish than the biggie, but considerably less memorable. Indeed, it seems likely to became the cetra in etcetera. Surely they'd have done better to eschew timidity and put out one of their *new* songs. The B-side here, Robert Lamm's "Gently I'll Wake You", is far superior. Meanwhile, spare a thought for unsuspecting schmaltzers who invest in a Chicago album, only to be confronted by the leather-lunged Terry Cath and his hysterical guitar.

More new age sleazo sleeve-art — (left to right): SNAKES, MR BIG, SEAN TYLA.

LEE PERRY: Dreadlocks In Moonlight (Island). In which veteran producer Perry celebrates a triumph over adversity in typically crisp, professional style. His enemies sent "police friends come and call I up". but "Jah-Jah walked right in and cooled the scene." Well, He would, wouldn't He, for a believer? Or, as Lee puts it: "Jah-Jah is I shepherd, I shall not want." Could well be an allegory for Jamaica's deliverance from the machinations of the CIA. Whatever the message, he tells it convincingly.

MALLARD: Harvest (Virgin) As you may know, Mallard are really the remnants of Captain Beefheart's Magic Band, and when they split from the Mad Captain, he wasn't mad enough to let them keep the name. In the event, Mallard's own vocalist sounds a lot like the Captain, without that in-built eccentricity. The song itself is far from crazy or experimental. It's a rustic story about a farmer who kicks the booze with the help of his good lady. Cracker-barrel philosophy abounds: "You can't buy no tractor with the wages of sin." The effect is rather like hearing Joe Cocker chundering through a minor epic by Robbie Robertson. Not bad.

Reviewed by BOB EDMANDS

MR. BIG: Romeo (EMI). Is it possible to have nice punks? EMI obviously hope so. This limp little platter comes all dressed up in a picture sleeve that recalls the artwork normally associated with blank aggro — and yet the music could almost pass muster at the Eurovision song contest. Bland little harmonies and a feeble melody, enlivened only by mildly risque lyrics. Having dumped the Pistols because of the alleged difficulties of promoting them, EMI quite happily borrow the trappings of punkdom to promote this less distinguished act.

SNAKES: Teenage Head (Dynamo). There can scarcely be anyone left in London who is not a member of a punk rock band. Except for Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. Philip, H.R.H. Princess Anne, H.R.H. Prince Charles, Bryan Ferry, Bill Grundy, Pete Townshend, Keith Richard, and Alex Harvey. Still, youth club groups were very numerous in their day. Sadly Snakes are something of a boa, mainly because their rendition of this Flamin' Groovies' number retains the spirit of the original. About nought per cent proof. The only thing more futile than a Flamin' Groovies' cover is a Flamin' Groovies' Original.

SEAN TYLA AND HIS GANG: Amsterdam Dog (Dynamo). Tyla is the least likely punk so far. Dressed in an American football shirt, he bears an uncanny resemblance to Bob Ferris in *The Likely Lads.* Still, his voice is impressive. Not so much a vocal as an audible sneer, as they say. As for the music, that's just more of those rickety Sixties' licks, though this time they convey a certain sleazy menace. "Dog" in this context seems to be a synonym for "woman", but maybe that's just the sneer getting in the way of clarity. A platter that's strong on atmosphere, if sexually confused.

JOHN MILES: Manhattan Skyline (Decca). Suddenly, after a couple of visits to America, Miles is paying homage to the glories of New York. "Upon seeing the Manhattan skyline!" he exclaims. "Broadway lights!" It seemed the very stuff of which hit records were made. Despite the relentless promo that's being conducted on

■ *Continues over . . .*

SAILOR
NEW SINGLE
David Hamilton's Record of the Week

"ONE DRINK TOO MANY"
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Boston

A sensational new Rock album from the band that staggered the States.

Boston's sensational album 'Boston'—Over 1,000,000 copies sold to an ecstatic and amazed American public—that's a platinum album in only 11 weeks—a world record!

Now it's in the UK...on release right now. 40 minutes of staggering rock music from a band that's knocking over box offices wherever they go. The opening track 'More Than A Feeling' is the current single, already poised to repeat its American success here as a 'Top 5' single.

Boston are masterminded by Tom Scholz a master engineer who's brought together four of the hottest young musicians to come out of the Boston underground. Bradley Delp (vocals), Barry Goudreau (guitar), Fran Sheehan (bass) and Sib Hashian (drums). Scholz himself: guitar and keyboards.

Their album: 'Boston' has that extra fire that puts it way above the rest. You'll know it, the moment you hear it.

The highest flying debut album ever

Album: 'Boston' EPC 81611
Single: 'More Than A Feeling' EPC 4658

on Epic Records & Tapes

SINGLES CONTINUED

From previous page . . .

Miles' behalf, it has to be admitted that he does deliver the goods. His songs have a consistent quality that evidently comes easily to him. If this particular song proves to be no big deal, it's clear there's the potential for a big breakthrough soon.

JIM CROCE: I'll Have To Say I Love You In A Song (Lifesong). The successive elegies and idiotic idolatry that followed the death of Jim Croce have tended to obscure his very real gifts as a songwriter. He had a wry enthusiasm for the comic minutiae of American culture, which was combined with a talent for creating enduring moods. He's best known for his comic songs like "Bad, Bad Leroy Brown," but his love songs also had much warmth. Both songs on this single are taken from a greatest hits set which you should not be without.

TONY CHRISTIE: On This Night Of A Thousand Stars (MCA). Outside Argentine, the latest musical soap-opera by Rice and Lloyd Webber falls short on trendy, religious appeal. Instead, "Evita" will have to rely more on its songs. This is one of the relatively few strong ones from the endless double-album. Ironically, it started out as the composers'

JOHN MILES: "Manhattan skyline!" he exclaims. "Broadway lights!"

idea of an uncultured Latin American pop song, more of a parody than a pastiche. For the sake of a further chart single, it's now been tidied up somewhat, with the cornball ethnic trappings removed, and a little dignity added. Tony Christie, like Jimmy Helms, has the happy knack of singing like Tom Jones, and could just score with this elaborate chunk of sentiment.

ROY CASTLE: Don't Cry For Me Argentina (Pye). Pye scored a moral victory with David Parton's cover of Stevie Wonder's "Isn't She Lovely". After all, if EMI were too stuffy to put the original out as the obvious single from that expensive double-album, that's their funeral. On the other hand, this cover version seems particularly pointless. Roy Castle blows his own trumpet in an attempted coup d'etat that's inept even by banana republic standards.

SUTHERLAND BROTHERS AND QUIVER: If I Could Have Your Loving (CBS). With the enduring success of "Sailing", The Sutherland Brothers seem to have become becalmed by complacency. It's as though they no longer have to try too hard to make it in their own right. Maybe a song described by Rod Stewart as "the national anthem" is bound to become an albatross around the neck of any writer, but there's a distinct sense that these guys are resting on their oars. This latest example of their craft is so flimsy, it stands scant chance of getting out of the harbour. The melody line is so subtle, it barely exists. Sublety of that sort has its places, of course, but somewhere *outside* the charts. As Rod could surely tell them.

REAL THING: You'll Never Know What You're Missing (Pye). The Real Thing sound just like the real thing. A husky crooner sighs his way through an emotional little ballad by the family Amoo, that recalls Thom Bell in the deftness of its touch. Nice harmonies on the chorus, too. Just the right mixture of sensitivity and sentiment to send disco-goers dewy-eyed at the end of a drunken evening.

THE MANHATTANS: I Kinda Miss You (CBS). The Manhattans must be the Mike Yarwoods of black music, offering note-perfect impressions of Barry White and The Stylistics on one and the same song. The effect is as unsettling as it would be if Zeppelin and the Rollers teamed up for an A-side. Whether you prefer your soul brothers to grunt or squeak, The Manhattans are determined to satisfy your needs.

ARCHIE BELL AND THE DRELLS: Where Will You Go When The Party's Over (Philadelphia International). You mean the party's started, Archie? Thanks for telling us. Judging by the lethargic tone of this Philly flopper, you'd think they were still sending out the invites. The brisk pace of the band seems badly at odds with the indifference of the vocals. Another Philler track for Phillybusters Volume 9,999,999.

DICKEY LEE: 9,999,999 Tears (RCA). This fresh-voiced warbler has spent four months in the American country charts, largely on the strength of the melodic way he sings: "Got nine million, nine hundred, ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred ninety nine tears to go." Which is a pretty tough line to sing, melodically or otherwise. The point is that Dickey's girl has found someone new, he's cried the first tear and expects to shed 10 million in all. If only he'd realised his girl hated pedantry, he'd have kept her but lost the song.

BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE: Stayed Awake All Night (Mercury). They probably stayed awake all night worrying about where their next riff was coming from. Got this one as a loan from the I.M.F. — that's the International Musical Fund, and many's the band that has to look to it for support in times of creative hardship. Why this band is called Overdrive is anyone's guess. Their music moves with all the graceful poise of a settee on broken castors. Get some sleep, chaps, you'll feel a lot better after it.

NAZARETH: Somebody To Roll (Mountain). A touch of heavy-metal-fatigue seems to have set in. Dan McCafferty still shrieks as hoarsely as ever, and the band lay down a fat, impressive sound. But the pace has slowed to a ponderous plod, lacking the attack that characterised Nazareth's earlier works. The song moves with all the finesse of Bachman-Turner on broken castors.

JAWBONE: King Kong (Funky Monkey) (RAK). Funkey Monkey, or Wimp Chimp? The giant ape has inspired a monster turkey, and the people responsible deserve to swing from trees.

If only they knew she had the power. . .

If you've got a taste for terror, take NICK KENT to interview JOAN ARMATRADING. . .

(And get PENNIE SMITH to take the pictures)

"GAW, WHAT A STRANGE INTERVIEW! You've probably just been given the weirdest interview I've ever done. The problem was — you kept asking about me; kept pointing the questions at me. If you'd just kept to asking me about music.... I would have been more comfortable. I dunno."

Depressions? A way of life, really.

I mean, there was Joan Armatrading just last month telling me about her depression around the time she recorded her second album — without going into any details, mind — because, well, Joan doesn't like to open up.

And me going through another winterlong depression (which I won't go into details about because like, it wouldn't go well with the rest of this piece) which started oh, early December — almost coinciding with me and Joan doing what might have jokingly been called an interview over at A & M house, a bugger's own distance down from the main King's Road drag.

Ms. Armatrading diagnosed it "strange" — our aforestated ferocious dialectic, that is — as I was just about to turn off the cassette recorder.

But, listening back, it just sounds pretty damn uninspired/ing — to the point where I recall an almost instinctive impulse to drop the project ("Get the definitive Joan Armatrading story" — an NME sub-editor) straight down the dumper, even though it was (a) a wondrous exclusive, (b) Pennie had taken these wonderful photographic studies of El Armatrading and (c) NME was screwed for decent front-cover fodder for their traumatizing Christmas/New Year rush.

Those immediate consequences may have singlehandedly caused my

■ *Continues over. . .*

descent into the realms of quasi-pneumonia all over the season of good-will — a fairly miserable disease but nothing really in comparison thought I, to having to write up the Armatrading piece with just said dire interview as reference.

Returning vaguely refreshed from sick-bed, I slowly set about trying to contact current/former acquaintances of this rather obstreporous chanteuse in a bid to garner information "interesting" enough to sculpt something more than a bleary thumb-nail sketch — something with, if not, real person-to-person depth-charge perspective, enough hot previously undisclosed facts to keep the piece buoyant.

The finished result commences with the weirdest interview Joan Armatrading reckons she's ever done up to the early December of 1976 printed in strict Q/A fashion, virtually verbatim.

Reasons for this chosen style (not one I usually favour, I might add) will hopefully become evident to all interested parties through the course of reading the following....

KENT: *Before coming here to talk to you, I checked through a number of your fairly recent interviews conducted mostly around the time the last album was released. Anyway, you seem to maintain a very determinedly low profile throughout all these dialogues. I mean, not once did I notice anything really....delivered. It's' — like you're almost pretending you've got very little to say for yourself.*

ARMATRADING: "That's probably because I've actually got very little to say for myself" **(Laughter, laced with a dint of cynical resolve).**

Do you therefore not enjoy being interviewed? Would you prefer this whole side of 'the business' be dropped?

(Ms. Armatrading simply nods her head so as to demonstrate resolute agreement with above query. She counters jokingly with a quick "Having said that...."

But surely you're aware that certain people who listen to your records and who are moved by your lyrics, say....if your songwriting is successful, then it would follow that these people would consider you automatically to be an "interesting person"?

(The interviewee merely shrugs her shoulders.)

Are your lyrics — say, for the last album — created through situations you've mostly experienced yourself or are they composed using other people's situations. Using, in fact, a totally objective approach?

"The majority of 'em, yes. The objective approach you just mentioned — they mostly don't relate to anything I've personally been through. A few of them were spurred by....Well, let's just say 'something happened'...."

How do you write your songs then? Is there....

"There's no set pattern. I don't sit down and say 'Right, I'm going to write a song". It's never been like that....ever. It's whatever comes first, y'know. Sometimes it all comes at once. Then it's like playing a song that you've somehow known. Sometimes there's a little bit of melody . . "

Do you write quickly?

"I don't know " **(pause, slightly tense—then relaxing)**". I don't know. I'd have to sit down and think. I just don't think about things like that until someone actually comes up with the question, you know, and you just have to think about it."

I find your answers here a bit.... oh, unsatisfactory. I mean, it sounds like a lot of work goes into your songs. They're obviously not yer three-chord wonders.

"I know what you're trying to say, it's just that I don't sit around thinking about what I'm doing. I just get on with it. I don't think 'How clever is this? How impressive is this?' "

You apparently have a very fixed idea of how your songs should sound in the studios.

"Yes, totally.

About "Back To The Night" **(her second album, first for the A & M label)** *Pete Gage* **(Elkie Brooks' husband/former guitarist with Vinegar Joe)** didn't really seem to do you justice, to my ears.

"With that album, the reason it was unsatisfactory was more owing to the fact that I just did not get involved in it that much. I'd leave the studio and forget I'd been there. I'd be *in* the studio and forget I was there. There was simply a lack of involvement on my part. I was just going through a bad period, really."

Any reason for this?

"No....it was just me, you know. Just me going though a depressing time."

Were others working on "B.T.T.N." aware of this? Were they sensitive towards it?

"I don't know. I never told 'em. I never told 'em anything." **(Pause)** "About Pete Gage, though. Looking back, I don't think anyone could have really....let's just say that anyone would have turned out the same product the state I was in. Simple as that."

So to Glyn Johns. Your intentions are to work with him again, presumably?

"Oh yes. See, with that last album....I should preface this by saying that Glyn is a great producer, O.K. — but the main difference....There was more confidence in the songs, yes. But it was, above all, me just feeling a much happier person all-round."

Did you feel then beforehand, that this could be your big success?

"No, not really, I just felt the relief and exhilaration of things going so well. I was really, really pleased with how it was going. It never occurred to me whether other people would actually like it."

You'd never worked with the musicians picked to back you up on the third album before, right?

"Yes."

I recall seeing you performing one night at Ronnie Scott's about a year and a half back and you had a band called Movies backing you up. I remember thinking then that the pairing — you and this six-piece soft jazz outfit — was just perfect. They seemed to be totally in sympathy with the moods and texture of your music. Why didn't this coalition carry through to the "Joan Armatrading" album? I felt their support would actually have been preferable in the long-run to that of Donahue-Mattacks-Donaldson and company.

"I just always like working with other people. I liked Movies but they were a band—a self-contained unit within themselves. They had their own things to do. Anyway, as I said, I just fancy changing, working with new people as often as possible. I don't see that attitude as being good or bad."

Recalling this gig with Movies, I noticed you seem to be plagued by an incredible quotient of stage nerves and that half the battle was you containing yourself before an audience, keeping the stage fright in check. Ultimately your success in achieving the latter seemed to endow your whole stage presence with a kind of very 'studied', cold, spartan resolve . . .

"It gets easier, the thought of performing . . . when you're finally out there. It gradually eases off. I'm always just . . . very, very nervous though. I mean, the first gigs I played . . . you should have seen me then. I was rigid with fear . . . just sick with the whole feeling. I'm still a very nervous person."

Is performing, like doing interviews, just another undesirable chore, then? Something you'd ultimately like to do away with?

"Yes absolutely. I'd just like to write songs and record them in the studio. that's all I'd like to involve myself in. Nothing more."

Let's talk about your . . er, origins. I know you were born in St. Kitts in the West Indies, moved over here when you were six, right. What did your parents do?

"My dad works on the railways. Mum's a housewife. I'm one of five children. We lived in a funny place called Brookfields. It was like a little

place all on its own . . . a bit away from the centre of Birmingham. Then we moved to Stetchford, just outside.

Was it a tough neighbourhood?

"No. **(Laughs).** Just quiet. That's all. I went to a secondary-modern school there. Nothing special."

What do you mostly recall about your childhood? Were there any characteristics that stood out? Periods of depression, say? Any grand reminiscences?

"No. Nothing outstanding."

What about boyfriends?

"I've never had a boyfriend."

I'm not trying to pry about . . . uh your sex-life or anything. I mean, a boyfriend like . . . someone you walk hand-in-hand with through a park.

"Well, I've held hands and walked through parks . . ." **(Shrugs shoulders in 'big-deal'-type gesture).**

Have you ever been in love?

(Most aggressive, a trifle taken-aback.) "Why d'you want to know?"

Because I'm interested. Anyway, you write good love songs.

(A trifle flustered, maintaining equilibrium by appearing disinterested.) "I don't know . . . I may have been. Couldn't say, really. I mean sometimes you feel like you are but I . . . I dunno."

But there's that lyric in "Love and Affection" . . . you know, "If I can feel the rain on my face/Why can't I feel love", etc . . . I mean, you've obviously given the thing some thought.

"Yeah, s'pose I must 'ave done."

(This means basically 'drop the subject'. Frustrated, I acquiesce — up to a point).

Do you like being alone a lot?

"Yeah!"

How do you spend your time then?

"Oh, reading comics, watching the telly, playing the piano . . . the guitar."

You like comics?

"Yeah, they're funny. Particularly the *Bunty* . . . and the *Dandy*. *Bunty*'s best." **(Laughs to herself)**

What about the more advanced stuff like Marvel and D.C. comics? You know, Superman and stuff."

"Too adult for my tastes."

You read books, though?

"Uh . . . Yeah, whatever I pick up on train stations, y'know. **(Laughs)** You're not going to ask me my favourite writer, are you? I don't have favourites."

O.K., so . . umm, how successful do you want to be?

"I've not set a limit on it."

Do you watch others like . . . oh, Joni Mitchell — that's a pretty obvious one, isn't it — to see how they deal with their success?

"No. There was something I read about her recently, though, where she said . . . it was about her doing interviews and she gave her reason which was something like 'Well, either they make me look a fool or I end up making a fool of myself.' That's exactly the way I feel. I mean, when I say that I believe I've got nothing to say, it's not a lie. It's exactly how I feel. I've got *nothing* to say. I've never said anything. What I have to say goes into my songs."

Well, the dilemma seems to be . . . I mean, you're very much in the spotlight now what with the last album being Record Of The Year and that . . . Everyone's thirsty for new talent and your style is certainly sophisticated in the light of the genre you're working in. You're an intriguing songwriter. Also you don't like your personal life being, uh tampered with . . .

"Yes, I don't like to be intruded upon. At all."

O.K. but the way that's interpreted is that you have something to hide. Which makes writers more attracted to you as a topic. They think of you as 'good copy'.

"Well, this interview should thoroughly disprove all *that*."

"With a friend I can smile.
But with a lover I can hold my head back
And laugh . . . really laugh".
"Love and Affection" — Joan Armatrading.

PAM NESTOR SAYS that she and Joan spent a lot of time laughing too. They shared the same sense of humour.

They were close for quite a time: four years it must have been, thinks Pam with the gorgeous ebony pickaninny face-and-physique and the natty locks so pertly hanging in intricate plaits.

Visually she is markedly different from her old cohort and tunesmith. Where Joan is big-boned, proud-looking, coldly sensuous, Pam is petitely shaped, very, very pretty with warm lively eyes and a contagious smile.

Their characters, too, differ strongly. Ms. Nestor, it was, who played the extrovert to Joan's silent introvert throughout their partnership. Effervescent, fizzing with drive, she'd do the rapping, the mixing while her quiet friend who spent so much time cloistered behind her piano or guitar, would hang back in the shadows protected by the former's feisty *joie de vivre*.

Their teenage experiences may have played a large part in the shaping of their twinned personalities when they came to be paired by dint of their singular song-writing camaraderie.

Joan had spent the second half of teenagehood hung over her guitar . . .

"I started playing when I was 15 or 16. My dad owned a guitar but it was . . . unavailable. Maybe that's what attracted me to it.

"Anyway I got one eventually and just learnt all the chords I could, kept what I liked the sound of. I was writing seriously by the time I was 18. Always more into melodies. I didn't used to like the lyrics I wrote . . . I don't know . . . Same as now, I suppose.

"Then it was all stuff about growing up. I've forgotten most of them. My mum probably has them locked away somewhere though. She keeps everything."

Playing the odd folk club around Birmingham which according to Pam, eventually may have evolved into a duo with her boyfriend of the time — Joan playing bars, Pam, a wide-eyed Londoner from the age of 14 when she'd moved here from Guyana with her little sister to live with her mother in Muswell Hill, fronting semi-pro soul bands by the time she was 16.

By 19 she had two children — an unmarried mother writing poetry, still the extrovert, head in the stars, not to mention being a well-seasoned smoker — unlike Joan who may, to this day, be the unblemished drug celibate Pam recalls so vividly.

THE WAY JOAN TELLS IT, the two met simply through their residing together in the same house in London — and coming together when one mentioned to the other that she wrote poems/lyrics.

There's more to it, though, in the grand style of Ms Armatrading's stand against having her past or present too rigorously infiltrated. The meeting actually took place — the friendship consumated — on the road over a year during which time the two girls were part of a travelling repertory company performing "Hair" throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles.

Neither held down leading roles, though Joan had one song to herself: "What A Piece Of Work Is Man".

After "Hair" the two moved down to London having established a mutual penchant for composing songs with Ms. Nestor providing lyrics to Joan's melodies and vice-versa. The partnership was a strong one, each being enamoured with the other's talents.

Pam felt instinctively drawn to Joan's gift for instantly creating melodies that were so sharp and sensuous, while Ms. Armatrading. prefferring the former's lyrics to her own, also felt protected against so much of the toil and hustle of scuffling it up to the beat of London's high-pressure pulse with Pam around, darting in and out making connections right, left and centre.

They survived, if not in style, then certainly without too many traumas up until the time they landed a modest contract with a decent publishing company — which afforded them an extremely modest weekly subsistence and immediate recording contract with a small label, name of Cube. Cube called the shots most of the time picking out the songs from the hundred or so the two had made available for the first album, picking a manager — an American called Mike Stone — and highlighting Ms. Armatrading, Pam now claims, to Ms Nestor's own disadvantage.

According to Pam Nestor, the pair had firm designs on performing together, Nestor's voice being not as immediately impressive as her partner's deeper, more rounded and assured style, but still possessing enough force to warrant an airing.

The bods at Cube, though, felt differently. As Nestor herself recalls:

"When I was trying to get taken seriously as a singer as well as just being the *lyricist*, Gus Dudgeon brought out this Bernie Taupin album — the awful one with him reading his poems and stuff — and gave it to me intimating that this was what happened to all lyricists who had designs above their station."

Mike Stone also wasn't keen on this duo idea, and so Nestor found herself being gently pushed away from the spotlight she wanted to bathe in (probably far more than her introverted stage-fraught companion).

THE MOVE SHOOK UP both parties, Armatrading being apparently in semi-shock for a week of performances following Nestor's determined absenteeism, craving the protective personality of her old friend.

Nestor in turn was probably fairly bitter, particularly towards manager Stone.

Now, though, things are looking up. Money's still a precious commodity, the old Social Security cheques being the only reprieve from outright destitution — but Pam has found a manager interested enough to back her as a singer. She's working on her piano-playing and the next step involves getting a band together.

Her old Armatrading connection she intends to use now in order to trim the wick for her own spot-light. Indeed Ms. Nestor boasts the finished manuscript of a book she wrote and finished a year ago which autobiographically charts her progress over the last few years and which features Joan's presence strongly.

"People who've read it claim that Joan comes out of it as a very, very strong person."

Pam recalls Armatrading as one who never lost her head. While the former was losing her heart and gambling with her emotions — the proud romantic, forfeiting all for various guys, mad infatuations, you name it — Joan would look on sceptically, disapprovingly up to a point.

"I remember one time — yet again I was all screwed up over some guy and I came back home and Joan was almost like a disapproving mother, you know, saying, sort of — Well, this time I hope it'll be the last time."

Had Joan been in love though? Had she ever lost the reigns emotionally to Ms. Nestor's knowledge?

"Oh, yes," the answer comes back knowingly, resolute that no details be shed. "Joan's been in love. I've seen it happen to her."

ROMANCE, THOUGH, probably isn't high on the agenda of current Armatrading activities.

As I write she's busy cracking open the States with full A & M backing and rave reviews paving the way from state to state, city to city. Guitar ace Albert Lee has joined the rock steady Donahue-Donaldson-Mattacks back-up unit which now means a veritable feast of guitar dexterity backing up the fine icy sensuousness of her composing catalogue.

Returning to the interview with Ms. Armour-plating, I purposely left these quotes for the end:

What about new songs? Have you written many?

"Oh yes. There's a lot of 'em."

Are they breaking open into any new territory?

"Only . . . well, certainly in as much as they're probably more obviously about me. It's come to the point now where I've been forced into thinking 'Joan' all the time."

And America? What about your exposure to that far more gargantuan situation?

"It's affected me, yes, in that it's made me worry. All this attention! I mean it really hit home when I recently went into a record shop and this bloke recognised me and asked 'When are you going to do the next album?" I told him in February. 'Oh, he said, dead seriously. It won't be very good then, will it.' I *mean* . . ."

PAM NESTOR ABOUT Joan's lyrics:

"With Joan, she doesn't feel she *has* to experience things in order to write about them. That's where we always differed. Maybe she's fortunate. She's smart certainly — I mean Joan *is* bright. She knows that certain stock situations exist and that these things occur and that's where a lot of her lyrics come from."

Cold calculation. True like ice. A moody rather unsettling seriousness.

"You kept asking about me . . . pointing your questions at me personally. If you'd kept on the subject of music, it would have been better."

Freeze. Fade-Out.

Has Joan ever been in love?

PAM NESTOR: "Joan was like a disapproving mother . . ."

PAM NESTOR and JOAN ARMATRADING: An early Cube publicity pic.

Cliff White on recent soul

EARTH, WIND & FIRE:
Spirit (CBS)

GEORGE CLINTON, king maggot of Parliafunkadelicment, recently numbered this outfit as 'Earth, Hot Air & No Fire' and he wasn't too far from the truth of the matter, although I'd say that they burn more fiercely than he estimates.

For some reason that I can't quite fathom (it can't be that they've *just* discovered dope) several black American groups are currently wallowing in the pseudo-mysticism and holier-than-thou self-righteousness that sidetracked a lot of white artists a few years ago, and EWF succumb more often than most.

However, unlike most of the white gurus, these guys are excellent musicians and their albums benefit from the finest modern recording/production techniques so that at least they are a treat to listen to, even if their lyrics don't always seem related to life as you and I know it.

Less pretentious than some of their previous efforts and musically outstanding, includes their exhilarating latin-funk hit "Getaway" and its Ohio Players-style disco follow-up "Saturday Nite". "Biyo" is another urgent charge of electrofunk, while for the rest they stretch out into the layered romanticism and high-flying harmonies that keep boosting them to platinum sales in The States.

Their last release, the mainly live double-album called "Gratitude", has been their best so far but this is pretty hot stuff too.

THE BLACKBYRDS
Unfinished Business (Fantasy)

I FEEL much the same about this quintet as about EWF, except that The Blackbyrds are more basic. Not *gutsy* basic, they just keep things very simple. In fact I'm amazed they've garnered such a reputation for really they're little more than a superslick rhythm section.

15 session musicians and 10 singers help them out this time around, and it's the accompanists that take most of the solos. So where does that leave The Blackbyrds? Right there in the middle of it all, behaving, as I think I said after seeing them perform live last year, like a competent backing group in desperate need of a charismatic front-man.

On each of their previous three albums they've included at least one track that's been catchy enough to become a pop hit single. This time they merely offer seven fluid, flywheel funk riffs with a disco beat that'll probably endear them to young blacks in America and the universal dance audience but won't find chart success over here.

The only positive comment that springs to mind after several frustrating confrontations with this shallow package is that two of the riffs are swept along by Kevin Toney's electric organ, a rare sound in these days of the all pervasive synthesizer.

It goes without saying that the group's musicianship is so clean it borders on the sterile and that the production is sharp, but efficiency in those departments has never been the vital ingredient of soul music. It's feeling that's sadly absent.

SILVER CONVENTION
Madhouse (Magnet)

RESISTING the obvious temptation to capitalise on the album's unfortunate title I must admit that after grappling with The Blackbyrds this doesn't sound too bad on first hearing. It's second time around that the attraction wears thin.

Look, let's get personal and be frank. I am irregularly employed by NME to comment on albums that, by accident or design, get marketed as soul music. Now although two of Silver Convention have dusky skins and most of their records are arranged to appeal to disco-goers there's no way that I'd say they make soul records.

They sing entertaining pop songs with a dance beat, and I'm sure they don't believe otherwise. As such they and their arranger / producers do an adequate job, although I dislike the way they harmonise (too reminiscent of the Beverley sisters for comfort) and I think that strings are the least appropriate section of a group / band / orchestra to generate excitement.

Some of the songs they are given to sing aren't bad, for example "I'm Not A Slot Machine (I Guess You Know What I Mean)" and "Dancing In The Aisle (Of A 747)" demonstrates a sliver of wit all too often lacking in similar products from America.

BONEY M
Take The Heat Off Me (Atlantic)

ANOTHER ONE from Germany and the same comments apply, except that whereas Silver Convention's album is of an even standard throughout, Boney M's hit "Daddy Cool" is the best track on a shoddy collection.

The rest of the material is the same graceless disco-fodder but instead of cutting originals they've made the mistake of attacking some familiar songs like "Sunny", "Fever" and "No Woman No Cry" — doing absolutely nothing for their credibility or my patience.

J.A.L.N. BAND
Life Is A Flight (Magnet)

THIS BRITISH based band are closer to the mark than our previous two contestants, especially on stage where they cut a deeper groove than many better known party-timers.

On record they've tried to get a few steps away from a wholly stomp 'n strut repertoire by attempting a half-hearted concept, in their own words: "On side one the mood is the struggle from birth to old age, on side two we're out of the storm and into the party."

The result is not as pretentious as it sounds, particularly as their musical approach to the two themes is basically the same — mainly a sort of bouncy funk with a Caribbean feel.

The fact that they close the album with a tribute to George Clinton's talent, "Doin' A Parliament Thing", shows that their hearts are in the right place, although it also highlights the deficiencies of British engineering because the sound is pitiful compared to the US Funk Mob.

Keep on keeping on guys, you're getting there . . . slowly.

THE RUNAWAYS
Queens Of Noise (Mercury)

THE MAIN thing that's wrong with this album can be summed up in two words. They are Kim Fowley. Yes that's right. Fowley appears to be back in control, directing the destinies of the little ladies whom he obviously considers to be his very own million dollar babies.

Fowley, who is well over six feet tall and has an ego to match, obviously graduated from the Svengali School of Modern Record Production, whose maxim is "The producer is infinitely superior to the musicians under his control."

This may be okay when you're dealing with someone who has the talent of Phil Spector, but unfortunately Fowley doesn't exactly hack it on that level. His puppet master direction and manipulation have achieved nothing on this album except to steer it unerringly into a blind alley circa 1971.

Yes, you guessed it. It sounds dated. It sounds dated in the way that only the recently discarded past can sound dated. If it sounded like the mid-period Rolling Stones it might be okay. That's long enough ago to be refreshing.

Sadly, it doesn't sound like the mid-period Rolling Stones. It sounds like mid-period Alice Cooper, overblown, over-produced and ponderous. All the girls' natural youth and energy has been totally subjugated to what appears to be Fowley's self-aggrandising idea of producing a Bob Ezrin style masterwork.

If Fowley had any real sensitivity, he would have realised that the Runaways are just not experienced enough to have the weight of a producer's masterwork dropped on their shoulders from a great height.

They are young, raunchy, with a lot of down-the-line animal enthusiasm. The only way to produce this kind of band in simply to set up the sound, then leave it alone and let them run.

This is what Craig Leon did with the Ramones, it's what Jon Landau did with the MC5, Bowie with Iggy, and even what Sam Phillips did with the young Elvis Presley. It's the only way that you can deal with raw, half-formed talent.

One example of what's wrong with this album is the way the tempo has been pulled back on just about every track.

Somebody must have decided that slowing everything down makes for a sultry, pouting feel. In fact, the end product merely comes out sluggish.

You only have to compare the recorded version of "California Paradise" with the way they played it on stage. Live, the Runaways push to the limits of sexy enthusiasm.

The overbearing use of limiters, echo and heavy breathing convert them from an all-girl teenage gang into tired, posturing strippers.

Having worked a tour with the Runaways and loved every minute of it, I can only blame all the sins of this album on Fowley.

If he really wants to create a production masterwork, let him try it with hard, experienced musicians in the class of Steve Hunter instead of immature, developing ladies.

If the Runaways are going to do justice to themselves on record, he needs to hold a lot of the tricks, stop messing with the faders, or, best of all, stop messing with the Runaways altogether.

Mick Farren

PLAT

"Hey you guys, can we borrow your producer?"

RUNAWAYS

Fowley — quit messing with these girls

MICHAEL NESMITH
And The Hits Just Keep On Comin'
Pretty Much Your Standard Ranch Stash
(Pacific Arts, Island)

INTELLIGENT OR even literate musicians springing up as rarely as laughs on Yes albums, bookish intellectuals like Nesmith do, for all the manifest cordiality of the actual music, seem to put the fear of God into people.

Nesmith readily admits to the gaping chasm that can appear to stretch between musician and music, consistently aspiring to something more than the glibly romanticised autobiography that so often passes for the art of the singer-songwriter.

This music has its reasons, inhabits its own world, comes out this way or that. The guy actually doing the singing and playing is almost cast as the helpless bystander.

All of which may go some way towards explaining how these two albums, made in 1972 and 1973, (the former getting its first British airing and the latter being re-released through the new deal between Pacific Arts and Island) seem so diametrically opposed.

"And The Hits Just Keep On Comin' ", from ironic title with self-mocking sleeve picture, is bare lightbulb self-analysis skirting dangerously close to what the Sundays would call a "suite" of scrupulously tailored songs that stand or fall as slivers of narrative.

It's melodic but oddly static, drawing only minimal warmth from one acoustic and one steel guitar, nothing else. Like it or not, too many words and too many syllables, it's honest and intermittently fascinating.

But since "Harmony Constant" and "Roll With The Flow" are two of his finest numbers, it seems a shame he couldn't have held over some of the material for the band that he assembled in the following year to record "Pretty Much Your Standard Ranch Stash".

Now musicians play and sometimes they play together, but on rare occasions when the feeling is there and Venus and Mars are all right, they have been known to play as one. It isn't just skill and it's certainly not practice; it's something called grace.

It's just possible that a number of bands could duplicate the steady pulse that Nesmith and the drummer provide, that two skilled guitarists could unfurl the delicate, considered lead lines that Lacy and Warford spin and that there's another master of the steel guitar who could set the whole thing shimmering in the manner of Orbille J. "Red" Rhodes, who could track and underline Nesmith's wandering vocals, could bind the whole thing together.

The first side comprises four elegant originals, including his classic "Some Of Shelley's Blues", all deceptively straight down-the-line, luvinous country tunes. It's not until the flip that the alchemy sets in and you begin to realise there's something more ambitious and resonant going down than most plain, ordinary, superb country albums tinker with.

Traditionally, the second sides of Nesmith's records are set aside for adventures in presentation, songs from various parts of the spectrum cobbled together, aesthetic games played with the syntax of popular music.

There's one lovely down-on-one-knee love song and one unashamed *Four Feather Falls* cowboy tune. In between lies "The Back Porch And A Fruit Jar Full Of Iced Tea". This contains a tragic story of a train crash which transmutes itself into Bill Monroe's exultant bluegrass anthem to plain folks and their capacity to survive, "Uncle Penn".

I don't know quite what it is but I'm damn sure something happens inbetween, something shifts into focus and transforms your idea of what's gone before and what's to follow. This is more than just a good album.

I'm not denying that it takes a little patience, but I have friends who'll gladly tell you that those few seconds at the beginning of "Uncle Penn" are some of the most majestic and magical in Seventies music. I'm too much of a fan to argue with them.

All I know is that if Michael Nesmith is just another Hollywood troubadour then Weather Report are just another jazz-rock band. If anyone looked remotely capable of following you could call him a pioneer.

David Hepworth

TERS

KEVIN COYNE
In Living Black And White (Virgin)

WHY NOT just come clean, get the weight off your mind?

The maudlin sentimentality of most songwriters as they expose their parochial hang-ups, the general banality of their (sic) lyricism — these strike you as at best worthless, at worst totally unpalatable.

We all got problems, you tell yourself, we're all crazy to a greater or lesser extent. But then life's like that, isn't it?

All the same, the average singer/songwriter's blithe canonisation of matters pertaining to the Ego and Id (along with the escapist urge it incubates like a malevolent cancer) does nothing for you because it's so acquiescent and passive, so irretrievably introverted.

What about the world, you ask, the very same place most of us spend most of our time? You don't want to know about some pig of a stud's catalogue of sexcess (he probably dreamt it anyway), don't want to get sucked into some sensitive soul's catatonic tranceries.

Well, let's see some action then. How about a dose of warm-blooded reality? It's surprisingly good therapy. Heard any Kevin Coyne? If not, maybe you should.

"In Living Black And White" is a double live set; it's also a work of bamboozling intensity and compassion.

Coyne is a frighteningly sane individual. In this respect he's no different from others who've had the courage and resilience to endure and survive an unusual amount of suffering and mental anguish. But he's something of an alchemist as well, drawing on his first hand experience (as a social worker, as himself) of despair, deprivation, insanity even — not to try and impress us in a spirit of self-gratification but instead to reach us, touch us, move us deeply.

The album begins with "Case History No. 2". Straight in at the deep end. Coyne stutters, sprawls, chokes his way through stretches of monologue and snatches of song. His stark, remorseless (self?) portrait of a mind utterly unhinged is brutally compelling.

"Fat Girl" has him lashing frantically at an acoustic guitar. His voice (his many voices, I should say, as Coyne populates the void around him with a sibilant crowd of characters) and phrasing have certain affinities with those of Captain Beefheart. Coyne's relentless snapshot images are both sense *and* sound values. Often assonanced, they're spread through a wide octave range.

Coyne uses prepared tapes to considerable effect at various junctures. He runs a pre-recorded stream of his own mutter and mumble alongside his stage voice, engages in dialogue with it. He closes, wrestles with all these other manifestations of self. The resulting impression is a dramatic (but so clearly actual) representation of schizophrenia. Roll over, Leonard Cohen.

But as if all this and much more weren't enough, Coyne's band, who play on three and a bit sides, are outstanding. The mellifluous Zoot Money quietly excels throughout on crisp, bluesy, jazzy electric piano, Andy Summers plays deliriously emotional electric guitar, Steve Thompson bounteous bass and Peter Woolf dynamic drums.

Coyne's songs have an eloquent tendency to speak for themselves. All you have to do is listen. The versions of older material are if anything stronger than the originals, without exception.

"Eastbourne Ladies", "Turpentine", "Marjory Razorblade" and "Mummy" (or "Daddy") are quite conceivably more venomous, more satisfying examples of slide rockout than the variety once offered by the "Spotlight Kid" Magic Band.

"One Fine Day" and "Coconut Island" (the latter a blindingly astute comment by Coyne on the deep-seated causes and effects of racial antagonism) are the only convincing white reggae treatments I've heard.

"House On The Hill" remains perhaps the most disturbingly beautiful of all Coyne's songs. He delivers the verses accompanied only by the swell of Money's sensuous piano whilst the whole band surge in for the choruses, and with dexterously controlled power.

In contrast there are more tranquil moments to be found in "Sunday Morning Sunrise", a love song addressed to Coyne's wife and children, also a haunting melody, and "Old Man River".

But I'd much rather you let Coyne talk and sing you through the album himself. During which time you'll have been unnerved repeatedly, amused (often mightily), intimidated by the emotional charge Coyne brings to all his work and, above all, treated as an equal, entirely without condescension.

The customary barriers between artist and audience are down. Just walk on in. Why not share some humanity? It's all we've got going for us.

Angus MacKinnon

CHRISTINE McVIE
The Legendary Christine Perfect Album (Sire Import)

PARIS
Big Towne, 2061 (Capitol)

SUCCESS BREEDS success, states a music biz maxim, and under the altruistic banner of Services To The Public, any record company which has old or new *product* even vaguely related to a triumphant act releases it immediately.

Here we have the two exemplary extremes of this policy in operation as a result of Fleetwood Mac's incredible rise in popularity over the last two years. The brash Sire label in America have unearthed an LP by Christine McVie, immodesty proclaimed it as "The Legendary Christine Perfect Album", and for good measure stamped "Featuring FLEETWOOD MAC'S SUPER-STAR vocalist" on the shrink wrapper.

Actually it's a dreadful record which Christine may have preferred to leave buried in her past.

Capitol, however, play the game more subtly. On their hands they have a rock band called Paris, and "Big Towne, 2061" is their second album since they formed two years ago. Promotion for these LPs has not been heavy, even though the group's creative fulcrum is former F. Mac guitarist Bob Welch, and the bassist is one Glenn Cornick, previously of Jethro Tull and his own dismal outfit, Wild Turkey.

Perhaps there was a danger of inter-group jealousies emerging if Capitol had chosen to promote Paris on the strength of Welch's reputation, when there's another relatively well-known player in attendance. Instead they decided to play safe, and left the press to pass on any relevant information.

But all Fleetwood Mac enthusiasts should be warned that neither of these albums is a bargain, or even faintly related to the mother band in either style or quality.

As lead vocalist with Chicken Shack Christine McVie (nee Perfect) was the most well known girl to emerge in the 60s British Blues Boom, but apart from the classic "I'd Rather Go Blind", this album does very little to enhance her reputation.

She wrote three tracks on the set, and has a co-credit with guitarist Rick Hayward (later with Savoy Brown) on a fourth. The rest of the material, even if not treated as such, is standard blues fodder, like Williamson's "Crazy 'Bout You". The feel of the album is rock 'n' roll, with Ms McVie sounding unispired vocally, backed by an equally listless crew of musos that included her now estranged husband, John, guitarists Danny Kirwan (ex-F. Mac) and Top Topham (former Yardbirds), drummer Chris Harding and bassist Martin Dunsford.

Originally released in 1970 Christine, as they say, went on (thankfully) to better things.

Paris, on the other hand, is the band Bob Welch formed with Cornick after his stay with Mac when he played an essentially stabilizing role. For a guy who once had so much creative energy and instrumental ability his talent now seems to be uselessly channelled into just another HM cliche.

He's the prominent writer with the group, and has merely dredged up banal guitar chordings and repetitive lyrics, invited Cornick and drummer Hunt Sales to viciously hammer them into shape. They've contrived only one characteristic — to lavishly use synthesiser scores over the whole mindless brew.

More unfortunately only one cut, "Slave Trader", has Welch excelling on guitar, whereas usually he leaves the numbers inconsequentially without any astute instrumental embellishment.

Shame, but it'd appear that the only musical satisfaction to be had is with the real thing, Fleetwood Mac.

Tony Stewart

"No girls, just our leathers."

RAMONES

Momma the boys sure done you proud

THE RAMONES
The Ramones Leave Home (Sire)

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR!

Every so often, some peculiarly God-blessed rock and roll band gets to be the basis for a Saturday morning cartoon show on American television. The Beatles had their own show (naturally), and so did the Osmonds and the Jackson Five. I think they even cartooned the Monkees.

The Archies achieved the accolade of accolades by graduating directly to cartoon status without ever having to endure the tiresome intermediary stage of putzing around for a few decades as human beings (they started out as comic book characters, but I don't have time to work out the metaphysical implications of that and you don't have time to read it — you're getting up early tomorrow, right? — so we'll leave *that* aspect of things out of it).

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR!!

If any currently active — or, for that matter, hyperactive, psychoactive, retroactive or radioactive — rock band deserve to graduate to this league, it's Mr and Mrs Ramone's four unpleasant young sons, Joey, Johnny, Tommy and Dee Dee. They already look like cartoon characters.

Hanna and Barbera — creators of *Tom And Jerry* — could've had the time of their lives with those four hangdog sulk-rock maestrosities: all kitted out in regulation black leathers, rotting Levis and chewed-up sneakers. A tall shaded one with long black hair and three tough compact ones — ideal animation fodder.

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR!!!

So here we got Episode Two: "The Ramones Leave Home." Our four heroes have, in the period away from Momma's looming presence, learned a few new tricks: minor chords, Merseybeat chord changes and lyrics that are crass and nasty in a far more mature manner than the more straightforward vicious innocence of their debut album.

Plus they still don't play anything that lasts more than two minutes and forty-two seconds, their exquisitely precise manic flailing attack undimmed by rust or new producers Tony Bongovi and T. Erdeleyi and there's still no guitar solos.

In other words, it's magnificent and you should buy it right now. I mean *right now*, yout'. You ain't getting any younger and this album's getting older all the time.

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE!!!! (uhhh . . . sorry about dat, youse guys).

Look, I'll just give you some titles, okay? "Glad To See You Go", "Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment", "Oh Oh I Love You So", "Carbon Not Glue", "Suzy Is A Headbanger", "Pinhead", "Now I Wanna Be A Good Boy" (alternative sequel to "Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue", maybe? Concept album freaks, please note), "Commando", "You're Gonna Kill That Girl" and "You Should Never Have Opened That Door." The whole thing sounds like Black Sabbath and "Ruben And The Jets" grafted together, speeded up and co-produced by Mickie Most and Frank Zappa.

Am I going too fast for you?

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE-SIX!!!!! (There's something obsessive about this album).

There's a very powerful compulsion going to start quoting lyrics all over the place since the Ramones are currently writing the most quotable lyrics around, but I'm not gonna spoil your fun by succumbing. Let's just say that they'll be ideal accompaniment for the Ramones kiddie cartoon show, which should be produced in time to become the favourite viewing of the primary-school-age children of the current Blank Generation.

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR!!!!!! (now we're getting somewhere).

Meanwhile, this album is a genuine treasure whether you relate to it on a fantasy or a reality level. People who'd rather mutate in padded cells to the new Bowie album will find it an irrelevant and faintly distasteful bore, a perception which will no doubt give them great satisfaction. Your choice will account for 70% of your total mark.

Am I going too fast for you?

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR!!!!!

The hell with 'em!

By the way, the last track fades out leaving them barrelling out into infinity chanting "Opened That Door." I've got a sneaking feeling that somewhere they're still playing it.

After all, unless you actually hear 'em stop there's no guarantee that it's not still going on.

. . . number niiiiiiiine . . . number niiiiiiiiiine . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

The Cosmic and The Carnal

SAHB (WITHOUT ALEX)
Fourplay (Mountain)

IF THEY had tried to emulate, imitate or be an extension of their work with Alex then they would have fallen flat on their collective faces.

As it is they've poured put all their mostly American influences into an album that, at best, sounds like a mainstream doper-cool laid back rock waxing from Stateside.

"Big Boy" and "Chase It Into The Night" see Zal Cleminson proving he never needed make-up in the first place to be the fine, fluid guitarist who lays down the riffs on these two songs. Both are redolent with the spirit of primal rock/soul classics, as in "Sweet Jane" and Nutbush City Limits" respectively.

"Outer Boogie" is the first manic cosmic grid dance craze since Roxy's "Do The Strand", one of the two songs featured on the last SAHB tour of Europe, although on the next tour the set will be All Their Own Work and they won't be dressed up as the SAHB. The other song featured on that tour was "Smouldering" which opens with tight, powerful but subtle rock music, as subtle as acupuncture, and *smouldering* is exactly what it does.

The weak point of "Fourplay" is that the next two songs, "Chase It Into The Night" and "Shake Your Way Too Heaven", are in a very similar vein to "Smouldering". As the songs are all fairly long (four each side) the whole thing begins to sound samey and a mite *too* laid back until you tune in to the ambiguous lyrics (all penned by the band) of beady-eyed eagles, lonesome in the day shift and *soixante-neuf* on the stairway to heaven. Yeah, the cosmic and the carnal . . .

After the benzedrine riffing on the fine track "Big Boy" we get the cut that's getting the most attention, the phased guitar and strong chorus hook line of the lyrics backed up by a showcase of the GREAT rhythm section at their very best — that's Chris Glen on Fender Bass and McKenna Ted on drums, while his cousin McKenna Hugh handles keyboards. Hugh covers most of the vocals on the album and is competent without being spectacular. His voice, though strong, lacks the distinction needed by any singer who's gonna zap you right between the eyes.

"Love You For A Lifetime" is a sentimental ballad and it don't suit them, but the choice of "Too Much American Pie" as the closer was wise — the lyrics sound good enough for Springsteen and, brother, they don't come any better than *that*. It's all about teenage waste, meaning acne.

All in all, it's the kind of debut album (which is how it should be considered) most bands have wet dreams about. No way could *anyone* ever doubt that this crew could survive and succeed without the man in the striped T-shirt.

And I'd guess he's the man who's gonna derive the most pleasure out of this album. Because the promise he saw from the very first is now bearing fruit.

Tony Parsons

JOHN PRINE
Prime Prine (Atlantic)

THE JOHN Prine story is a sad case of failed nerve. This album is sub-titled "The Best of John Prine", and may well be exactly that. But it also charts the premature collapse of Prine's artistic self-confidence.

Prine wrote two songs that were brilliant by any standards, and performed them in a style that was unique.

"Sam Stone" was the evocative account of a Vietnam veteran who acquired bad habits, and met the inevitable fate. It included the memorable line: *"There's a hole in Daddy's arm where all the money goes"*.

"Hello In There" was a no less painful portrait of old age and isolation. Both songs were respectfully covered by the likes of Bette Miller and Al Kooper, but nobody came close to cutting the originals.

Prine sang in a scruffy, hick accent that seemed deliberately unmelodic — just like Dylan's or Leon Russell's. As a result, his songs tended to sound all the more poignant and honest.

Strange to relate, this idiosyncratic approach had a short life - no more than a debut album. Someone at Atlantic (perhaps Prine himself) decided that this quaint rustic warbling was no way to sell records. As a result, most of Prine's subsequent output was drenched in extravagant arrangements which did their best to iron out his individuality.

There are other songs on this set that deserve attention. "Illegal Smile" — the title speaks for itself — is a nice enough joke, and "Dear Abby" gets some laughs at the expense of agony columns.

Generally though, Prine seems to be yet another victim of the MOR juggernaut. Ironically, if he'd had the courage of his convictions, he would no doubt have achieved far more, both artistically and financially.

Bob Edmands

STREETWALKERS
Vicious But Fair (Vertigo)

THERE ARE few writing partnerships that have produced such a prolific and impressive collection of songs as Roger Chapman and Charlie Whitney. But during a career now over ten years old the rewards which they so rightly deserved have nearly always been withheld for some, inexplicable, reason.

Nearly four years ago they disbanded Family, and started again with a new musical concept, which later became the vehicle for the formation of Streetwalkers.

"Vicious But Fair" is their fourth album, and true to form Chapman and Whitney have composed another set of admirable songs. The most notable aspect of this set is that Roger and Charlie seem intent on reaffirming their creative leadership of the group, now that Jon Plotel and Nicko have been given the order of the boot. In come their replacements, Michael Feat (bass) and David Dowle (drums), with the addition of Brian Johnstone (keyboards).

You might remember that it was this instrumentation which was the strength of Family, and the similarity doesn't end in the theoretical observation. "Vicious" could easily have followed "It's Only A Movie" in musical style.

The comparison only emerges because the Walkers were developing strong roots in funk because of the influence of Plotel and Nicko (and occasionally Bobby Tench who still remains a member). This produced an ambivalent approach, almost to the detriment of the hard-nosed rock 'n' roll that had established the reputation of C&W.

Now they are much more clearly a British Rock Band. This may seem like a major structural change for the Walkers, but because Chapman and Whitney have such distinctive vocal and guitar styles repectively, it's not. Maybe though they're even better, because the rhythm section is firmly in line, and they can concentrate more on their individual contributions in what are simpler song constructions.

It's why "Dice Man" is pure ecstacy, using the stylistic devices favoured by Chapman and Whitney, going from the dusky, smouldering sections to battering hard rock. Or again, why Charlie can gently enhance Roger's tender vocal "Belle Star" with slide.

Lesser musicians might easily have fallen into merely supportive roles with the front two expressing such determination. Yet the other four certainly exploit the opportunities to strut their own credentials. Johnstone, particularly when on piano, busily works through each number; Feat and Dowle are a strong source of energy and power.

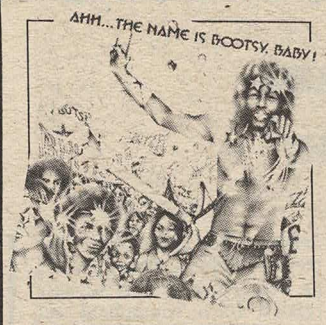
Tench, although not vocally very prominent, has co-written (with Chapman) another highlight of the album, "Can't Come In", which acts as their traditional 50s (early 60s) piece in style, that has figured on the last two Walkers sets.

Lyrically, however, the themes of their debut album are continued: gambling stories juxtaposed with sub-World observations ("Mama Was Mad" and "Sam") and romantic interludes, like "But You're Beautiful".

Is it their finest album? Well, their material has a quality which with constant plays becomes more impressive than ever and so "Red Card" still rates highly with me and "Vicious But Fair" is only a new competitor to my turn-table time.

In other words, I'm not committing myself. It's about time the public did.

Tony Stewart



BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND
"Ahh . . . The Name Is Bootsy, Baby!" (Warner Bros — Import)

THE UNDISPUTED TRUTH
"Method To The Madness" (Whitfield/Warner Bros)

GOOD MORNING world and welcome to the 1980s!

When I was summoned to nominate my choice for NME's Rockpile '76, at the very top of my Ten Best Albums Of The Year I had no hesitation in placing the latest cosmic brainchild of producers George Clinton and William Collins, namely "Stretchin' Out In Bootsy's Rubber Band".

Over the last couple of decades, Black music has nearly always been the prime catalyst for each new development in rock. However, after a fine start at the beginning of the Seventies Black music has, with few exceptions, rapidly degenerated into thoroughly formularized disco-dreck. Nearly all emotion has been faked and the heart of the music transplanted with a computerized rhythm box.

Aside from the best of Trench Town rock, there are few *new* Black American artists with anything really constructive to say. The real innovators are all but eking out a living playing free jazz music, whilst the once venerable Giants of Soul and R&B have either perished, or dissipated their minds and bodies to the point of self-parody.

The work of both Bootsy's Rubber Band and producers Clinton, Collins and Norman Whitfield could be a foundation upon which to re-build popular contemporary Black music.

An off-shoot of the incestuous Funkadelic-Parliament regime, The Rubber Band is the most apt description for any group I've come across in many moons. Bootsy's Band is so flexible it accomplishes every task its confronted with.

Indeed the entire *Parliafunkadelicbootsyment* thang is without question one of the most vital movements of the late Seventies, rendering most of the grossly self-opinionated *progressive rock bands* instantly obsolete. The fact that they achieve this distinction with nothing but good humour renders them that much more lethal.

If Frank Zappa had decided to Funk, instead of Freak-Out — if Sly Stone hadn't foolishly blown a good thing — if Hendrix was still alive and well, playing electric wobble-board space bass and singing up a storm — then metaphysically, an alliance of these innovators wouldn't have sounded in any way dissimilar to Bootsy's bunch of extra-terrestrial soul brothers.

As The Rubber Band skillfully interweave their instruments in an aural kaleidoscope of pulsating bloops, rhythmic oscillations, synthesized sonic scrawls, electric duck-calls, fatback brass and drums, Bootsy adopts the stance of prime Toaster-Boaster-Coaster to demonstrate his sheer rapability as Hendrix incarnate. Just check out the ethereal "What's A Telephone Bill?" and the Zappaesque "Munchies For Your Love".

Sure, they're forever going over the top, but I wouldn't have it any other way.

Returning momentarily to NME's Rockpile '76, my personal nomination for Single Of The Year was the 11-minute disco-cut of The Undisputed Truth's "You + Me = Love". In fact, when I came across the promotion-only version, I had to be restrained from writing a 2,000 word review extolling the virtues of this one record. As it is, what I wrote motivated Warners to rush out the unexpurgated 12-inch single to replace the version that had been spread over both sides of a seven-inch sliver.

"Method To The Madness" consists of the remainder of the material that Norman Whitfield masterminded to launch his own custom label. Though the album contains the full version of "You + Me = Love", the rest of the material tends to suffer by comparison.

The album commences with some inter-galactic musings from Whitfield's Martian Marmosets before lurching headlong into the strong title track. Next up is "Sunshine" which is very similar in style, construction and overall performance to The Temptations' "I Wish It Would Rain".

"You + Me = Love" brings the first side to an end and, in my opinion, the remainder of the album. Sure, the second side isn't without its moments, but I feel that more often than not, it's the actual performance of both The Undisputed Truth *and* the studio musicians that far outstrip the actual material.

In terms of quality, there's nothing on the underbelly to rival Whitfield's first psychedelic era when he produced such gems as The Temptations' "Ball Of Confusion". Despite these criticisms, it doesn't detract from the fact that "Method To The Madness" is still a cut above most American Black music albums currently choking the browser bins.

Neither does it alter the fact that "You + Me = Love" is one of the supreme efforts of the late seventies. We've heard it for Norman Whitfield, we've heard it for arranger Paul Riser, we've heard it for The Undisputed Truth, let's hear it one more time for the musicians:

Kenji Brown, Melvin "Wah Wah" Ragin, John McGhee

UNDISPUTED TRUTH on a recent 'Black and White Minstrel Show'.

'Dock Of The Bay' was never like this!

Soul Music shifts a gear

BOOTSY COLLINS acting normal

IMPORTS

APPROPRIATELY enough, the winged import messengers have been doing their stuff on behalf of Mercury during the past few days — the label providing **The Runaways'** "Queen Of Noise", **Spirit's** "Future Games", **The Statlers'** "The Country America Loves", **Coke Escovedo's** "Disco Fantasy" and **Skyhooks'** "Living In The 70s", most of which are guaranteed to keep the tills tinkling in these coming weeks.

Kim Fowley's the mainman of the week, producing the Runaways release, writing four of the songs and also being responsible for co-writing two of the numbers included on the Spirit elpee, namely "Buried In My Brain" and "Bionic Unit".

But the most beautiful sounds are those that have emanated from my copy of "Carolan's Receipt (Claddagh), an album of music by, or attributed to, the legendary blind harper Carolan, played by the Chieftains' **Derek Bell.**

Produced by Paddy Moloney, "Receipt" is a gorgeous disc featuring Bell on various harps, sometimes solo, sometimes accompanied by Moloney, Potts, Turbridy and Co.

If you want to throw around a new name in order to impress your friends, try that of **Robb Strandlund,** who has an album of that very title out on Polydor.

A singer-songwriter in what can be termed rock-Opry tradition, Strandlund may not be this year's Steve Fromholz — his voice is only so-so, while his songwriting just fluctuates from "catchy" to "nice".

Which, I suppose, is damning by faint praise. But when you've got a band that boasts Barney Robertson (keyboards), Tom Brumley (steel guitar), Bob Warford (guitars), Dallas Taylor (drums), Sherman Hayes (bass) and Chris Darrow (fiddle and mandolin) then you've got to have something going for you.

Good reasons why Strandlund, who resurrects Gram Parsons' "Hot Burritos No. 1" on this eminently worthwhile offering, qualifies for the instant check-out division.

Though **The Philharmonics'** "Masters In Philadelphia" (Capricorn), gives the impression that it was either spawned in Philly or — if one judges by the label, in Macon — it's really a Morgan Studios job, masterminded in Belgium with a Willesden High Road connection; Herbie Flowers, Barry Morgan, Ray Cooper and other NW10 sessionmen, doing their funky thing on a selection of catchy opuses by Brahms, Borodin, Dvorak and similar cats. Ho hum.

Larry Coryell — now solo on Arista

More news from Jem Records, the American company that produces the Import label. Seems that their next batch of releases will include **David Bedford's** "Nurses Songs With Elephants", the long-gone Dandelion album that features prehistoric Mike Oldfield.

Talking about things long gone, I didn't realise that **East Of Eden** were still functioning. But it seems that they might still be with us 'cos I recently espied an Electrola item that the band cut only a few months back.

Titled "Here We Go Again", it's by a band that's far removed from the original "Mercator Projected" line-up. Still, it does contain the names of vocalist / bassist David Jack and drummer Jeff Allen, whom I seem to remember from Eden's first Harvest release (1971) so I hereby award them this week's long-service medal and move on to mention **Letta Mbula,** whom Quincy Jones has described as "a root lady".

If "roots" means the back to Africa bit, then I guess Quincy's about right, for Letta sings in such languages as Xhosa and Sepedi — throwing in a few words of Portuguese and English here and there, just to prove that Tarzan's the only monosyllabic being on the Dark Continent nowadays.

Her album, by the way is titled "There's Music In The Air" (A & M), Herb Alpert putting down both his trumpet and Lani Hall in order to produce it.

I notice that *Billboard* described **"Sailin'" (A & M)** as **Kim Carnes'** debut album. Which just goes to show how little dust her *real* debut album, "Kim Carnes", managed to raise.

Shame, for Kim's got a voice of some character and her songs ain't too far down the league either.

Anyway, the newie's a Muscle Shoals job — though what ye olde jazz saxman Bob Wilbur's doin' among all those free-booting horns I just wouldn't know. "Sailin'", by the way, is *not* the Suths' song of that title — though "Warm Love", which also appears on the album, is most definitely the property of Van Morrison's.

Also around: **George Benson's "In Concert — Carnegie Hall" (CTI), Larry Coryell's** "Lion And The Lamb" (Arista), **The Don Harrison Band's** "Red Hot" (Atlantic), **Allan Holdsworth's** "Velvet Darkness (CTI), and "Mystique" (Curtom) which features the voice of **Ralph Johnson,** lead singer with The Impressions between 1973-76.

Fred Dellar

(guitars), Lequeint "Duke" Jobe (bass), Victor Nix, Michael Nash, Mark Davis (keyboards), Michael Moore (sax), Kenny Copeland, Freddie Dunn (trumpets), Terral Santiel (bongos) and Henry Garner (drums). Gentlemen, stand up and take a bow.

Roy Carr

JOACHIM KUHN
Spring Fever
(Atlantic)

NOT SO bad, considering. If we've really got to learn to live with the monstrous polyglot Grendel that passes for fusion music, maybe we should be grateful for the likes of Joachim Kuhn.

Kuhn is a highly competent German pianist. "Spring Fever" places him in what they call an ongoing electronic fusion situation (whatever that means).

The musicianship on the album is good, certainly. It's just unfortunate that the medium itself demands so little in the way of imagination of actual effort. Any jazz-schooled cat can lick his chops around a 4/4 beat and make it seem like he's realigning the Great Rift Valley. They call it underachieving, I believe.

The performance of Kuhn's rhythm section is a case in point. John Lee (bass) and Gerry Brown (drums), both on loan from The Eleventh House, might have fared better if they'd not been forced to hook themselves up to standard funk tempos.

Yeah, you gotta be able to dance to this stuff, it says so here in the contract. Brown stomps nicely though, like a lower grade Lenny White, and Lee uses some sort of device that gargles his lines into fat, wicked snake shapes.

Kuhn likes to combine his electric and acoustic playing. He's a fleet-fingered operator, a beggar man's McCoy Tyner in a way, generous with his melodies and mercifully secretive about his synthesiser screening.

But guitarist Philip Catherine is the man to watch. He drools leisurely over his electronic chords like they were Himalayan bells wrapped in snow tiger fur. He fires off sunbound solos. A painstaking player, a McLaughlin sibling on afterburn.

"Spring Fever" won't change your world. But what does these days?

Angus MacKinnon

Get Right Side Up in '77

Ralph McTell

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Ralph McTell's first album in two years

RIGHT SIDE UP
Ralph McTell

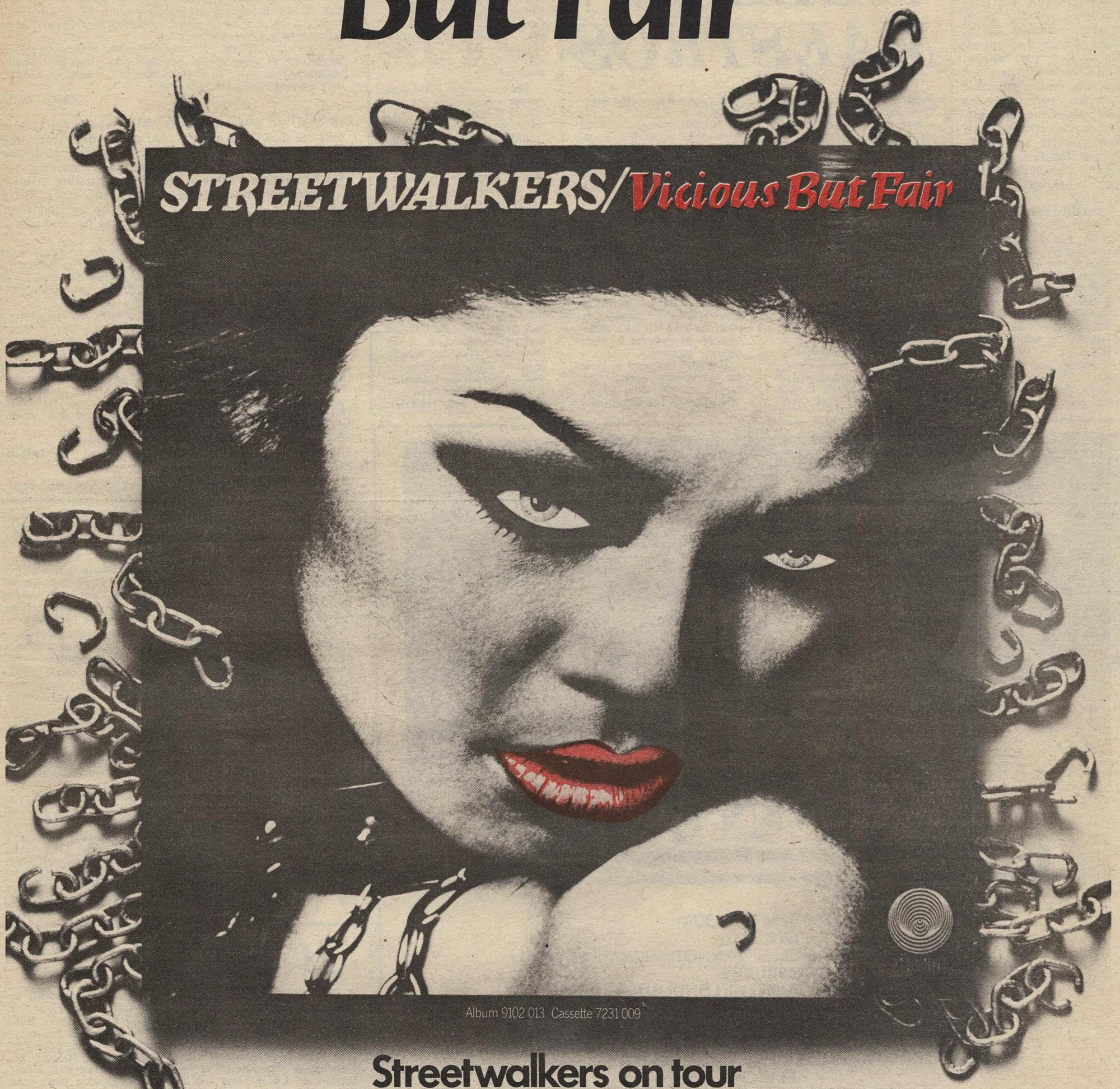
K56296

Vicious...

5

VERTIGO

But Fair



Streetwalkers on tour

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16th	BRADFORD, St. George's Hall	MARCH	
18th	IPSWICH, Gaumont	3rd	DERBY, Kings Hall
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Gallagher & Lyle

LEEDS

CADO BELLE were just beautiful, I could have listened to their enticing brand of jazz-coloured soul all night. Sources of constant joy were Maggie Reilly's exquisite and far-reaching vocals and Alan Darby's melodic guitar playing. Although all the band performed exceptionally well it was, without doubt, Darby who provided the set's most memorable moments, particularly his slow, transfixing introduction to "September" — a song he wrote, incidentally — and the fast, abrasive soloing during the band's last number, "Still Running".

Cado Belle are very special, and if they fail to make it in a very big way this year I'll be very surprised indeed.

Mellow and receptive, nice and loose, that's the only way to approach Gallagher & Lyle, and after 45 minutes of the Cado Belle magic that's exactly how I felt. Ready and willing to fall into the natural rhythm of things.

"I Wanna Stay With You" opened the show, with Graham Lyle on acoustic guitar and lead vocals, and Benny Gallagher sat behind his keyboards adding the higher register harmonies. The song set the pattern for the rest of the show: expertly crafted songs immaculately played.

"Sign Of The Times", another song from the "Breakaway" album, came next with Gallagher handling lead vocals this time, while Lyle added his slinky touches on slide guitar within the slow, semi-funk song structure. The song flowed almost imperceptibly into "Call For The Captain", the first track to be taken from the new album, "Love On The Airwaves". The nautical flavour of the song was majestically enhanced by the sparse and undulating rhythmic bridge, dominated as it is by tidal drumrolls and the taped cries of seabirds, definitely one of the gig's highlights.

"Breakaway" was received with ecstatic approval; needless to say, it was perfect. The songs seemed to follow a natural progression, and when the band eased into the soulful jazz of "Love On The Airwaves" it felt like the most natural thing in the world.

For "Stay Young" Gallagher stepped down from his keyboards to take up an acoustic guitar, and the pleasant low-key county swing created a warm down-home atmosphere that was hard to resist. At this point the band left G&L alone onstage to perform a short acoustic segment.

The band returned to blow out a bouncy unrestrained version of the new single, "Every Little Teardrop" (nice song, shitty title — really embarrassing to read over the phone), with a brass section of two adding much depth and colour. "Keep The Candle Burning" saw Benny Gallagher strapping on a bass.

The next two songs, "I Had To Fall In Love" and "Head Talk", both came from the new album, and while neither is a particular favourite of mine, the musicianship was flawless. "If I Needed Someone", however, *is* a personal favourite, and the treatment the song got was all it deserved.

The last number of the show proper was an old single from '74, "I Believe In You", but it was obvious that the gig wouldn't end there, and the band returned to play a seamless version of "Heart On My Sleeve" before finally quitting the stage.

Jimmy Jewel (sax), John Mumford (horns), Alan Hornall (bass), Iain Rae (keyboards) and Ray Duffy (drums) all played with faultless ease, each contributing his own sympathetic complement to the warmly textured songs. It's refreshing to realise that there will always be a place in rock'n'roll for the skilled tradesman, musicians whose prime motivation for making music is a love for the music itself, musicians like Gallagher & Lyle. And Cado Belle.

John Hamblett

ON THE TOWN

gets off on the good foot, soft and sweet, with the . . .

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CATCH THEM IF YOU CAN

FLASHES

RORY GALLAGHER'S gig at Hammersmith Odeon last week was a pleasant change from the over-indulgence in technoflash Rock and Roll that we have been bombarded with recently.

He obviously enjoys playing, and puts all he can into the show. Still dressed in denims and baseball boots, he performs with complete sincerity and seemed amazed with the phenomenal response he got from the audience.

At the end of the show he stood at the edge of the stage shaking hands with as many people as possible for a full five minutes, without anyone trying to drag him offstage . . . well, you wouldn't drag a friend offstage, would you?

Chalkie Davies

IF YOU'VE often wondered why audiences for rock on telly vee shows look utmost jaded and not quite there, well, the answer lies somewhere along the lines of: what you see, all finished and polished, ain't what the live audience sees. Sitting through re-takes of re-takes and tiresome make-up application and often having to applaud not out of appreciation but in response to a signal from an obnoxious, condescending director is not really any fun, and it's no wonder the audience is "invited".

North West box addicts will soon see, courtesy of *Reports Extra* (a programme subsidiary of *Granada Reports*, which gave the world . . . Tony Wilson), a couple of sets from **CADO BELLE** and **ANDY FAIRWEATHER LOW** and an audience trying hard to look enthusiastic.

My first real exposure to Cado Belle: "tasty" and "classy" as in not too boring, some eloquent sax-guitar, sax-vocal duets, imaginative song construction, lack of swing from bass and drums, but who's counting, Kokomo comparisons not outrageous.

Andy F-Low I always preferred with Amen Corner. Still, he offered a politely tense Eagles-Neil Young hybrid, avec much enthusiasm from band members and usual stylish, nonchalantly urgent steel guitar from The Great B. J. Cole. Thanks also to Andy for recognising the presence of us zombies in the audience and sticking some bonus music at the end.

Nice as the shows were, hardly compelling viewing.

Paul Morley

JAMES BROWN time again, ladeez an' gennum! Yes, I know we did our bit to acknowledge the Goodgodfather's appearance in Britain last week, but the fact is that he stayed over for a couple of extra gigs . . . in *ballrooms*. That's only one fantasy removed from seeing Bowie at The Marquee or The Stones at The Lyceum.

To stand in Dunstable's California Ballroom within sweat-splashing distance of the man and have to *duck* when he hits his mike-stand flailing routine is a privilege that's not been afforded Brown's fans since the late '50s. All power to the German promoter whose cancelled gigs made this low-key surprise a possibility.

Objectively speaking his performance was a ragged variation on the Odeon gigs — when the band have to shuffle sideways to allow the saxman room for a solo you know they got problems — but down at gut level rocks were being discarded with far greater abandon than in the sterile auditorium of a London theatre, there being no GLC regulations or officious goons to step on uncontrollably dancing feet.

Brown was obviously at odds with his band and the cramped, sweaty conditions, but his dissatisfaction only seemed to intensify his performance, particularly during the fervent soul ballads "Try Me" and "It's A Man's World" / "Lost Someone", which were wrenched from him with as much hysterical emotion as his early gospel-based recording.

The throbbing funk of the rest of the show, if not always as dynamically presented as in more spacious surrounds, was still exceptionally virile compared to the countless imitators/descendants of Brown's musical philosophy. And who else, after such a full-length show of frenzied energy, would oblige the insistent punters with an encore of about another 20 minutes of soul power — especially when he really wanted to be away from this place and back in the warmth of Georgia. Only James Brown — still trying to maintain his title as The Hardest Working Man In Show Business.

Cliff White

JAZZ DIARY

A CLUTCH OF tours upcoming: pianist **Dick Wellstood** will be putting himself about through January and February — 27th January at Manchester's Band on the Wall; 30th Black Bull, Milngavie, Glasgow; 31st Aberdeen University; 3rd February, Great Harwood Football Club; 4th Stratford on Avon, Eddington Park Manor; 6th Newcastle YMCA; 7th Red Lion, Hatfield; 8th Birmingham, Opposite Lock; 9th Nottingham, Federation House Social Club. On 10th and 11th he will be in London, playing the Purcell Room and the Pizza Express, and on 14th at the Fairfield Hall, Croydon, with the **Dutch Swing College.**

The Dutch Swing College started life in a soundproof cellar during the German occupation, teaching jazz and copping US radio programmes in secret. With the Liberation, they were up and running. Over the past 28 years, they've played with **Bechet, Albert Nicholas, Hot Lips Page, Mezzrow, Spanier, Venuti, Teddy Wilson,** etc. They'll be playing the Congress Theatre, Eastbourne on 1st February; Birmingham Town Hall on 2nd; Dominion Cinema, Edinburgh on 4th; Grand Hall, Preston on 5th; Colston Hall, Bristol on 8th; Old Gaol, Abingdon on 11th; Cliffs Pavilion, Southend on 13th; and Croydon's Fairfield Hall — the only London gig — on 14th.

The University of Warwick's Modern Jazz Club has **Roger Dean's Lysis** with **Kenny Wheeler** on 1st February. The **London Musician's Collective Improvisations** will be blowing at Centerprise Bookshop, 136 Kingsland High Street, E8, on 11th February from 4.30 on. Admission free, musicians include **Dave Solomon, Herman Hauge, Dave Roberts, Nigel Coombes, Steve Beresford, Robert** and **Roger Smith.**

New album from Incus, "Duo" featuring **Derek Bailey** — rightly admired by **Braxton** (see Jazz Page), and cellist **Tristan Honsinger.** Out soon from Milestone, **Ron Carter's** "Pastels", masterly bass playing in occasionally dubious surroundings.

From Pablo, "Hawthorne Nights" from **Zoot Sims** with **Rosolino, Richie Kamuca** — where's he been all these years? — and **Bill Holman** arrangements. "Basie Jam 2" featuring the Count, **Benny Carter, Jaws, Clark Terry, Joe Pass,** etc. "**Joe Pass** virtuoso No. 2" with Joe playing a mixture of standards and contemporary stuff, which does not mean "Anarchy In UK". "The Intimate **Duke Ellington",** various groups from trio to big band.

ON THE TOWN

AXE VICTIM!

PAUL MORLEY sets himself up for the kill by questioning the relevance of marching convicts to rock'n'roll

CHALKIE DAVIES shot Bill Nelson

Everything is so obvious. Perhaps if he could bend those influences so that he himself is the controlling part as with, say, Graham Parker, he would realise that potential everyone keeps cracking on about.

Nelson, though, is concerned more about pretention than potential, more concerned about Modern Music production than crafting fresh pop music. Unfortunate.

He plays a lot of solos. They may be very distinctively styled, flurried and sharp, but in a ninety-minute set with what seems to be a solo every minute Nelson's range and inventiveness is exhausted three times over. Even if two or three solos are interesting, even inventive, there was not one that didn't send *deja vu* shocks running down my spine. If Nelson really had some kind of *deja vu* transcendence scheme going, no way is that good form. *(Did someone mention pretention? — Ed)*

If he's just having a blow then good luck to him, he's no more boring than any other orthodox rock guitarist.

The band — Simon Fox on drums, Charlie Tumahai on bass and Andrew Clark on keyboards — wear suits and ties, the Bank Generation. Either side of a neat row of amplifiers sit the double bass drum kit and the mass of keyboard paraphernalia. Tumahai grins and strums right in front of the kit.

Nelson, of course, is stage centre, a block of effects pedals and buttons in front of him. Moving his feet to the pedals was about the only time he moved. He plays guitar like you always knew Bob Wilson would.

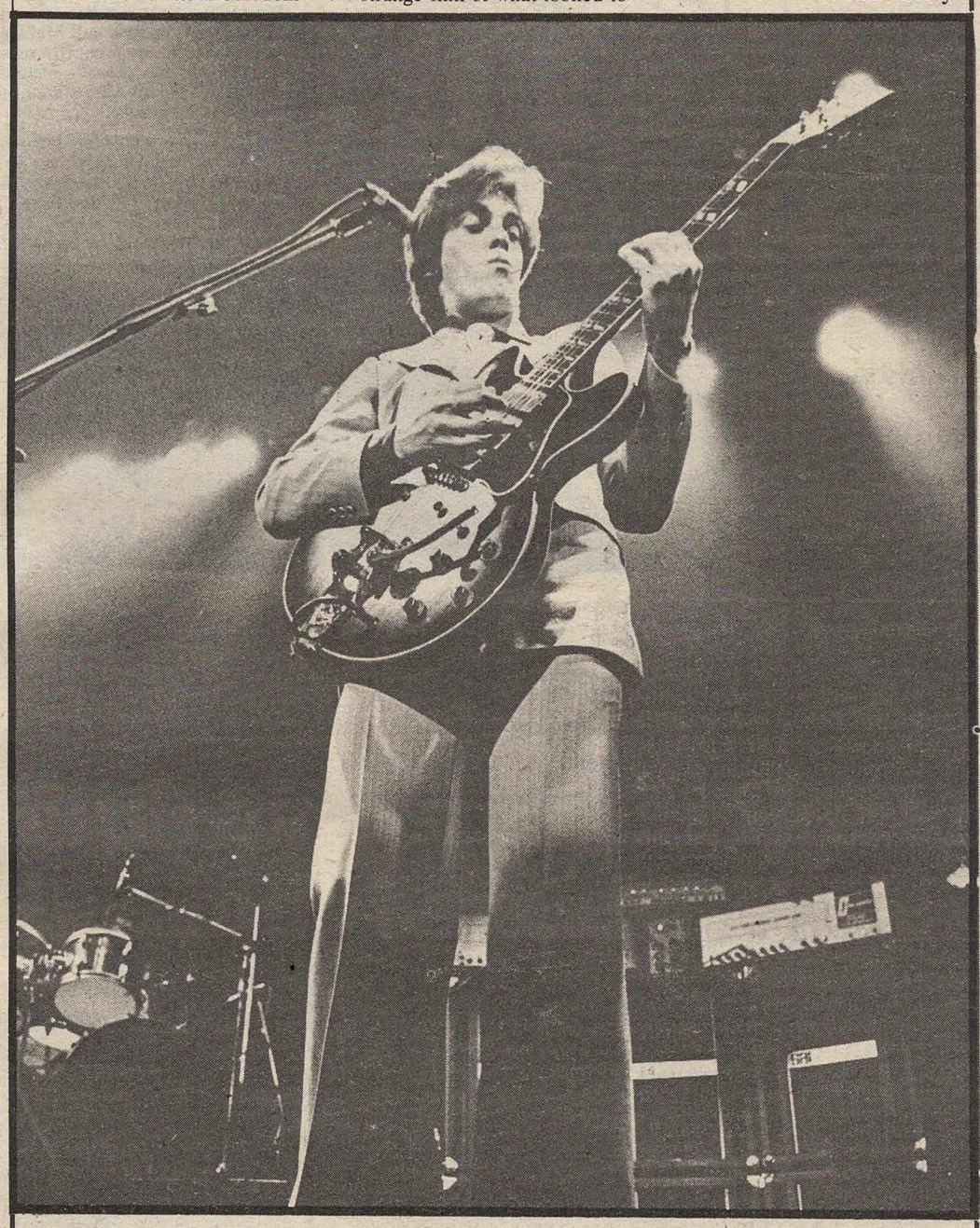
To alleviate visual boredom there's the typical crafted sympathetic lightshow, plus a series of odd films. A science fiction movie opens the show, accompanied by blow-ups of old *Astounding* and *Amazing Stories* magazine covers, there's film of seagulls (of course) and of what looked like ducks landing and swimming nonchalantly, to provoke added imagery — and a strange film of what looked to be convicts on a reluctant march, totally irrelevant to what Be Bop were playing at the time.

The songs Be Bop play are long, tricky, sophisticated and ultimately repetitive. It was a pity they were so lengthy, despite their immaculate execution — and live they hit me as being warmer than on record — because with fewer solos and shorter, tighter structures I would have enjoyed the show.

They went down triumphantly. If you are a fan you'll rush along to one of their many dates and froth uncontrollably. Bill Nelson certainly is cutting out a nice career for himself. As a businessman he knows what his public wants.

He fronts the 143rd best rock'n'roll band in the world, will never be a legend, and who cares? I have lead in my heart: Bil Nelson said so.

Paul Morley



Be Bop Deluxe

MANCHESTER

ACCORDING TO Patti Smith, Art plus Technology equals Rock'n'Roll. Steve Gibbons and his band equal Power plus Technology, and it's debatable whether the result is Rock'n'Roll.

You can't dance to it, even if you can shake your head furiously: the SGB were old-fashioned enough, sturdy, stormy and total enough, to gain almost maximum appreciation from the Free Trade Hall horde. The Steve Gibbons Band play straight from the hip, and they gave me a corker of a headache.

William Nelson I always thought played with a limp wrist, but the sheer volume of the show and his admirable muscular rhythm section strengthened that wrist so that often it was well up to arm-wrestling with Jim Dandy. It was loud: probably the only observation the audience would agree with me on.

The majority of Be Bop's recorded work I find at best likeable. Hear it, remark on its niceness; hear it again, cringe at its gutlessness. When *Rolling Stone* concluded that the "Modern Music" album was one of last year's most instantly likeable albums they were slamming it, honest.

This show, with its elongated tedium, also emphasised that for me Be Bop have no great world system of their own. Their, or rather Nelson's open eclecticism should work a lot better. He does his rock riffs and is also very clever at turning his non-voice into an acceptable one with thoughtful phrasing, but he doesn't seem to have the knack of fusing his influences without the seams showing.

Tom Robinson

GOLDEN LION

SOMEHOW, the thought of Tom Robinson, known more for being gay than for being a musician, conjured up to me visions of a curly-haired, limp-wristed fag plucking half-heartedly at the soft strings of an acoustic guitar and singing songs about wanting to settle down with a mortgage and the boy he loves; cruising's answer to Bonnie Tyler. Not a pretty thought.

Imagine my surprise therefore when I saw this boy with teen appeal of the type that makes Peter Frampton about as enticing as Quasimodo bucking around the stage in a shiny black cire (black cire!) T-shirt, belting out real hot, often raucous rock 'n' roll while still actually managing to make a point — and make it good. The sound of the band was real tight, expecially those parts which concerned guitarist Danny Kustow and 16-year-old bassist Mark.

And they write real good songs — "Sweet Dirty Money" about the agony and ecstasy of filthy lucre, "Right On Sister", dedicated to the inimitable Nona Hendryx of Labelle, Danny Kustow's wry "Maybe She Loves Me", and the ferocious, simmering "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay", proving what a misnomer that description is.

Then there was "I Shall Be Released", for George Ince, the man cleared of the Barn murder case, and then incarcerated for a £400,000 silver bullion hi-jacking in the Essex wilderness for which he claims complete innocence (but then don't they all?). Incidentally, this morning I read in the papers that George Ince has been offered Legal Aid with which to sue the police for wrongful arrest, which will probably please Tom Robinson.

They did "Long Hot Summer", about the '69 Stonewall Riots in New York "in which the pigs put the heat on our brothers and sister" and Lou Reed's "I'm Waiting For The Man", which, in the light of Robinson's sexual proclivities *and* his contractual hassles with Ray Davies, took on several new, novel insinuations. Talking of which, Tom sang what seems to be fast becoming his theme song, Ray Davies' "Tired Of Waiting For You," "dedicated to the man who wrote it"; Tom was clenching his fists, and this time it wasn't for the benefit of a Gay Power salute either.

All in all, it was a real nice night; the audience (which included ex-Jimi Hendrix drummer Mitch Mitchell and Angie Errigo-impersonator Robert Plant) seemed pretty receptive, many of them in sympathy with what the Tom Robinson Band was singing about. Just a few punters seemed a little uncomfortable; one teenage girl near me was obviously somewhat alarmed at the fairly profuse references to homosexual love throughout the set, and whenever such a song seemed imminent she ran quickly off to the can, only to venture boldly out when the coast was clear and normality ruled OK once more. The boys she was with also seemed uncomfortable, and took great pains to show they weren't *together* by moving a seat apart from each other, which made it necessary for them to yell loudly when they wanted to communicate. As an excercise in human frailty, it was some gig.

Meanwhile onstage Robinson tossed his curls and pouted like a wayward archangel, oblivious to any hostility until the next time.

Not quite a rock and roll queen, but at least a princess.

Julie Burchill

Kevin Coyne

MANCHESTER

"IT'S SO HARD. You try and do something different, and it's so hard. The people who care, that's who I'm bothered about. I don't care about being loved — I'm not the most lovable person . . ."

Smarter, younger looks tonight: shorter hair and occasional smile, almost boyish. But lovable? An often gentle, sad interior gives way onstage to that raw cut-the-shit Coynamism which calls the world to question in draining realism. After only an hour, Kevin can barely manage the second encore. It's hard, alright.

In that hour-long set, enough for a week, continually uncompromising provocation — in turn, funny, alarming, "offensive". Good spitting to match bad language, as the "lickshpittle" (spit and wipe spit) Good Boy meets Fat Girl, "a girl I met in Marks and Spencers . . . Big fat tits, big bum, big arse, big tits . . ."

Provocation receives its due response: "Rubbish! Get off!"

"Thank you, playmates. It's not going to get any better. That was my best song."

(This was a date to tie in with the excellent new live double, "In Living Black And White". He didn't plug it once).

A voice from the back: "You're drunk!"

"I'm not bloody drunk, that's just it . . ."

And that *is* just it. The play goes on — nothing but reality. Kevin Coyne is no soft entertainer, no massage to ease pain away. Pain is highlighted in a plea and a grimace; a sensual battering, an assault on conformity and couldn't-care-lessness.

The first song was impromptu, made up on the night, after seeing all those houses of Hulme, fearful estate: *"Well, I've seen the nightmare / Line after line of houses / Over there / All the same / What's your name? / Where is the fucking architects? / What's their name? / What's your name? . . ."* almost manic in his delivery.

The madness goes on — nothing but sanity.

"How are we doing, Bob? I can't stand much more of this. Put the voices on." A new backing tape (would you like to hear my band?) on its first time out: barer — no talk, just sound effects and simple rhythms. Kevin sings over: "I want you to boogie now. Come on everybody, I *know* you like to boogie. Give me an A, give me a B . . ."

(Takes mirror from case, and arbitrarily applies rouge to face. Plays reflections across the hall).

Clown Coyne: big mouth, big heart.

And you? How much do *you* care??

Paul Hunter

Babe Ruth

SHEFFIELD

TYPICAL OF A Sheffield gig is the way in which the dancing section of the audience settles down crossleged in front of the stage to greet the band with immobility. For a band of Yes's ilk this may be a reasonable approach. For a band like Babe Ruth it's absurd.

Also typical is the way in which the audience (for the most part) remains immobile till the band leaves the stage, whereupon feet are leapt to and encores demanded. In view of the abysmal performance they have been given and the embarrassing "audience participation" rendition of "Get Back" they have been party to, the audience, in asking for an encore, is either making with the little white lie or is collectively lacking in even the most basic of critical faculties.

To be honest, I'll admit I've never been Babe Ruth's biggest fan; Jenny Haan's "dance movements" always came across as a gimmick, and an ugly one at that; the band as a whole could be said to be competent and tight. No more, no less. Tonight's incarnation of the same name would be hard pressed to arouse in me even a fraction of that regard.

Okay, so there've been a few changes of face in Babe Ruth. That's still little excuse for a performance as devoid of subtlety or imagination as this. After all, any band with a four-album pedigree should be able to (a) choose new members with some degree of talent, (b) write material of at least a passable standard and (c) put it across in a professional passable manner. Babe Ruth strike out in all three categories.

Jenny Haan's replacement, Ellie Hope, comes on rather like Gypsy Rose Lee doing a hula routine — overblown camp eroticism which leaves me cold but presumably has the required effect on some of the male members of the crowd. Sheffield's not the most erotic city in the land, you understand.

That in itself wouldn't be so bad — after all, every band has their angle — except for the fact that by the second song, the only word I've been able to decipher is "music", which on its own doesn't do too much for me.

The majority of their songs begin with the same (or as near as makes no difference) rapidly-strummed chord figure, a variation of the Doobies' "Long Train Running" intro, and what instrumental breaks there are are undisciplined and purposeless. "Wells Fargo" prompts a few punters to their feet, despite its being but a sloppy shadow of its former punchy self; however, what impact it makes is lost as the band proceeds to drag Smokey's "You Really Got A Hold On Me" across the coals tacking the "Rocky Mountain Way" intro onto the beginning as a complete musical non-sequitur.

Another bit of Doobie-riffing, then "Get Back" a la Quo. All rise for the National Encore and off home.

This account may appear unnaturally harsh, but my dissatisfaction is not directed so much at Babe Ruth (who, given more time to settle down, can only improve) as at the audience. E. M. Forster once made the rather myopic statement that "we shall never have a beautiful new London until people refuse to live in ugly houses". This principle, I believe, can be applied more successfully to music than to architecture.

Andy Gill

NATIONWIDE GIG

BRYAN FERRY

IAN ANDERSON of Jethro Tull

FERRY, TULL, LYNYRD, COODER TOURS

ANOTHER good week on the gig circuit, with several major tours setting out on the road — with Lynyrd Skynyrd, Jethro Tull, Bryan Ferry and Ry Cooder heading the list. We'll take a look at them now in a little more detail:

● LYNYRD SKYNYRD kick off an extensive itinerary by playing no less than three days at the newly re-opened Rainbow Theatre in London on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. And the first of their provincial gigs are at Bristol (Monday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday). It's their first visit to Britain since they played the Knebworth concert in August, and the support act is Clover, who toured here in the autumn with Thin Lizzy. It promises to be quite a show!

● RY COODER, who was the subject of a penetrating NME feature last week, flies in for a five-date mini-tour. He's bringing over his full eight-piece Chicken Skin Band, comprising five Mexican musicians and three gospel singers. And fast-rising British band Meal Ticket get a well-deserved break as support act on all Cooder's concerts — which are at Manchester (Thursday),Birmingham (Friday), London Hammersmith (Saturday and Sunday) and Oxford (Wednesday).

● BRYAN FERRY's postponed tour finally gets under way at Southampton (Tuesday) and Bournemouth (Wednesday), two months later than originally planned due to his illness in December. He's supported by an impressive backing band, including such well-known names as Chris Spedding, John Wetton and Mel Collins, plus three of the Kokomo singers. His schedule occupies the whole of this month, including three days at London's Royal Albert Hall, which occur in next week's Gig Guide.

● JETHRO TULL are playing their first series of dates in this country for just over two years, starting up in Scotland at Aberdeen (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday). Their new album "Songs From The Wood" comes out next week, and the band will be featuring it heavily in their new act. Richard Digance supports on most dates, but Leo Kottke is guesting in a couple of shows prior to his London concert on February 6 — the first of these being the Glasgow gig.

● THE MANHATTANS and HAROLD MELVIN & the Blue Notes are two of the hottest soul acts in the States right now, so the fact that they are undertaking a British package tour together should come as welcome news for all soul freaks. This same package has already toured the States with great success, and they'll be whipping up a storm at Manchester (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Wolverhampton (Monday) and Portsmouth (Wednesday).

● SAM & DAVE were big names in soul music long before either of the above two groups came into existence, and they're still going strong today. They've been in Britain primarily to record a new album but, while they're here, they are playing a few dates. You can catch them initially at Birmingham (Friday), Norwich (Saturday) and Charnock Richard (week from Sunday, see Residencies).

LYNYRD SKYNYRD

THURSDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE
AYLESBURY Britannia: PECO-ORANGE
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: SLIK
BEDFORD Angel Hotel: JAKE WALTON
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: A.F.T.
BRADFORD Principal Club: AFTER THE FIRE
BRIGHTON College Folk Club: FLAKY PASTRY
BRISTOL Granary: MEDICINE HEAD
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: J.A.L.N. BAND
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: U.F.O.
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: BE BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
CARLISLE Market Hall: ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX
CHELTENHAM Playhouse: JOHNNY COPPIN & DAVE BELL
COVENTRY Warwick University: HINKLEY'S HEROES
CROYDON Red Deer: BURLESQUE
DAGENHAM Royal Oak: JERRY THE FERRET
DURHAM Salutation Hotel: JO-ANN KELLY / PETE EMERY
DURHAM University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
FOLKESTONE La Clique: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES / ANDY DESMOND
GLASGOW Bishopbriggs: McCALMANS
HANLEY Victoria Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
HASTINGS Lazy Bones Disco: WARREN HARRY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: JENNY HAAN'S LION
ILCHESTER Yeovilton R.A.N.F.: GIGGLES
INVERNESS Ice Rink: FLYING ACES
LEEDS Staging Post: SNEAKERS
LIVERPOOL Annabelle's: THE GORILLAS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON BRIXTON Loughborough Hotel: ROCK ISLAND LINE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SOX featuring GORDON HUNT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TIGER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: VIBRATORS
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: BURCH BROS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: CHICAGO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STRUTTERS
LONDON Marquee Club: NASTY POP
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: LYNYRD SKYNYRD / CLOVER
LONDON RICHMOND Beehive: AMITY
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: YAKETY YAK
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: CLICHE
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: RY COODER / MEAL TICKET
MANCHESTER The Phoenix: BODY
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE Guildhall: PLUMMET AIRLINES
NEWPORT Harper Adams College: COCKY
NORWICH Crockers Disco: MUSCLES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
POYNTON Folk Centre: BILL CADDICK
ROMFORD White Hart: MATCHBOX
SALFORD University: DAVE BURLAND
SOUTHAMPTON University: TONY ROSE
STAINES Pathfinder Club: MAGNA CARTA
STOCKPORT Rudyard Hotel: HARVEY ANDREWS
TAUNTON Black Horse: PETE QUIN
THURSO View Firt Club: MARTIN SIMPSON
WEST BROMWICH Oakdale Social Club: SUN SESSION
WORCESTER Green Room Rock: LITTLE ACRE
WORTHING Downview Hotel: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
YORK Acomb W.M.C.: TENDER TOUCH

FRIDAY

ABERDEEN College of Education: FLYING ACES
BARNET College of Education: ALKATRAZ
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SAM & DAVE
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: SMACKEE
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: RY COODER / MEAL TICKET
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Repertory Theatre: HARVEY ANDREWS
BRIDLINGTON Spa Hall: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
BRIGHTON Super Folk: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
BRISTOL Colston Hall: TODD RUNDGREN
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
BROMLEY Saxon Tavern: A.F.T.
CHELTENHAM Tramps: CISSY STONE BAND
CHICHESTER Bishop Otter College: U-BOAT
COVENTRY New Phoenix: THERAPY
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: S.A.L.T.
DUNDEE College of Technology: DRUID
DUNDEE Police Headquarters: McCALMANS
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
EDINBURGH University: ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE
GUILDFORD Surrey University: SCAFFOLD
IPSWICH Tracey's: BOUNCER
IRONBRIDGE The Crown: STEREO GRAFFITI
KEIGHLEY Wellington Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
KINGSTON College of Further Education: SABOTEUR
KINGSTON Polytechnic: VIBRATORS
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
LAMPETER St David's University: PRELUDE
LANCASTER University: RORY GALLAGHER
LEIGH The Pennington: BODY
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: CROSSFIRE
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: GENERATION X
LIVERPOOL University: HINKLEY'S HEROES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PIRATES / PETE NEWMAN'S WINDOW
LONDON Central Polytechnic: THE CLASH
LONDON COCKFOSTERS Trent Park College: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JET HARRIS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SHUCKS
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: EXODUS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON Marquee Club: MOTORHEAD
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: LYNYRD SKYNYRD / CLOVER
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty: BILLY J KRAMER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE GORILLAS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: IRON MAIDEN
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: KOSSAGA
LUMPHINNANS The C.K. Lounge: CASPIAN
MALVERN Winter Gardens: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: CHARLIE
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: CHICAGO
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden LAST EXIT
NELSON El Tropicano: TENDER TOUCH
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: PLUMMET AIRLINES
NORTHAMPTON Racehorse: WILD THING
NORWICH Crockers Disco: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: SLENDER LORIS
NOTTINGHAM Eustace Percy Hall: ARBRE
OLDHAM Boundary Inn: TRACTOR
ORMSKIRK Edge Hill College: ROOGALATOR
OXFORD Polytechnic: PETE & CHRIS COE
RAMSGATE Nero's: MABEL
READING Child's Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
READING University: TREMELOES
READING Wellington Arms: BOB DAVENPORT
RUNCORN Castle Inn: COCKY
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: POODLES
SOUTHAMPTON University: SUPERCHARGE
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: BILL CADDICK
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
STOCKTON Pharaoh's Club: JENNY HAAN'S LION
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: AFTER THE FIRE
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: BERT JANSCH / MAGNA CARTA
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE GORILLAS
WOODSTOCK Wheatsheaf Inn: PETE QUIN
WORCESTER College of Education: MUSCLES

SATURDAY

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: GEORGE HATCHER BAND / U.F.O.
BEDFORD College: ARBRE / PRELUDE
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Rock Club: LITTLE ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOI-POLLOI
BOGNOR Riverside Caravan Site: ALVIN STARDUST
BRACKNELL Sports Centre: BE BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: AMAZORBLADES
BURTON Paradise Room: TRAIN
CHATHAM Old Ash Tree: JET HARRIS
CHEPSTOW Woodcroft Centre: AFTER THE FIRE
COLCHESTER Essex University: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
CORBY Exclusive Club: THE CHANTS
COVENTRY Mr George's: CISSY STONE BAND
CREWE College of Education: ROOGALATOR
DARLINGTON College of Education: COCKY
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: TINKLERS MAIDGIE
FROME Hexagon Suite: BRANDY
GAINSBOROUGH Club Casablanca: SNEAKERS
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: DRUID
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX
HARLOW Technical College: BUSTER JAMES BAND / EDGAR BROUGHTON
HERTFORD Balls Park College: HUMAN ORCHESTRA
LEEDS University: RORY GALLAGHER
LEICESTER Polytechnic: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
LINCOLN The Imp Inn: OLDE ENGLISH PUB BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MIKE BERRY & THE ORIGINAL OUTLAWS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DARTS / SILENT SISTER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: GENERATION X
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: RY COODER / MEAL TICKET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOPAZ
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TROGGS
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: FANTASTICS
LONDON Queen Mary College: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: LYNYRD SKYNYRD / CLOVER
LONDON School of Economics: ALKATRAZ
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLIMPS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart and Horses: STAG
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: KOSSAGA
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: MABEL
LONDON W.12 White Horse: TIDAL WAVE BAND
LONG CRENDON Community Centre: BROWNSVILLE BANNED
MANCHESTER Ardwick ABC Theatre: MANHATTANS / HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES
MANCHESTER Electric Garden: POODLES
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: CHICAGO
MANCHESTER Lesser Free Trade Hall: SAFFRON SUMMERFIELD / STEVE ADAMS / PAUL PENFIELD / BROCKENSPECTRE
MANCHESTER Russell's Club (doubling WIGAN Casino): LINDA AND THE FUNKY BOYS
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: U-BOAT
MANCHESTER University: HINKLEY'S HEROES
MATLOCK Black Rocks: BANDANNA
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE GORILLAS
NELSON El Tropicano: TENDER TOUCH
NEWCASTLE University: MUSCLES
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: MEDICINE HEAD
NORWICH East Anglia University: SAME & DAVE
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: CHARLIE
OLDHAM Upper Hill Cricket Club: TONY CAPSTICK
OXFORD Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
PENRITH Cricket Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
PRESTON Guildhall: GALLAGHER & LYLE /CADO BELLE
PURLEY Tiffany's: SALENA JONES
SALFORD University: TODD RUNDGREN
SHEFFIELD University: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
SLOUGH Technical College: A.F.T.
SOUTHEND Civic Centre: THERAPY
ST ALBAN'S City Hall: PINK FAIRIES / THUMPER
ST ANDREW'S University: FLYING ACES
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: THE 'O' BAND / HOOKER
SWANSEA University: DAI THE ROCK
WALSHAM Orchard Gardens: BOB DAVENPORT
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS / SHAZAM
YORK College of Ripon: PLUMMET AIRLINES

SUNDAY

ABERDEEN Music Hall: ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX
ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: PLUMMET AIRLINES
AYLESBURY John Hampden: SCRATCH
BASILDON Double Six: JERRY THE FERRET
BEDWORTH Trent Valley W.M.C.: BEANO
BELFAST Queen's University: CADO BELLE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: FOGG
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
CAMBRIDGE Clare College: MARTIN SIMPSON
DUNDEE Angus Hotel: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: TODD RUNDGREN
GLASGOW McLennon Galleries: McCALMANS
GLASGOW Shuffles: FRENZY
HITCHEN College of Education: SUPERCHARGE
KING'S LYNN Gaywood Community Centre: KEITH MANIFOLD
LEEDS Fforde Greeen Hotel: COUNT BISHOPS
LEEDS Hall Road W.M.C.: TENDER TOUCH
LINCOLN The Boston: MABEL
LIVERPOOL Empire: MANHATTANS / HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Arts Centre: ALBION DANCE BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: RY COODER / MEAL TICKET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: S.A.L.T.
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / THE STRANGLERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: BURGLAR BILL
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Zodiac Club: BOBBY WELLINS QUARTET
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: BROWNSVILLE BANNED
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
NEWCASTLE St. Mary's College: COCKY
NEWMARKET Kingsway Cinema: THERAPY
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: RODGER

GUIDE

RY COODER

OXFORD New Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
POYNTON Folk Centre: MAD JOCKS & ENGLISHMEN
READING Top Rank: SLIK
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: CLEMEN PULL
SCUNTHORPE Berkeley Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
ST. ALBANS Goat Inn: KITSYKE WILL
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: MIKE HARDING
STOKE Trentham Gardens: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES / ANDY DESMOND
WANTAGE Swan Inn: PETE & CHRIS COE
WHITSTABLE Duke of Cumberland: BILL CADDICK
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: RORY GALLAGHER

MONDAY

ABERTILLERY Rose Heywood Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRISTOL Colston Hall: LYNYRD SKYNYRD/CLOVER
CANTERBURY Kent University: WARREN HARRY
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: WILD SILK/ANN & RAY BRETT
COVENTRY Mr George's: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: COUNT BISHOPS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: IGNATZ
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
FEATHERSTONE Rovers Social Club: BEANO
GLASGOW Tiffany's: ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX
GODALMING Shackleton Social Centre: FRED WEDLOCK
HANLEY Vicoria Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
IPSWICH Gardener's Arms: TONY ROSE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SUNWHEEL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE DAMNED
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ULTRAVOX
LONDON Marquee Club: MUSCLES
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: TIDAL WAVE BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: MAR VIE/TOMMY McCARTHY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SLOWBONE
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: MONTY'S GOLDEN OLDIES
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: HELL HOUNDS
MANCHESTER Seymour Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
READING University: THERAPY
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: MANHATTANS /HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: JETHRO TULL / RICHARD DIGANCE
BELFAST Northern Ireland Polytechnic: GIGGLES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CHARLIE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BLACKPOOL Mardi Gras: TRACTOR
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
CANTERBURY Kent University: MUSCLES
CARDIFF Top Rank: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: DUTCH SWING COLLEGE BAND
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: SCRATCH
LONDON ACTON King's Head: COCKY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROOGALATOR
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JEFF CLYNNE'S TURNING POINT
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: MARTIN SIMPSON
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON Marquee Club: MOON
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: TODD RUNDGREN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Clubb: THE DARTS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: VIBRATORS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON TOTTENHAM Eagle Club: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PLYMOUTH Castaways Club: SLIK
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: LYNYRD SKYNYRD / CLOVER
READING University: POODLES
SHEFFIELD City Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont: BRYAN FERRY
SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT

WEDNESDAY

BATH University: KEVIN COYNE
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: LYNYRD SKYNYRD/CLOVER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIRGO
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens : BRYAN FERRY
CARDIFF Top Rank: JOHN MILES/KRAZY KAT
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
COLERAINE Ulster University: GIGGLES
DUNFERMLINE Belleville Hotel: JOE'S DINER
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: JETHRO TULL / LEO KOTTKE
GUILDFORD King's Head: COCKY
HADLEIGH White Lion: MARTIN SIMPSON
LEEDS University: ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE/CADO BELLE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RAYMOND FROGGATT BAND/TOPAZ
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: S.A.L.T.
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: TODD RUNDGREN
LONDON Royal College of Art: BURLESQUE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ZIB BAND
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: STRITE KYTE
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
OXFORD Polytechnic: RY COODER/MEAL TICKET
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: MANHATTANS/HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES
READING University: COUNT BISHOPS
REDRUTH Regal cinema: SLIK
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: ROOGALATOR
SWINDON The Affair: THE CLASH

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
Wednesday (2) for four nights
BEDFORD Nite Spot: MATT MONRO
Tuesday (1) for five days
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: ALVIN STARDUST
Week from Monday
BRISTOL Bailey's: SMILING HARD
Thursday for three days
CHARNOCK RICHARD Park Hall: SAM & DAVE
Week from Sunday
DERBY Bailey's: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
Thursday for three days
HEREFORD Crystal Rooms: CHAMPAGNE
Wednesday (2) for four days
HULL Bailey's: MAGIC
Thursday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: DOOLEY FAMILY
Week from Monday
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KRAKATOA
Wednesday (2) for three days
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: LYNYRD SKYNYRD/CLOVER
Thursday for three days
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: DEXTER GORDON
Monday for two weeks
LONDON Talk Of The Town: BACHELORS
Monday for three weeks
MANCHESTER Fagin's Club: TONY MONOPOLY
Week from Monday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: PINKERTON'S COLOURS
Thursday for three days
WATFORD Bailey's: BIG JOHN'S ROCK 'N' ROLL CIRCUS
Week from Sunday

RADIO TV

RY COODER and **RORY GALLAGHER** are the respective subjects of BBC-2's two major rock showcases this week. If you are unable to catch Cooder and the Chichen Skin Band in live action during their mini-tour, you can find compensation in their appearance in Tuesday's "Old Grey Whistle Test". And Gallagher is the star of Saturday's "Sight And Sound In Concert" which, as usual, provides a simultaneous stereo link with Radio 1.

Earlier this month, two concerts were presented at Stafford New Bingley Hall in connection with the Daily Mirror Pop Awards, and highlights from both shows have been condensed into a one-hour special for screening in most ITV areas tonight (Thursday). Maurice Kinn, who promoted the concerts for the Mirror, introduces **Status Quo, David Essex, John Miles** and **The Real Thing.**

BBC-1's Saturday programmes are rather more rock orientated than usual. **John Lodge** makes his TV debut with his new band in the morning "Multi-Coloured Swap Shop", the **Sutherland Brothers & Quiver** guest in "Jim'll Fix It" at teatime, and **Leo Sayer** appears in the mid-evening "Saturday Special".

Other BBC-2 shows include the **Spinners** (Friday) and the second part of "The Friendly Invasion" (Saturday), the latter being a documentary about the diverse factors which have influenced today's music. And on Tuesday, the guests in "Musical Time Machine" are **Tony Christie** and French singer **Claude Francois,** composer of "My Way".

The line-up for this weekend's "Supersonic" (Saturday morning in most ITV regions) includes **Andy Fairweather-Low, Leo Sayer, Mr. Big, The Real Thing** and **Scrounger.**

Also on TV, **Tony Bla*****n** hosts "Top Of The Pops" (BBC-1 Thursday), **Jake Thackray** is in "That's Life" (BBC1 Sunday), and there's a special edition of "Pop Quest" (ITV Wednesday) to mark the centenary of recorded sound. And you won't want to miss either the **Muppets** (ITV, Saturday or Sunday according to region) or the **Goodies** (BBC-1 Wednesday).

On Radio-2 tonight (Thursday), **Ken Harris & the Playboys** and **Patsy Powell & the Goodtimers** are in "Country Club", followed by "Folkweave" with **Bob Stewart & Pat Ryan** and **Erik Illott.**

Radio 1's Saturday schedules continue the **"Stevie Wonder** Story" at 12.30, and **Alexis Korner** has another blues and soul show at 5.30. And Radio Luxembourg features the top artists in the 1976 NME Singles Points Table in a 90-minute special at 9 p.m. on Sunday.

ANDREW MILLER
is proud to announce that

CADO BELLE

are joining

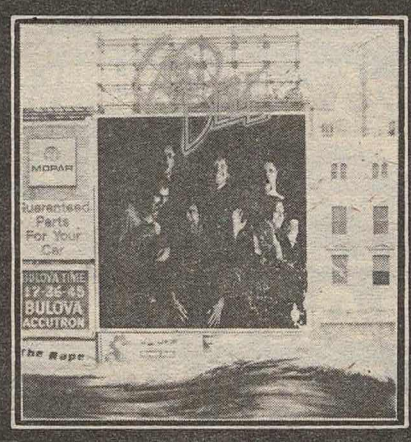
Gallagher and Lyle

in concert, on the following dates:

JANUARY
★Thursday 27th **ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre** 8pm
★Friday 28th **GLASGOW Apollo Centre** 7pm & 9.30pm
★Saturday 29th **PRESTON Guild Hall** 8pm
★Sunday 30th **MANCHESTER Palace Theatre** 5.30pm & 8pm

FEBRUARY
★Tuesday 1st **SHEFFIELD City Hall** 8pm
Wednesday 2nd **LEICESTER De Montfort Hall** 8pm
Thursday 3rd **LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre** 8pm
Friday 4th **BIRMINGHAM Odeon** 8pm
Saturday 5th **IPSWICH Gaumont** 8pm
Sunday 6th **BRISTOL Colston Hall** 7.30pm
Tuesday 8th **CARDIFF Capitol Theatre** 8pm
Wednesday 9th **BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens** 8pm
Friday 11th **PORTSMOUTH Guild Hall** 5.30pm & 8pm
Saturday 12th **BRIGHTON Dome** 8pm
Sunday 13th **OXFORD New Theatre** 6pm
Monday 14th **LONDON Hammersmith Odeon** 8pm
★Tuesday 15th **CROYDON Fairfield Halls** 8.30pm
★Thursday 17th **DUBLIN Stadium** 8pm
Saturday 19th **DUBLIN Stadium** 8pm
Monday 21st **LONDON Royal Albert Hall** 7.30pm

★ **SOLD OUT**



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Ancl 2015

new single
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ANCHOR RECORDS & TAPES

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marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 | 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm. to 11.00 pm.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs. 27th Jan (Adm 70p)
NASTY POP
Plus Guests and Ian Fleming

Fri. 28th Jan. (Adm 85p)
MOTORHEAD
Plus friends & Ian Fleming

Sat. 29th Jan
Closed for Private Function

Sun 30th Jan (Adm 60p)
S.A.L.T.
Dave Paul & D.J. Dec.

Mon 31st Jan (Adm 60p)
Free admission with this ad before 8 pm
MUSCLES
+ Friends & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 1st Feb (Adm 80p)
MOON
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Wed. 2nd Feb (Adm 65p)
STRIFE
M.E. & Jerry Floyd

Thurs. 3rd Feb (Adm 75p)
BENEFIT NIGHT
Friends of the Earth (Whale Fund)
MEDICINE HEAD
Skeater & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other hot & cold snacks are available

Coming Soon . . .
DOUBLE GUSSET
The Sweatiest Band in the World

ADVERTISE YOUR GIG
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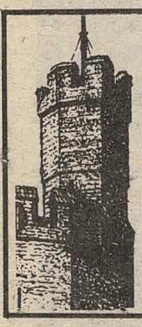
01-261 6153



WINDSOR CASTLE
309 HARROW RD., LONDON W.9.

Thursday 27th January	JOKER
Friday 28th January	SCARECROW
Saturday 29th January	SCARECROW
Sunday 30th January	PHIL RAMM BAND
Monday 31st January	GUEST BAND
Tuesday 1st February	GUEST BAND
Wednesday 2nd February	EDWIN CHARLES

Striptease 7 days a week

ENTS COMMITTEE
POLYTECHNIC of CENTRAL LONDON
115 NEW CAVENDISH STREET, W1. 636 6271
Friday, January 28th, 8 pm — 12.30 am
STRETCH
+ Support
+ Disco
Tickets 90p in advance or £1.20 on door

BEGGAR'S BANQUET PROMOTIONS
present at the
NEW VICTORIA THEATRE
a unique opportunity to see
GREENSLADE
Featuring:
DAVE GREENSLADE - JON HISEMAN - TONY REEVES - MICK RODGERS
with guests: AFT
on FRIDAY 11th Feb. TICKETS £2.25 £2.00 £1.50 £1.00
FROM THEATRE BOX OFFICE (834-0671) PREMIER BOX OFFICE (240-2245)
BEGGAR'S BANQUET RECORD SHOPS (373-2987)
AND ALL USUAL AGENTS

NEW VICTORIA
WILTON RD, S.W.1
SUNDAY 6th FEBRUARY at 7·30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
LEO KOTTKE
WITH GUEST
LEON REDBONE
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 834 0671, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

THE COURT BALLROOM, Tunbridge Wells, Kent
Thursdays, January 27th & February 10th
THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
Admission 60p — Doors open 8 p.m.

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thurs. Jan. 27th	ROYAL FUNK BAND	Free
Friday, Jan. 28th	SHUCKS	Free
Saturday, Jan. 29th	TOPAZ	Free
Sunday, Jan. 30th	BUSHWHACKERS	50p
Wed., Feb. 2nd	S.A.L.T.	Free

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thurs. Jan. 27th	BEES MAKE HONEY	Free
Friday, Jan. 28th	FIVE HAND REEL + Support ROSS McFARLAND	£1.00
Sat., Jan. 29th	TROGGS + Support	£1.00
Sun. Jan. 30th	LEW LEWIS	Free
Mon., Jan. 31st	ULTRAVOX!	Free
Tues. Feb. 1st	PLUMMET AIRLINES	Free

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY
At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm
Wednesday 26th January — RAY RUSSELL QUINTET
Wednesday 2nd February — STAN SULZMANN QUARTET + Julian Bamula—Malombo Drums
At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30pm
Thursday 27th January — Piano Night, Frank Roberts Trio + Keith Tippett — solo piano + Roger Dean's Lysis
Thursday 3rd February — HENRY LOWTHER'S QUATERNITY + ART THEMEN + TOM BRIDGES TRIO
Enquiries to the Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA, Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930 4261

FRIARS AT THE VALE HALL **AYLESBURY**
SATURDAY JANUARY 29th at 7.30 p.m.
The Heavy Ones **U.F.O.**
+ GEORGE HATCHER BAND
A.C. Lights **Gasp Sounds**
Tickets 135p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Ellis Jon's Amersham, Free'n' Easy Hemel Hempsted, F. L. Moore Dunstable and Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham, or 135p at door on night. Life membership 25p

Dear NME,
Since when has Aylesbury been a musical backwater? Why not ask D. Bowie, P. Gabriel, I. Hunter, S. Harley, S. Hillage or even Mick and Keith? Could it be that you think this is so because you've never bothered to find out what's happening out here? Could be.

West Runton Pavilion
Norfolk. Tel. West Runton 203

Friday, February 4th
SMOKIE
+ Fly by Night Removals

Saturday, February 5th
MEAL TICKET
+ Lee Kosmin Band

Saturday, February 12th
SLIK
+ Screemer

Friday, February 18th
WIDOWMAKER
+ Remus Down Boulevard

Saturday, February 19th
SUZI QUATRO
+ Support

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930
SPEAK-EARILY
Thursday Jan. 27
JOHN OTWAY
+ Simon Drake (Magic Man)
Friday Jan. 28th
Ring for Details
Saturday Jan. 29th
MABEL (from Denmark)
Monday Jan. 31st
Ring for Details
Tuesday Feb. 1st
ANDY & FRIENDS
Wednesday Feb. 2nd
RED SHADOWS
Thursday Feb. 3rd
JOHN OTWAY
+ Simon Drake (Magic Man)
Friday Feb. 4th
Ring for Details
Saturday Feb. 5th
MABEL (from Denmark)
Speakeasy
50 Margaret St.
Oxford Circus, W.1.
Reservations 01-580 8810

LSE ENTS
Old Theatre Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2
Tube to Holborn/Temple

HOT FOOT FROM THE "MAN" TOUR:
ALKATRAZ
Sat. Jan. 29th 7.45 pm
★ GYPSY ROCK SQUAD
(Ex MICKEY JUPP/LEW LEWIS BAND)
Tickets: 90p. Advance from L.S.E. Union Shop
Wear shoes for special reduction!!

REAL ALE, HAMBURGERS, ZEN COOKIES and CELTIC RARITIES

HEAR THE ALKATRAZ DEBUT ON UNITED ARTIST RECORDS
"DOING A MOONLIGHT"

Kingston Poly Ents presents on
Friday January 28th at 8 pm in the Canbury Park Centre
THE VIBRATORS
+ Disco *Admission 60p*

BEGGARS BANQUET PROMOTIONS PRESENTS
AT THE Rainbow THEATRE FINSBURY PARK LONDON N4
A NIGHT TO REMEMBER
CLIMAX BLUES BAND
AND VERY SPECIAL GUESTS **THE STRANGLERS**
SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 7.30 pm
Tickets £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 from Theatre Box Office 01-263 3140
also Premier Box Office, Beggars Banquet Record Shops 01-373 2987 and all usual agents
Nearest tube / British Rail: Finsbury Park

WORDS (Barry Clarke), CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS

Saturday Jan. 29th
PINK FAIRIES
+ THUMPER
Mary Jane Disco
Bar Food
Advance tickets £1.20 from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans, Telephone 64511 or £1.20 on door (inc. VAT).

Friday Feb. 14th
Almost Late Rock Show VI!!
(7.45 — midnight)
STRAY THE DAMNED
+ SIDEWINDER
Mary Jane Disco
Bar Food
Advance tickets £1.20 from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans, Telephone 64511 or £1.20 on door (inc. VAT).

Saturday Feb. 12th
Back by Public Demand
"O" BAND
+ STRIPJACK
with Lee Jackson, Ex Nice / Jackson Heights
Mary Jane Disco
Bar Food
Tickets available from Box Office, Chequer Street, St Albans, Telephone 64511.

Sunday Feb. 13th JOHN MILES at The Hemel Hempstead Pavilion.
Thursday Feb. 17th BUDGIE at The Queensway Civic Hall, Dunstable
Sunday Feb. 27th S.A.H.B. (Without Alex) at The Queensway Civic Hall, Dunstable.

University of Essex Ents. presents
A REGGAE NIGHT SPECIAL with
THE CIMARONS
+ MATUMBI
Saturday January 29th in the S.U. Dance Hall
Doors open 8.30 pm
Late Bar — Disco
Tickets £1.00 from S.U. & Parrot Records

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE, The Great Hall, Mile End Rd.
Saturday January 29th
GEORGE MELLY
+ JOHN CHILTERN & THE FEETWARMERS
Nearest tubes: Mile End & Stepney Green
Tickets £1.50 Starts 7.30 p.m.

CHERRY TREE BALLROOM,
Cherry Tree, Welwyn Garden City
Friday February 4th at 8 pm
MASQUE
+ Bleak House *Admission 50p*
Disco — Bar — Lights

BRUNEL UNIV. S.U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middx
Friday January 28th
in the Kingdom Room
BERT JANSCH
MAGNA CARTER
RAB NOAKES
Tickets 80p in advance, £1.00 on door
Tickets available from Social Secretary, Brunel University S.U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Tel (89) 39125. Members Bar. Tube Uxbridge. Buses 204, 207, 233. M4 one mile.
***Next Friday:* GREENSLADE**

TICKETS . . TICKETS . . TICKETS
AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING:

January 23	BUDGIE	February 21	GALLAGHER & LYLE
January 25	MIKE OLDFIELD		
January 27	CHICAGO	February 22	JOHN GALWAY
January 27	LYNYRD SKYNYRD	February 23/24	MANHATTEN TRANSFER
January 28	MELANIE		
January 30	RY COODER		
January 30	CLIMAX BLUES BAND	February 25	KATE & ANNA McGARRAGLE
February 1/2	TODD RUNDGREN	February 25	MIKE OLDFIELD
February 3	HAROLD MELVIN	February 26	PROCOL HARUM
February 6	FARON YOUNG	February 26	JERRY LEE LEWIS
February 6	LEO KOTTKE	February 27	GENE PITNEY
February 7/9	BRYAN FERRY	February 28	CHIEFTAINS
February 9	MANHATTANS	February 28	FOXX
February 11	GREENSLADE	March 6	URIAH HEEP
February 12	STEVE HARLEY	March 10/12	OSCAR PETERSON & JOE PASS
February 13	AL JARREAU		
February 13	JETHRO TULL	March 13	ROY HARPER
February 14	GALLAGHER & LYLE	March 13	GRAHAM PARKER
		March 14	BLACK SABBATH
February 15	HALL & OATES	March 18	MARC BOLAN
February 16/17	FRANK ZAPPA	March 19	PAT TRAVERS
February 18/19	BE BOP DELUXE	March 22	STYLISTICS
February 18/19	KATE & ANNA McGARRAGLE	April 1	PAICE, ASHTON, LORD
		April 5/6	GLEN CAMPBELL
February 19	EDDIE & THE HOT RODS	April 8/10	FLEETWOOD MAC
		April 11/23	JACK JONES
February 20	JOHN MARTYN	April 18/21	JAMES LAST
February 20	VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR	April 24/30	ELLA FITZGERALD
		May 9/15	JOHNNY MATHIS

For more information send s.a.e. to:
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1. Tel. 01-439 3371

ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM NW1
GOOD EARTH PRESENTS
F.B.I.
Diversions
DARTS
SUNDAY 13th FEBRUARY 6-30
TICKETS £1-50 in advance
FROM ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE 267 • 2564
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS 439 • 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE 240 • 2245 & USUAL AGENTS

Slaughter & The Dogs

ROXY

THERE'S SOMETHING happening here. The Roxy is a straight ahead no-trimmings rock club with a bar upstairs and a cellar where bands are destined to play too loud. With so few venues available for the proliferating new wave bands, its opening is a healthy sign.

The place was more than half empty last Wednesday — most unusual, everyone assured me. Probably it was because the headlining act, Slaughter And The Dogs, hail from Manchester, and "The Punk overlords in London have decided we ain't real punks cos we're from up North," as one of the band put it. "But we bleedin' well are," he added.

Judging by their performance last week, London won't be able to ignore the Dogs much longer. They're more than equal to most of the 'name' new wave bands being touted around the capital, are younger, and have a more distinctive and accessible approach.

First on stage though, were The Adverts, playing their second ever gig. The new wave attitude to bands is simple: if you ain't in one, start one. *48 Thrills* fanzine (I think) printed three guitar chords with the instructions "Now form a group". Tea chest basses and washboards may yet make it back.

And The Adverts? Frankly they were chronic, a parody of inept tuneless buzzsaw guitar and powerhouse *Sturm Und Drang* drumming. There wasn't a hook line or riff in earsight as the singer raged and ranted unhearable lyrics and snarled half-heartedly at the punters, who remained unflinchingly passive. One member of a female punk band was spotted with a discreet finger in the ear. "I don't want to see you again," bawled the singer, as he kicked the mike stand. Don't worry pal, you won't.

The best thing about The Adverts is their female bass player, who not only looks good but obviously aims at some useful runs — even if she doesn't always hit them. What I'd like to know is where all these dole queue rockers in their torn and frayed street chic find the readies to score shiny new Gibsons, drum kits, and Marshall stacks. I mean, they don't give *them* away down the Social Security.

No such contradictions about Slaughter And The Dogs. They've been together a year or more now, have built up a fervent local following, and by all accounts evolved vigorously, shedding both locks and a guitarist on the way and modifying and broadening their sub-Bowie starting stance. And unlike some folks in the new wave scene, they don't have to knock a couple of years off their age.

Their opener, "Cranked Up Really High" is a stunner. The usual *bamalamalama* chords for an intro before singer Wayne Barrett explodes into the spotlight, a teenage demon in black cape and a white dusty fog, Jack The Ripper in sneakers. Like, who needs dry ice machines when you got Johnson's Baby Powder? He crouches and cackles. Everytime he snaps his head a minor snowstorm billows from his brushcut.

Next door Mike Rossi competes for attention, hangs on the edge of the stage and scythes out the ol' power chords on his Jap imitation Les Paul. At first he seems like any other punk drone axeman, then you notice how cleanly he takes his chords, that his sound is clearer and more purposeful. Behind him Howard Bates and The Mad Muffet work hard, archetypal rhythm section of silent spiky bassman and engine room drummer.

By the end of the first number everyone's paying attention. The group jump straight into "Bitch", the B side of their projected single which will have "Cranked Up Really High" as the top side. It's got a chord sequence that's a ringer for "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (if you go back that far) and a chorus that sounds like it dropped from somewhere between the grooves of "Ziggy Stardust". And it works.

Visually, the Dogs are a curious blend of Bowie through Ramones through the East Lancs Road. Barrett and Rossi have this weird Bowie Ronson thing going, the singer's remote control android detachment and zombie movements contrasting with the guitarist's raunchy free flow dramatics. Not all their licks come off — chain whirling and stuff — but it's clear the band have a much surer grasp of band-audience dynamics than most of their contemporaries.

Rossi in particular shows real understanding of his roots and influences. He's a stocky forceful geezer, the physical opposite of most of the lean, stringy axe-giants whose chops and moves he effortlessly blends with his own dead-end kid style: Keef's hunch, Townshend's bounds, Wilko's tommy gunning, Ronson's bumps and grinds, all that's missing is Chuck's duck walk. Add that to the jumble sale mod image — a solitary safety pin in the overcoat lapel as a concession to southern taste — and you have a mildly bizarre and entirely compelling guitar hero in the UK '77. Technically, of course, he ain't everything he will be, but then who is at seventeen? He already has the drop on most punk axemen simply because he can play solos.

The Dogs play the Velvets' "White Light White Heat" and "Waiting For My Man", both Bowie style: otherwise it's their own stuff, some of which has flashes of lyrical class I meant to remember and didn't. (The Roxy definitely ain't the sort of place to whip out a notepad and pencil. Hell, where is?). One title that stuck was "Where Have All The Boot Boys Gone?" They have a profusion of the requisite energy, and aren't afraid to slow things down by way of a change, though their repertoire still needs to expand.

Evidently out to prove themselves on prime London punk turf, the Dogs ignored the fact that the crowd was only fifty or so strong and just blazed away regardless. There can't have been many there who went away unimpressed.

Like I said, there's something happening here.

Neil Spencer

OUT OF THE MIST:

SUPERDOG!

(The one with superpowders)

Jack The Lad

EDINBURGH

SOME PEOPLE have preconceived ideas about L*nd*sf*rne splinter groups. I know, I was one of them. But cast 'away your prejudices, prepare to be thoroughly entertained instead.

A rival Genesis concert and horrendous weather combined to keep the numbers low, and there can be few more depressing atmospheres than a small crowd in a big hall. But Jack The Lad got stuck into their first gig of the year with gusto and won everyone over in no time with their blend of showmanship, fun and real good music.

Their material is as varied as their appearance: traditional songs with new leases of life, Del Shannon's "Swiss Maid", and self-penned rockers. The more the show went on, the more they rocked.

Their beery humour punctuates the set, including such gems as Big Dick & The Shining Codpieces' version of "From A Jack To A King". Depressed? Tired? Listless? Take Jack The Lad, as recommended by nine doctors out of ten.

A word of encouragement for support group Medium Wave Band. They could start a good time in an empty room. Try them.

Ian Cranna

Strip Jack

MANCHESTER

STRIP JACK is Lee Jackson's new try. Another of those groups who play continuously and thanklessly in front of indiscriminating punters who are (a) there because that's where they'd be anyway, regardless of live attraction, supping ale, dancing idiotically to hours of depressing rock muzak, and (b) are too drunk to clap even if they feel sufficiently impressed to do so.

Musically, Strip Jack have nothing new, definite, even remotely fresh to offer, and I find it hard to believe that there's a record company silly enough to say "have a contract"! Their existence is a puzzle, as is that of a number of other bands I could list; for Jackson maybe it's a case of addiction. I hesitate to say 'love', perhaps unfairly.

Tonight they're plagued by all sorts of upsets. Broken strings and falling cymbals cause vast gaps in their set, breaking up any sense of flow. Even so, they seem a little above average: three-piece (what else?), melodically based, Jackson's on-top bass technique making them more interesting than most, with the guitarist pouring out a series of fair guitar solos and the vocals innocuous.

Their songs are hardly memorable, but nor are they mundane — no meandering on. . . and on. . . and on. . . They actually seem a little committed, too, the drummer especially splattering his kit murderously, and for some people it's dancing material (even my toes were letting out a tap or two). If they're round your way and you fancy a harmless night out, go to it. But let's not get too excited — don't pay more than 60p.

Paul Morley

The Boys

ROXY

AT LAST A 1977 band who can cut the mustard without bathing in the reflected glory of the bands who blazed the New Wave trail in dead old '76. . .

The Boys may sound like a bunch of apprentice hairdressers or inferior decorators if you just go by their awful name — but! With a line-up of two guitarists and a keyboards player plus the best new rhythm section in town, the band's sound is full, clean and tight — Casino Steel's keyboards swirling round the slashed riffs of Matt Dangerfield and Honest John Plain. Dangerfield also getting in some short, fluid solos, all backed up by Jack Black on drums and Kid Reid on lead vocals and bass.

Songs are all their own except for two — the Fab Four's "I Call Your Name" and the last number, "Boys", originally waxed by one of those classic New Yawk City girl groups.

Best numbers they do are "Kiss Like A Nun", "Sad Souvenir", "Living In The City" and "Tumble With Me", the lyrics mostly hedonistic as opposed to fashionably nihilistic. Their visual is good, with their grown out French crops and dark skinny lapel and leg and tie suits (ties carefully torn askew from neck), and gives them the appearance of either hip young amphetamine sulphate dealers or maybe conservative pimps. . .

Their manager, Ken Mervis, is young and very shrewd, which he's bound to be after working with Stones svengali, Spector disciple and professional malchick Andrew Loog Oldham for five years.

Right now The Boys are still very rough and lacking in polish, but, given a chance to realise their potential, they deserve to make it.

Tony Parsons

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Hinkleys Heroes

OXFORD

THIS IS WHAT the contemporary New Wave bands will be like in ten years' time, if they don't die before they get old. It's called progress . . .

Class of '67 — R 'n' B element — revisited. Hinkleys Heroes is an informal assortment of ex-members from the Jimi Hendrix Experience, Free, Joe Cocker's Grease Band, Family and King Crimson. Like Dick and the Firemen, their gigs are rare and chaotic — the band were filling in tonight for the sadly departed Kokomo — and the line-up is fluid. On this occasion the Heroes were: Henry McCullough (guitar), Mitch Mitchell and John Halsey (drums), Poli Palmer (vibes), Boz Burrell (bass and vocals), Bernie Holland (guitar), Mick Ralphs (guitar) and Tim Hinkley himself on guitar, keyboards and vocals.

Not so much a supergroup, more a stoned jamming band for the Rock and Roll *nouveau riche*. All working class lads made good — see the bespoke jackets and the costly haircuts — getting back to where they once belonged. The gigs are as much for their own enjoyment as for the audience, and they lurch about and sing rowdy versions of "How Much Is That Doggie (In The Window)" and "A Prick In My Saddle". The first number is introduced as Boz's theme song: "The Shape I'm In".

But this ain't the Speakeasy — this is a large 1,200 capacity hall with a supposedly discriminating audience. Do they get it on?

Yeah, of course they do. No matter how untogether they might be, Hinkleys Heroes are all real Pros. And since these guys got rich and famous they haven't had too much opportunity to "hang loose" . . . at least, not in public where there's the added bonus of applause.

Ralphs and McCullough, freed from the comparatively cold confines of formula predictability with Bad Company and Wings, are playing with the unfettered fire they used to. Holland, the manager's brother, is an inspired live musician and is wasted doing sessions — his usual occupation. Poli Palmer, overlong absent, had some amplification problems but, when you could, it was nice to hear some rock'n'roll vibes again. Mitchell and Halsey supplied the knockabout laffs. Boz acted a bit temperamental and Hinkley tried (not very hard) to hold the whole thing together.

The overall sound was sloppy and the numbers were standard jam material ("Nadine", etc), but the audience seemed to catch the vibe and have a good time too.

Whether the band actually deserved the 20 minutes-worth of encores they got is open to doubt. Most of the audience had come along to see the advertised Joe Cocker, but Joe had tried to join the Heroes for an encore the previous night at Sheffield and had fallen down, thrown up over the drum kit, and had to be taken home.

Tonight's gig definitely lacked a front man — a bit of *presence*. The audience, though, seemed prepared to accept any amount of dubious behaviour.

Hinkleys Heroes will probably go out on the road in April, and more members of Bad Company could well come along. Tonight was fun, but a whole tour would be a letdown without a front man. And it would be very heartening to see Cocker back in action again with a truly *sympatico* band . . . **Jonathan Barnett**

"Hey, Mick, ain't you bein' a little uncool, playin' with all these bozos?"

"Bozo yourself, Hunter! We're just freewheelin' dudes gettin' together and playin' for kicks — ain't we, Mitch?"

Paul Brett

FULHAM

FROM ACCOUNTS provided by on-the-spot reporters, it seems that this ol' planet, third neighbour to the sun, made its first bid for fame as a whirling chunk of molten matter, hotter than a Chuck Berry riff.

This being the case, Paul Brett's descriptive "Earth Birth" — described as "the first 12-string guitar suite" — could hardly have been performed in less apt circumstances than at the Fulham Arts Centre last Friday, for the venue had suddenly been caught in the grip of the Ice Age. The audience huddled in their overcoats resembling a collection of Yellowstone grizzlies caught in suspended animation.

It says much for Mike Piggott and Nils Solberg that their fiddle and guitar Hot Club De Fulham duets kept everyone from suffering severe frostbite during the support act spot, their good-timey workouts on such old redoubtables as "Tain't No Sin To Take Off Your Skin And Walk Around In Your Bones" proving more warming than the ailing piles of scrap metal serving as heaters in the lamentably undersubsidised Arts venue.

Following the interval — during which free wine was liberally supplied to all those present ("It should have been brandy," commented Brett, later) — the whole suite and nothing but the suite got underway, its composer offering no explanation other than: "It will consist of six parts, in two sections of three — these sections being separated by the brief portion of time during which time I will re-tune the guitar."

And so began the first concept job of '77. Just one guy, a guitar and an ornate chair that had obviously seen better times.

Of classical parentage, Brett's suite is remarkably free from any degree of pretension. And though he thinks orchestrally, sometimes sounding like a 12-string version of the Halle in full flight, there's an undeniable folk-rock simplicity about the ex-Sageman's playing that keeps everything in the one-foot-on-Terra Firma stakes.

Not that Brett lacks anything in the way of technical expertise: if he left any part of his guitar unplayed during the proceedings, then even Segovia wouldn't have noticed. Constructed with care and skill, crafted with a skillful use of dynamics, "Earth Birth" — the first in a proposed trilogy of extended works by the guitarist — represents an achievement Brett can justifiably be proud of.

"Great night," I confided to the huskies, as we mushed our way home.

Fred Dellar

"Rather you than me, kiddo!"

"Uh, yeah, Mick (puff) that's right (ungh) for kicks (pant) that's where it's at. Jeez, didn't realise I was so out of condition, man . . ."

J.A.L.N. Band

DUNSTABLE

IF FUNK is the soul man's equivalent of hard rock, then the J.A.L.N. Band must be on a par with the many vigorous club rock groups I keep reading about in these pages, the ones who go down a storm along the byways of Britain but often seem to lose their way when they reach the crossroads.

J.A.L.N.'s audience doesn't bang its collective head against the nearest wall, preferring instead and bump the ass and blow the whistle or execute dizzying spins and hernia-inducing splits. Nevertheless the spirit is just the same: let it all hang out and have a good time, that's what it's all about.

On their recent debut album the band partially succeeded in dispelling the disco-funkster image of their hits "Disco Music" and "Life Is A Fight" by recording a concept of sorts, incorporating some tentative changes of mood. But when I caught up with them at the California Ballroom there was no such pussyfooting, just a whole heap of goodfooting.

With their new white horn section simply but effectively punctuating the riffing rhythms, they were tight enough that you couldn't see the joins and sufficiently muscular to carry most of the audience up to a natural high . . . as forceful as many of their American counterparts but with less urgency and more bounce, enabling the parrtying descendants of countless generations of knees-upping Britons to form the traditional conga crocodile and stagger erratically round in ever decreasing circles.

Considering that only the previous evening I'd witnessed James Brown do his badass best with "Get Up Offa That Thing" it says a lot for J.A.L.N. that they didn't disgrace themselves with *their* version of the same call to boogie, and when they slipped neatly into a Fatback groove I'd say they were calling the shots more effectively than the New York originators. Naturally their own material was handled with similar assurance.

If the band are going to progress beyond the club circuit they'll need to think hard about better presentation — both in the pacing of the show and a reorganisation of their spasmodic attempts at dance routines — however, for the time being they're A.O.K. in their limited forum. A good time was had by all and you can't really say fairer than that.

Cliff White

Looney Tunes

BRISTOL

AND NOW FOR the next episode in our simple little tale of the everyday life of the rustic rockers and pastoral pickers currently thriving in the West Country. The scene opens in the crowded upstairs lounge of a Bristol pub. A large crowd have come to see a well respected band called Looney Tunes, in the middle of a three-day residency. The atmosphere is very relaxed; though in these cramped conditions the group are having to play without their light show and, packed tightly on a small stage, their usual exuberant movements are greatly restricted.

Looney Tunes first came together about a year ago but then split when everyone had other commitments during the summer. However, on returning to Bristol a few months ago, several members of the group decided to launch Looney Tunes Mk II. Vocalist and guitarist is Ellis Johns, and Roger Pomphrey (who spent the summer doing sessions in America) is lead guitarist. Tony Bird, one half of the DJM recording duo Kind Hearts and English, plays drums, while Andy Fuller is percussionist. On bass is Geoff Gale, who also custom-builds solid electric guitars, some of which have been bought by the Streetwalkers and the Climax Blues Band.

With a drummer, percussionist and bassist, their music is obviously very rhythmic. In fact, for the most part they sound quite like Santana, Andy Fuller's excellent congas and Roger Pomphrey's guitar linked tightly to a backdrop of a fast, bouncy samba beat.

Most of their material is self-written, but at times the impact of the songs gets diffused through the group's tendency to make them overlong, with rather more soloing than is necessary. Their shorter, more aggressive rock / funk numbers like "We Can Do It" come across much better.

The evening ended nicely with an encore of two jammed numbers as the band were joined by two members of the Dragons: another sign of the increasingly healthy state of Bristol music.

David Housham

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

By ROY CARR

So you don't know a woofer from a tweeter?

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Truth is most people never fully realise just how good their records can sound, and worse still, never take the trouble to find out.

The basic problem isn't, as most people imagine, always one of insufficient readies. For many, any electrical device that boasts more than an on/off switch is promptly avoided as being far too technical to comprehend and for them strolling into any hi-fi showroom is very much like stepping cautiously onto the flight deck of the U.S.S.Enterprise.

Everywhere you look there's row upon row of shining sleek-lined electronic hardware, coloured lights silently glowing, VU meters fluttering nervously, dozens of dials, nobs, switches and buttons waiting to be twiddled and pressed, and you haven't got the faintest idea how any of it bleedin' well works!

Worse still, you're too embarrassed to enquire, for fear that once the *mysteries of the universe* have been unravelled, you'll be worse off than when you first asked!

But take it from me, there's absolutely no stigma attached to owning up that you couldn't identify a tweeter from a woofer in a police identity parade, or for that matter that you don't know the first thing about hi-fi.

With few exceptions, most people about to purchase a hi-fi set-up are flying blind and, despite their claims, unless you possess a degree or two in physics, most hi-fi magazines won't be of any practical use to you other than for comparing advertisers' prices.

Anyway, you're in the showroom, you've grabbed a catalogue and a price list and you're just about to get blinded by science and the wide choice of goods. Don't. Basically, they all promise to do the same job. Some better than others. Hopefully, I'll attempt to guide you quickly past the bum deals.

Before we go any further, I assume that you want something of a practical nature and not just a piece of furniture, right? Oh yeah, and there's just one other thing — I wish to make it quite clear that when discussing hi-fi, any system more than a few quid under £250 really isn't worth considering. So, before you mumble "Bollocks" and beat a hasty retreat to the comfort of your Dad's faithful old Dansette portable, first try to appreciate precisely how I've arrived at this particular figure.

The hi-fi system we're looking for comprises of the following: a pair of speakers, a stereo amplifier and a turntable. Though they have the facilities to be linked up to a cassette deck, stereo tuner, an eight-track, a reel-to-reel deck, microphones and headphones, these are extras and are not budgeted for.

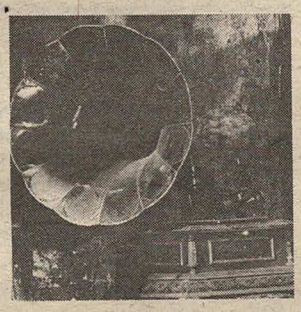
As I have already stated, there are literally dozens of hardware manufacturers who can supply your needs, most of them highly reputable companies and all of them promising better quality audio reproduction than their competitors. This they will all do at anything from the magic £250 to far above and beyond £2,500.

Pioneer . . Sony . . Sanyo . . Trio . . Nikko . . Tanoy . . Wharfedale . . Garrard . . Goldring . . Philips . . Akai . . JVC . . Goodmans . . Celestion . . Ferguson . . Hitachi . . Tandberg . . Yamaha . . Aiwa . . Sansui . . Toshiiba . . Eagle . . AKG . . Accutrac . . Rotel . . Teac . . Leak . . Amstrad . . Telefunken. . where the hell do you begin?

Well, here's my basic advice: go for the speakers first.

Once upon a time the stereo amplifier was considered the prime purchase — but I say speakers because speakers all have their very own characteristics and nuances, and no amount of printed technical specifications, laboratory jargon or performance graphs will tell you what they sound like. Only *your* ears can tell if any one set of speakers meet your particular needs.

I'm not giving you any sales schpiel, but there are speakers at £100 a pair which many people find preferable to sets costing £1,000. It's true, because speakers are not



related to money, but optimisation of design.

Some points to bear in mind: Large speakers give much better performance than ones the size of detergent packets, and also, room placement is of the utmost importance.

A pair of speakers will often sound quite different in a sparsely-furnished room than they do in one that's full of heavy absorbant surfaces. That's why you shouldn't be seduced by a showroom's soft furnishings, subdued lighting effects and penthouse atmosphere.

If at all possible, try to find a hi-fi specialist who'll allow you to audition the speakers in your own home. But remember, if it's a rock bottom cash & carry discount shop, forget it. You're not paying for service, just the cheapest deal in town.

Therefore, unless you're prepared to pass up a healthy discount, the chances are you won't be able to negotiate a home demo. So if money is tight, spend as much time as possible floating into various showrooms listening to the various systems and comparing prices. The more time you spend listening, the more likely you are to find a really fine system.

Here's another vitally important tip. When shopping for your system, take along an album of the kind of music you prefer. If it's not too chewed-up, take your favourite album. Le raison d'etre being, most showrooms just crank-out *the* demonstration disc of all-time — The Floydians' "Dark Side Of The Moon", or BBC-TV test card muzak, the Black & White Minstrels and those goddamn awful Sound Effects records.

Once, I actually witnessed a salesman in an Oxford Street department store trying to interest a couple of Rastas in a stereo system by first playing James Last followed by a quick spurt of Sing-A-Long-A-Max. Even though the human voice is considered an excellent test when trying to ascertain a speaker's quality, the Rastas nevertheless made their excuses and fled.

Apart from size, most speakers look alike, but there are certain speaker manufacturers who are renowned for exquisitely reproducing certain *kinds* of music. Though no manufacturer will come right out in the open and claim that his speakers are rock speakers, Goodmans' RB35 (RB once stood for "rock boxes"), are definitely well worth investigating.

The recommended retail price for a pair of Goodmans' RB35 speakers is £132, but it is possible to find them discounted to around £90-£95. So henceforth, I will disregard the recommended retail price and put an approximate discount price against each item mentioned. Remember, it's only an approximation. If you can pick them up cheaper, do so.

Many hi-fi freaks swear blind by Celestion Ditton 15 speakers (£85-£95). Not only do they employ an eight-inch bass unit and an Hf 1300 tweeter, but also an auxiliary bass radiator (ABR) to beef-up the bass response. Though you won't go far wrong with any of these firms, always let your own ears be your guide.

At parties, you often hear people say they're not really bothered about the fidelity of their sound system just so long as it churns out the music without too much distortion. Avoid such Philistines. The fact remains that once your ears have been exposed to a good quality system they quickly become attuned to the finer aspects of aural enjoyment. There's really no going back. It's like falling back on cheap red plonk after having developed a palate for vintage wines.

Actually, once you've come to appreciate a good hi-fi system, you automatically become aware of the quality of record pressings. If you're unfortunate enough to purchase a bad pressing (it's estimated that one in five are below standard), aim it back as quickly as possible and demand a suitable replacement.

The more sophisticated ones equipment becomes, the easier it is to detect a defective pressing. You might come across the argument, why bother to splurge out £250 or more if the software isn't as good as the hardware and, that you'd be better off hiding these defects on your old cheapo-cheapo set-up. This is a cop-out and should be treated with the kind of contempt it deserves.

However, in the quest for a good system, a word to the wise. There are certain hi-fi buffs who end up listening to the equipment instead of the music. If they're not trying to astound you with a stereo radio tuner that's so sensitive that it can pick up the rumble of the turntable in the studio, they invariably play only those records which, from a technical point of view, show off their systems to the best possible advantage as opposed to playing the music they enjoy.

This sub-culture is made up of those citizens who first got into hi-fi when they saw it advertised as an adjunct to gracious living. After the house, the car, the colour television, the hi-fi came before the deep-freeze but not after membership to the local golf course.

There's no getting away from the fact that attractive looking equipment out-sells the more bland, but it's possible to combine both style *and* performance in one unit.

When choosing a stereo amplifier, beware of unnecessary gimmicks that make it look like the control panel of Concorde. Also, don't go for anything that gives you less than 15 watts of output per channel. You require reserve power for clarity. As with cars, it's far better to cruise steadily at half-power than to tear the guts out of the delicate mechanism. By the same token, don't get an amplifier that's far too powerful for your speakers or you'll blow them.

For this purpose, I've chosen two extremely reliable stereo amplifiers for your consideration: The Pioneer SA 6300 (20/20 watts) approximate price £80-£90 and the Trio KA 1500 (25/25 watts) approximate price £70-£75.

Now, as it is quite easy to mix 'n' match most components, may I suggest the following turntables:

The Pioneer PL 112D, approximate price £60-£65. This turntable excludes a cartridge (the Shure M75EDZ cost £12-£15 and will do the job to perfection). the other turntable I have in mind is the Trio KD 1033, which comes complete with cartridge and is priced at approximately £55-£60.

You shouldn't have too many teething problems with that lot.

Of course, you can always pick up a complete system for well under £250, but you get what you pay for.

I should like to point out that the difference between a £250-£300 hi-fi system may give you as much as 15 per cent all-round improvement, whereas after you've passed the £500 mark you only attain approximately one per cent improvement for every hundred pound invested. Makes you think!

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660. TRIUMPH
661. HARLEY DAVIDSON

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126. LIPSMAKIN

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538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

125. VULTURES

167. JOIN THE ARMY

134. GENESIS

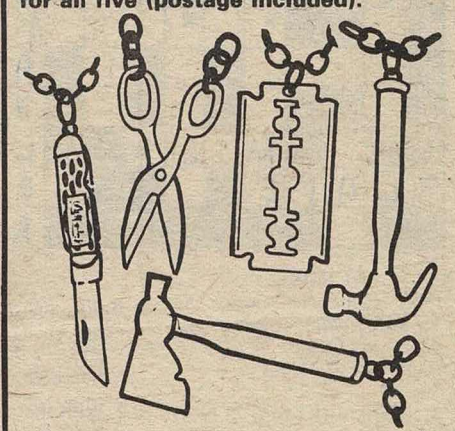
168. WORK

188. PRODUCT

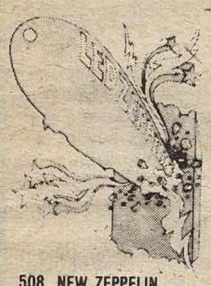
517. TRUCKIN'

★ SPECIAL OFFER ★
From PERMAPRINTS

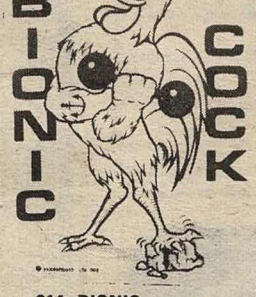
Pendants only 55p each to clear or £2 for all five (postage included).



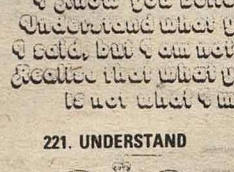
Heavy steel (nickel plated) pendants approx. 1½" long complete with 22" chain. 5 titles available, ONLY 55p each. (or £2 for all five) (A) razor; (B) scissors; (C) axe; (D) hammer; (E) knife.



508. NEW ZEPPELIN



214. BIONIC COCK



221. UNDERSTAND

612. PATCH

528. APOLLO

229. SERENE BOOZER

ALSO AVAILABLE
234. THIN LIZZY
237. STEELY DAN
238. CHICAGO

159. BEETHOVEN

175. UNION JACK

135 STATUS QUO

224. WINGS

506. STATUS QUO

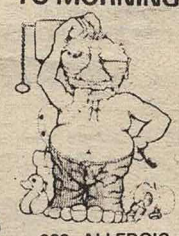
650 CHOKED

JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES
AND CATCH
EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES

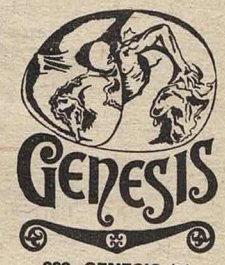
222. JOIN THE NAVY

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

I THINK I'M ALLERGIC TO MORNING!



223. ALLERGIC



233. GENESIS (2)

161. JAMES DEAN

CONTENTS untouched by human hands
CERTIFIED all moving parts in working order
GUARANTEED PURE

129. CONTENTS

FLY UNITED

132. FLY UNITED

215. SING IN MORNING

227. MILCH TRAY

220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

Nazareth

200. NAZARETH

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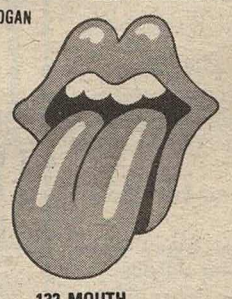
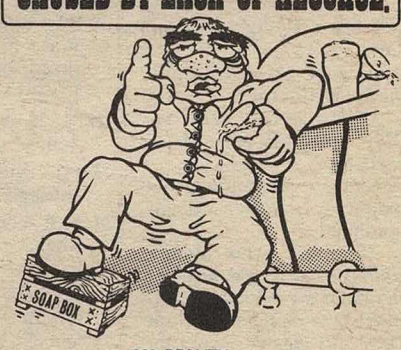
New FONZIE DESIGN
(from Happy Days fame)

653. STARSKY & HUTCH



132 MOUTH

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION, CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.



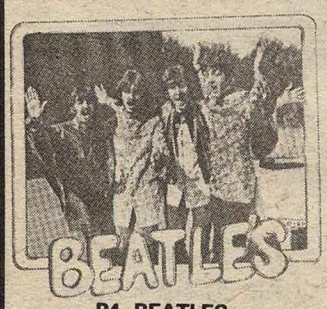
232 REALITY

NEW FROM PERMAPRINTS PHOTO DESIGNS — DIRECT FROM THE STATES

P1. YES

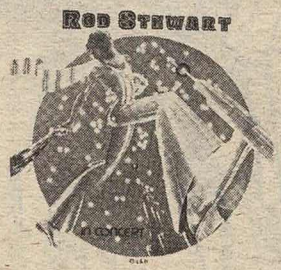
P2. BLACK SABBATH

P3. McCARTNEY



P4. BEATLES

P5. LYNYRD SKYNYRD



P6. ROD STEWART

P7. DYLAN

P.9 GYPSY QUEEN

All these designs shown are available on the three garments shown above. Due to import and other charges the 8 designs in this section are charged at an extra 30p per garment. I.E. T-Shirts **£2.25.** Sweat Shirts **£4.25.** Hooded **£6.65.**

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111 NEWCASTLE BROWN

538 GROPIN' HAND

235. GUITAR & DRUMS

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236. FOOTBALL

217. TOO MUCH

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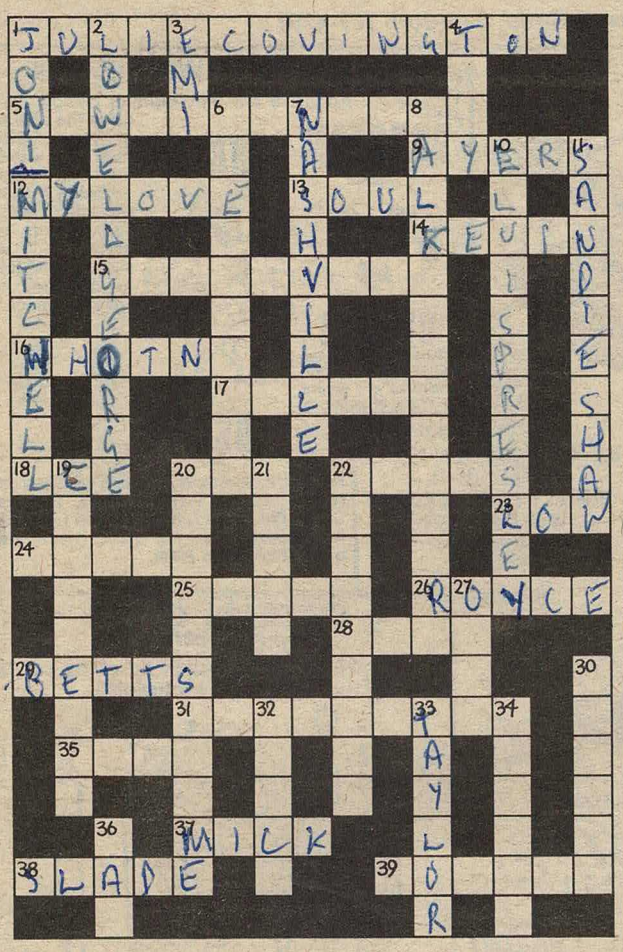

ACROSS

1 First came to notice in *Schlock Follies* — loved her, hated *it!* (5,9)
5 Eagles 45 (3,3,2,4)
9 See 14
12 McCartney 45 from '73 (2,4)
13 A.k.a. Hutch
14 & 9 His band The Whole World contained M Oldfield and D Bedford and was in the forefront of British avant-garde
15 Okay, so you got the message Marvin, but wouldn't it have been easier to use a telephone!?
16 Bluesman/Or streetwalker!
17 See 4
18 Alvin/ . . . /Jackson
20 & 34 First heard on his then band's 1968 psychedelic punk-rock American No. 1 "Journey To The Center Of Your Mind"
22 See 21
23 David gets on down
24 & 30 He's early, vet (anag. 5,6)
25 A byway in Wings?
26 Ms Rose will wash your car . . . shampoo your hubcaps, massage your fender . . .
28 See 39
29 Dickie wagers!? Twice!?
31 His rendition of "Talking Vietnam Pot Luck Blues" was one of the hits of the 1969 Isle Of Wight Festival (3,6)
35 A Nashville cat. Correction: *The* Nashville cat
37 & 33 He joined June 13, 1969, four days after Brian opted out
38 Currently attempting a comeback with 'Gypsy Roadhog"
39 & 28 C&W star *(which reminds us, did you hear the one about the Melody Maker reader who thought he — the C&W star that is — was the change from a contraceptive machine?)*

DOWN

1 She wrote about the break-up of her marriage in the song "I Had A King" from her 1968 debut album (4,8)
2 With the since-departed Roy Estrada (also an ex-Mother), he formed his band on the advice of Frank Zappa (6,6)
3 Not the Pistols' fave record company
4 & 17 Writer and TV producer; *All You Need Is Love* is his current *piece de resistance*
6 One of the casualties of 1976 (4,6)
7 Home of country music. Correction: *The* home of country music
8 They were Scott, John & Gary, and they had hits with songs like "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Any More" (6,8)
10 His current hit single was a 1964 U.S. smash for Terry Stafford (5,7)
11 A discovery of Adam Faith, she garnered most of her early publicity from taking her shoes off to sing (6,4)
19 Allmans album (3,1,5)
20 The Who cut *their* version of it as a protest against mid-60s drugs busts on the Stones (3,4,4)
21 & 22 Across Digs Dave, ta (anag.5,5)
22 An original Byrd, he quit through a fear of flying! (4,5)
27 Neil Young-written CSN&Y single
30 See 24
32 Ms Levy of the Eric Clapton Group
33 See 37
34 See 20 across
36 Small instrument

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW

ACROSS: 1 Gladys Knight; 7 Glen (Campbell); 8 Atomic Rooster; 9 Army; 10 Asher; 12 (Jefferson); Airplane; 15 Percy (Plant); 16 Adam (Faith); 18 "Reason To Believe"; 20 Starr; 21 "Sunny"; 22 Teddy Bears; 24 Clap; 25 (Neil) Sedaka; 27 Randy; 28 Ringo; 29 Robert Palmer; 32 Dr Hook; 33 Edgar; 34 Eno; 35 Parsons; 36 Peter.
DOWN: 1 Graham Parker; 2 "Another Saturday Night"; 3 (Alexis) Korner; 4 Idol; 5 Hot Tuna; 6 (Randy) Newman; 7 Gram (Parsons); 11 Ray Dorset; 13 Len Barry; 14 Edwin Starr; 17 "Stranded"; 19 "Venus And Mars"; 23 "Day Tripper"; 25 "Sorrow"; 26 "At The Hop"; 28 Roadie; 30 Eagles; 31 Argent.

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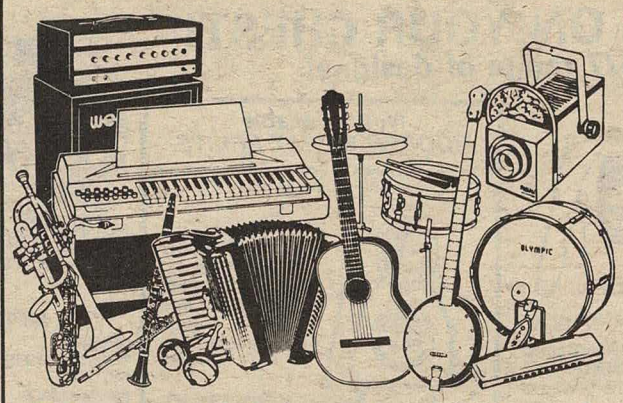

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ONCE AGAIN Ian MacDonald gets it exactly right.

"Low" is the only contemporary rock record. By blending the dominant popular music forms of now, i.e. disco funk and technorock, he has produced another neat summary of today's pop.

This has always been his forte, for every album from "Space Oddity" onwards has been a similar distillation. Thus, whether you like a Bowie album or not depends very much on whether you like the prevailing musical styles.

That's probably too much of a generalisation but does explain Bowie's importance and in a sense his complete redundancy. "Low" is already out of date.

RICHARD KEELING, Sussex University.

UP TILL now I had always respected CSM's opinions and musical understanding, but it now seems blatantly obvious that he has absolutely no idea what is going on around him, and, sadly, after reading his review of the new Bowie album, I must admit he seems to have lost all credibility.

If he could only realise that Bowie has proved his artistic brilliance and foresight by coming up with this wonderful, reflective platter. He knows what it's all about and he don't need bums like CSM to go around completely misunderstanding him. So lay off him until you can grasp him CSM.

HUGH BARNES, London W11.

● **And how, my angel, is CSM to *know* when he's considered once again fit to review darling David? But of course, silly me, you'll drop him a line and let him know. Velda suspects *(and hopes)* that further correspondence re the subject of "Low" will be . . . how you say . . . forthcoming. — VD.**

IS IT too late to say I quite liked "Born To Boogie"?

A MIDDLE AGED LEGAL EXECUTIVE, Sheffield.

● **Yes dear, silly boy. — VD.**

YOU OCCASIONALLY publish letters from angry, fist-shaking Teddy Boys, right? Well, we *demand* to know who the hell Capital Radio think they are — axing Mike Allen's very popular American Dream rock and roll programme. Aidan Day must be thicker than a teddyboy's mid-morning cheese and pickle sandwich.

There are those of us — and we are many, I might add — who enjoy 1950's rock music. We bleeding well want rock and roll music. Do we have to grab crowbars and oak clubs and march to Capital Radio?

THE AMERICAN DREAM RESTORATION SOCIETY, London E12.

● **I've always had a weakness for men who make *demands*. But put the crowbar down, my angel, most unbecoming. I truly hope you get your programme back. I have to confess I just adore rock'n'roll music from the '50s — so much *aggression*. — VD.**

ON TELEVISION and in other circumstances, I have lately noticed a marked tendency for members of your staff to be middle-aged, balding and on the obese (fat) side; or, as a rival comic would put it, "boring old farts".

Is this state of affairs to continue, or is the rumour true that worn out images are discarded for more interesting persona such as butch females (Julie Burchill) or arrogant poofs (Max Bell).

On the credit side? The bazouki bag, which you very kindly write for us every week, is the finest example of puerile nursery school humour one is ever likely to meet; Velda Dacquiri, your vivacious lady-about-town (Market Snodbury); your quaint use of outdated language (such as hip and unhip) which gives your sheet its distinctive period air.

Please, less of these obscure English bands like the Sox Apostles and The Darned, and more about rising American stars such as Boy Dyland.

VOLTAIRE, FARADAY, WATT AND BARLOW. No address supplied.

A liveried footman and a package postmarked Mustique. Just a trace . . . a faint odour . . . of haute couture parfume. What can this mean? Yes, it's once again time to delve into Velda Dacquiri's

HAND Bag

Number 23 from the Velda Dacquiri Historical Lookalikes series: Diana Dors. Collect the set!

● **Come on, sweet pea, boring old farts do not work for NME. The oldest person is always The Ed, and even he isn't 30 yet *(And far from boring — Ed)*. At the other end of the scale, Julie Burchill is still sweet seventeen; Velda *never* reveals her age. Furthermore Voltaire, you old cynic, Max Bell is most definitely *not* a poofter. The grafiti on the NME ladies' loo proves that, my angel. — VD.**

WHAT THE hell is happening at Kings Reach Tower? This week's copy of NME reeks of gloom and despondency.

Six months ago Mick Farren wanted "four kids playing in a garage" to save rock 'n' roll from itself. So now you've got it Mick, what are you complaining about? Not content with going down with the Titanic you wanna take the iceberg with you?

The worst excesses of the '60's Mod / Rocker gangs were a prequel to Woodstock Generation (yeah, I know, and the sequel was Altamont), these things go in cycles like any other fashion.

As long as Corocraft are making safety-pin earrings and (blunt) razor blade pendants I don't think we've got anything to worry about. Anarchy is just this year's thing. It's better than apathy.

Oh well, Love 'n' Peace.

JEAN SHEWARD, Bexleyheath, Kent.

● **Thank you Jean. Velda has a feeling that we'll be returning to *this* subject in coming G. Bags as well. You know, I've got just *half* a notion that Mr. Farren only writes these things to stir up passionate debate.— VD.**

A MERE further mention of punk rock would no doubt bring bellowing yawns from all quarters, as its five minute stint at serious musical acceptance seems long overdue. The elements of punktitude are still apparent within my good degenerate self, however, and I have the impertinence to inform the masses of a quartet infamously known as Buzzcocks who seem to fit so neatly into the punk category, yet have been eschewed from all chances of recognition.

Buzzcocks differ in only one way from their contemporaries: they possess a spark of originality (that was important once, remember?), and their music gives you the impression they spent longer than the customary ten minutes clutching the quill in preparation to write.

Indubitably, Buzzcocks will hardly figure strongly — or even weakly — in the *NME* poll, and in these dark days when Patti Smith, Loudon Wainwright or even the New York Dolls fail to make any impact on Radio One DJs, common sense is therefore not so common. Both this letter and Buzzcocks themselves will probably be filed and forgotten.

But for now, they are only the best kick-ass rock band in the country. Go and see them first and then you may have the audacity to contradict me, you stupid sluts.

STEVE MORRISSEY, Stretford, Manchester.

● **I *hardly* feel like replying to your letter since *no-one* (especially Velda) likes to be called *"a slut"*. However, since you have *no doubt* spent *hours* piecing this letter together (must have taken you *hours*, my dear, to get all those words out) I'll *grudgingly* acknowledge its existence. Finally the Editor says to *tell* you, though I don't see why I should, that a Paul Morley piece on Buzzcocks — such a *vulgar* name — is even now being typeset at our *printers* for use in a future issue. Now go *away*, you nasty little *brat*. - VD.**

IS THERE any 'owp? Oi 'ave saddinlee fahnd aht that dee lead singah in the Sex Pisolls 'as the saime naime as me. Wot caan oi doo?

ARFAH MALLARD, London, S.W.1.

● **I'm *surprised* that such an educated person as yourself should be so *ill* informed. The lead singer in question has *two* names — his adopted one, Johnny Rotten (why, I thought *everyone* knew that, my *dears*) and his given one, John Lyman. — VD.**

I HAVE spent most of the Christmas and the New Year holidays getting zonked out of me 'ead. It will be ages before I'm right again, so if you think I'm going to write you a letter just to keep your staff busy, think again.

MRS WOMBAT, Tillit, Herts.

● **Holidays? *Cute* Nick (tranquileyes) Logan doesn't *allow* the staff to take *holidays*, my *angel*. They do, *however*, get "zonked out of their 'eads" (*your* vocabularly not Velda's). at the office *frequently* so I'm told. — VD.**

● **No we don't. We do absolutely nothing of the sort. This is a business office where eight hours of hard work on the part of all concerned take place daily. All previous statements are now inoperative. — S. POKESMAN.**

YOU PRESUMABLY have made up your own mind on the ethics of publicising "glue sniffing". However, in connection with your references to Airfix in your issue of January 1, 1977, I would like to point out that Airfix adhesive contains oil of mustard seed which is designed to discourage this practice.

F. G. INGLIS, Marketing Director, Airfix Products Limited, London SW18.

● **Velda's made up *her* mind about the ethics of publicising glue-sniffing. Velda's never heard of *anything* so unutterably . . . uhm . . . tacky. I agree with The Fonze: "Glue, man, that's for the nurds." — VD.**

I LIKE punk rock even though the Suburban Studs' saxophone player stood me up the other day.

JANE, No address supplied.

● **The brute. — VD**

WHAT A shattered illusion! The other day I passed Kings Reach Tower with all its sterile stockbroker chic. For ages I expected a pack of rock and roll crazies such as yourselves to have an office environment more conducive to the r 'n' r spirit. It's even necessary to secure a pass to enter the elevators. I almost expected to see CSM arriving by chauffeured Mercedes.

BRUCE SIMPSON, London NW6.

● **Gosh you must live ever so *near* Velda, we have the same post code. I digress — the *only* person who arrives in a chauffeur driven limo is Velda. Which *reminds* me, I must drop in and see the boys when I get back from Mustique. I don't know what they're always *complaining* about. You'd think they'd be *pleased* to get out of their former *hovel* and into a nice, *clean* office block. — VD**

I THINK Max Bell is absolutely divine and I would willingly lend you my *Woodstock* triple set if you were to print a photo of him on page three. Yours, lustfully,

HIAWATHA, Bath.

● **I see from your *address*, my dear, that you are a *clean* sort of person. *Keep* your *Woodstock* triple, my angel, for we have *no* intention of printing a photo of *charming* Maximillian on the news pages, this or any other week. Anyway, I must *dash* now for my morning dip — too much of this sun is *bad* for the skin. — VD**

THOUGH YOU may not have realised this at the time, your life changed the instant you picked up this copy of NME. You have just received the only copy of NME that contains The Nasty Tapes. In other words you possess all the unexpurgated scurrility of T-zers that appear in the issue dated January 29, 1977. Do not tell anyone this. This knowledge could endanger your life. An Elder T-zer will contact you in the near future.

Thoroughly memorise all you read and absorb and digest each and every Triple Dot. Now you may begin: Last *Sunday's News Of The World* was prevented from running the story and pictures of a Rolling Stones' "private film" by a court injunction sought by the group. **Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, Bill Wyman** and **Charlie Watts,** along with the promoters of the U.S. tour around which the film was made, sought to restrain the *News Of The World* "from publishing 'confidential information' derived from the film". In addition, the promoters sought the return of the stills.

Though the paper doesn't give the movie's title, it names the director as "Canadian **Robert Frank"** who filmed the band's 1972 U.S. tour. The subsequent movie, *Cocksucker Blues*, has been held back from the circuits by the Stones' refusal to give Franks' permission to distribute it, although he has shown the film on a couple of occasions in L.A.

Frank told the *News Of The World:* "I've been approached by legal representatives of the Rolling Stones, and have received letters from their lawyers, asking me to return my copy of the film. I have refused. I regard the copy I have as my property and do not intend to return it." Any further expounding on this matter is prohibited by the *sub judice* laws in the British legal system . . .

A disgraceful business occured last year on May 28th. Members of **Status Quo** pop group — the only band to buy all their equipment with No. 6 coupons — assaulted an airport security officer and policemen at Schechat Airport in Austria. This shocking behaviour resulted in **Alan Lancaster, Richard Parfitt** and **Francis Rossi** all appearing in court in Vienna last week where Lancaster was fined £1600, and Parfitt and Rossi £800 each. Although they could have got up to three years inside, the three chaps are considering an appeal. They returned to London immediately after the case . . .

In a surprise last minute reversal, Island Records last week decided they would *not* after all, be releasing **Bob Marley's** "Smile Jamaica" in the UK, despite the single's phenomenal success in Jamaica. "Wha-a-a-a??" queried an aghast *T-Zers*, who had already purchased a copy on import for £1.20 down at Daddy Kool, and who thought it well dread mon. The Jamaican single has two versions of the song, which has become something of a national anthem following the victory of President Michael Manley at the polls last month. "Fly Natty Dread" urges Jamdown's best known dreadhead on a catchy little

TEAZERS

ditty typical of his talent. So why no UK release? "Evidently there's better material on the forthcoming album," quoth an Island Records' S. Pokesman mysteriously when *T-zers* popped the question. Taking a toke from a Marlborough, he boomed, "I don't know whether 'Smile Jamaica' will be on the new album yet . . ."

Once again it rolls round to the point in *T-zers* where **Neil Young** Changes His Mind. "Do not put out my new album (scheduled for release in March) under the original title of 'Chrome Dreams'," said Neil decisively. "Name it instead 'American Stars And Bars'." . . .

Rodders The Modders (currently in The Land Of The Nip) has been given first option on a whole stash of new, never before released **Sam Cooke** songs which have just been unearthed . . .

There's no flies speed-wise on these lads: Strutworth, the company formed specifically to run London's Rainbow Theatre, will launch their own label called Rainbow Records. They are seeking fab big name acts whose current contracts are about to expire.

Among eminent personages consulted by the *Times Literary Supplement* to celebrate its 75th anniversary was one **Robert Zimmerman,** poet, of New York, America. To the *TLS's* question of which were the most over-rated and most under-rated books of the past 75 years — which question they also put to such literary giants as **Philip Larkin, AJP Taylor, William Empsom** and poet laureate and recording star **John Betjeman** — The Zim replied The Bible on both counts. **David Hockney** also stated that he felt such organ to be over-rated . . .

Wakeman almost wiped out!!! Nature almost snuffs the Future Of Musical Cinemarama! "It happened as I was driving my Range Rover in the mountains above Montreaux with my road manager **Toby Errington,"** recalled Rick roundly. "We were about to stop to fit snow-chains when we skidded. There were children on sledges ahead, a bloody long drop on one side, and this deep ditch and crevasse on the other. I opted for the crevasse." Though the synthesized Wakemobile ended up on its roof, the pair escaped unhurt. One would have thought those nights with **Arthur** would've taught Wakeman to be more careful with ice . . .

Stones putting final touches to the double live album of their European tour of last summer for February or March release . . .

"I made up all the boys and they have poor skins; fairly spotty, too. They needed very careful make-up." — **Carolyn Perry,** BBC make-up girl recalling **The Osmonds . . .**

Beeb newscaster **Angela Rippon's** legs on wax??? Says **Doug D'Arcy** of Chrysalis Records: "We have made Angela an offer that she can't refuse. *(There's no answer to that — Ed).* We want her to sing songs that will appeal to all the family. We believe she is going to be a big star." . . .

John Cleese looking for restaurant in Knightsbridge area which he can buy and name "Fawlty Towers". What a loon that John is, ehhh???

Jerry Samuels, aka **Napoleon XIV** of "They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha Haaa!" mid-sixties hit fame, is now a manufacturer of dope-smoking paraphernalia. **Napoleon** now records songs like "I Owe A Lot To Iowa Pot" . . .

Marc Bolan has lost 16 pounds in the last three months after quitting booze . . .

Elton John came second in a poll taken by the *Ladies Home Journal* in which schoolchildren voted for their hero. U.S. football star **O. J. Simpson** won . . .

Raquel Welch has recently undergone an overhaul at a top Hollywood "body shop". With special deep breathing exercises Raquel's breasts were lifted, her hips slimmed, and a "slight sag" in her bottom corrected. It is not known if she had an oil change

Dennis Waterman is not believed to have been recruited by the Inland Revenue's "special hand-picked team to investigate the superstars' earnings" which the *Daily Mirror* reports has just been formed. Lots of Very Rich Rockers, though, are believed perturbed at the news. Among rock stars on whom the Men From The Inland Revenue have reportedly prepared dossiers are **Mick Jagger, Paul McCartney, Peter Frampton, Elton John** plus many, many more including such bands as the **Floyd** and **Zeppelin.** The manager of one "top British group" told *Mirror* reporter **Clifford Davis** at the Midem music conference: "I was astonished at the knowledge of the tax investigator who interviewed us. He knew all about T-shirt stickers and other pop gear which provide a legitimate revenue for pop artists. He also named individual concerts in France and Germany for which we are still awaiting audited figures. We have been asked to supply a complete rundown on everything. Nothing like this has ever happened in the music industry before. The effect will probably be that more and more British stars will become tax exiles." . . .

"Is *Punk* (magazine) perhaps the retarded child of the underground press, turning the slogans upside down, swopping the chiffon for leather, abandoning all causes and rebelling against permissiveness? In many ways . . . about bloody time." — former *Oz* editor **Richard Neville** in *Punch* . . .

A motorist driving through the Santa Paula, California, woods hit a bear crossing the road. The motorist's name was **Teddy Bear.** Neither bear was hurt . . .

YOUR NME

AN INDUSTRIAL dispute between local NUJ members and their management at the print works contracted to produce NME continues to affect certain of this magazine's normal processes, most notably the editorial proof-reading of pages. Though every effort is being made to keep mistakes to a minimum, the dispute may result in weirdness and scruffiness over and above our normal weekly quota. If you'll forgive us the odd typographical error here and there, we don't think these ongoing siege conditions mar the paper's quality overmuch. Normal service will be resumed as soon as possible.

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EDITOR: NICK LOGAN

Assistant Editor: Neil Spencer
News Editor: Derek Johnson
Production Editor: Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
Associate Editors (Features/Reviews): Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray
Contributing Editor: Mick Farren

Staff:
Julie Emberton
Tony Stewart
Steve Clarke
Phil McNeill
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill

Contributors:
Tony Tyler
Ian MacDonald
Andrew Tyler
Nick Kent
Bob Edmands
Tony Benyon
Max Bell
Fred Dellar
Chris Salewicz
Brian Case
Cliff White
Rod McShane
Miles
Edward Barker
Angie Errigo
Kate Phillips
Lester Bangs
John May

Photography:
Pennie Smith
Chalkie Davies

New York:
Lisa Robinson

Research:
Fiona Foulger

Advertisement Department
Ad Director:
PERCY DICKINS
(01) 261 6080

Ad Manager:
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251

Classified Ads
Penny Morgan
(01) 261 6122

Ad production:
Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb
(01) 261 6207

Publisher: Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray
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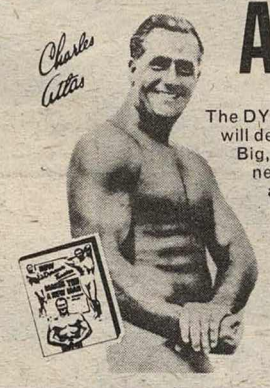

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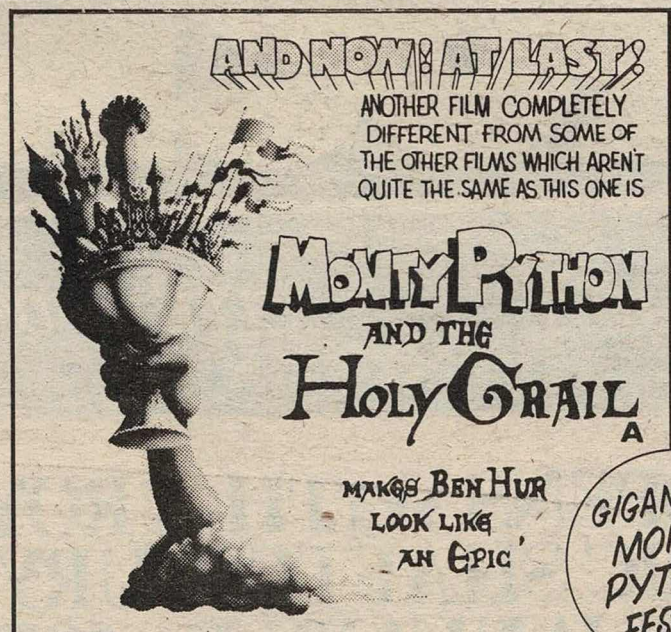
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